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THE STORY OF THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

THE observant traveler in our Northern States cannot have failed to notice, within the last few years, as the long trains of freight-cars sweep by him, how frequently appears, lettered distinctly on their sides, the sign "Hoosac Tunnel Line." It greets his eye all the way from Massachusetts Bay to the Bay of San Francisco, and from the Ohio to the Red River of the North. Wherever corn and wheat grow or swine and cattle feed on the Western prairies, there will be found the cars, bearing that conspicuous sign, waiting to bring their portion of these products to the distant East, and carry back in return the various fruits of its industry. Perhaps beneath that general sign he may notice the words "Foreign Freight," which indicate that the cars so marked are destined to discharge their contents, whether of grain or live stock, into vessels which throng the wharves of Boston, ready to bear their burden to the shores of Europe. But, wherever these cars are met, they tell of a feat of engineering which stands among the most noteworthy mechanical and scientific achievements of our time.

It will surprise some, probably, to learn that the project of a tunnel through the Hoosac Mountain dates so far back as it does, and what was the purpose for which the tunnel was originally designed.

The enterprise of uniting the Western lakes with the Hudson River by means of the Erie Canal, which has given lasting fame to De Witt Clinton, aroused in the merchants and manufacturers of Boston and its vicinity a desire to share in the advantages of traffic with the growing West, thus to be opened. Accordingly, they conceived the plan of a canal which should extend from Boston and meet the Erie Canal at Albany, thus putting Boston in as favorable a position for the trade of the West as New York; while they hoped also to retain the trade of the central and more distant portions of Massachusetts, which the facilities of transit by the Connecticut River were threatening to take away. Railroads had not then come into being, for this was as far back as 1820, and the first road, the Stockton and Darlington, in England, was opened in 1825. It was a canal which the enterprising people of Boston planned, and a tunnel through the Hoosac Mountain was a part of their canal scheme. And so favorably was their project regarded that early in 1825 the legislature of Massachusetts appointed commissioners "to ascertain the practicability of making a canal from Boston Harbor to Connecticut River, and of extending the same to some point on the Hudson River, in the State of New York, in the vicinity of

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the junction of the Erie Canal with that river." The commissioners accordingly surveyed two routes, a northern and a southern. The northern was reported to be the more feasible. West of the Connecticut it was manifestly so, as it had the natural valleys of the Deerfield and Hoosac rivers, forming a continuous and very direct course from the Connecticut to the Hudson, separated only by the intervening Hoosac Mountain. But that was a formidable intervention. It was true, indeed, that the northern branch of the Hoosac and the western of the Deerfield originated near each other, in a depression on the crest of the mountain. But this point of common origin was considerably northward of the general east and west course of the contemplated canal, and at an elevation of two thousand feet above tide-water. To carry the canal up the bed of these streams would be attended with much difficulty, while the increased distance of eighteen miles and the numerous locks required would not only render the canal expensive in construction, but make its navigation tediously slow. Accordingly, it was proposed to go through the mountain instead of over it, and the engineers gave a very encouraging report, on the score of expense, in favor of the tunnel. It was estimated by them that a tunnel four miles in length could be constructed for less than a million of dollars, while to go over the mountain would cost more than two millions, and the necessarily slow progress through the numerous locks would consume at least eighteen hours, or nearly two days of traveling time, whereas the tunnel could be traversed in an hour and a quarter. The balance was clearly in favor of the tunnel, and as there was at that time a widespread feeling in the old States in behalf of internal improvements, as they were called, and a strong desire to connect New England with New Orleans and the Southwest by a continuous interior water communication, the success of the

enterprise seemed assured. The entire cost of the proposed canal from Boston to the Hudson was estimated at \$6,000,000. It was presumed that the State of Massachusetts would grant a loan to further the work. It was expected also that the tax upon sales at auction and some other sources of income would be appropriated for the construction of the canal; and in accordance with the sentiment and practice of that time, strange as it may now appear to us, it was also hoped that the aid of a lottery would be authorized. The commissioners, however, felt constrained even then to offer some argument in favor of such a license. And this was their course of reasoning. Having ascertained that \$250,000, probably, were annually expended in Massachusetts in the purchase of lottery tickets, notwithstanding the absolute prohibition of the traffic, and adverting to the fact that lotteries have been used for various excellent purposes, they urge that "if an unabatable evil does exist, let it be converted to the best possible purposes," — which in this case, of course, would be the building of the desired canal. The commissioners also say, "they would be the last among their fellow-citizens to sanction immorality, or impair the omnipotence of justice, but with deference offer such remarks as may tend to the development of truth, the confirmation of what shall be found salutary, and the rejection of that which is supererogatory in our generally most excellent code of laws." The argument of the commissioners then closes with the very pertinent and practical announcement that, "should a lottery be resorted to as one of the means of raising funds, it can be affirmed with confidence that \$20,000 may be thus annually obtained, and probably a much greater sum."

At this remove of time, one can hardly read without a smile the fervid rhetoric with which the commissioners clothe their report. The construction of this

canal would appear to be the great work of that age, something upon which the future of the old commonwealth is well-nigh staked, and in which the whole country is greatly concerned. Patriotism is appealed to, and the traditional enterprise of Massachusetts is invoked in behalf of the project. The hardihood and perseverance of her sons are advertised to in connection with the settlement of the new States of the West. And this leads the commissioners to indulge in the following lofty strain: "Shall it then be said that their sires, and those who have been reared and dwell in the land of their nativity, have degenerated; that Massachusetts has lost her pristine energy, and is doomed to witness the grand progress of internal improvement in more youthful States, and linger in the rear of this eventful age, when the march of the human race, to its most exalted destinies, has acquired an impetus unprecedented in the annals of the world? The whole people will indignantly answer, No. They will merit and maintain the reputation which their ancestors acquired, firmly meet the moral and physical demands of the times, and urge forward those public works which are required to extend and increase the facilities of intercourse with every section of the Union. They will neither be appalled by the difficulties which must be encountered, nor by the expense which will necessarily be incurred. What their wants demand they have the spirit and ability to achieve; for to free and enlightened citizens nothing is impossible which the public good requires should be accomplished."

But the rhetoric and the appeal to Massachusetts spirit were wasted on the air. The day of canals was passing away, except in Holland. The day of railroads was at hand. The English miners had for some time been using tramways for the conveyance of their coal, and the Stockton and Darlington road, for passenger transportation, had

been opened in the same year in which the canal commissioners were appointed, and was already proving a success. The Liverpool and Manchester was in process of construction. Two years later a short road was built for freight purposes,—the first road in this country,—from the Quincy granite quarries to tide-water. The breath was taken out of the canal project. A survey was undertaken, by direction of the Board of Internal Improvement, in the years 1827, 1828, for a railroad for both freight and passenger service from Boston to Albany. Three routes were surveyed, a northern, a middle, and a southern; the first corresponding very nearly to the northern one which had been explored for a canal, and embracing the Hoosac Tunnel as one of its features. The route adopted was essentially that of the present Boston and Albany Railroad. This line was chosen for the two reasons that it offered the most feasible point for crossing the Berkshire range of mountains, and because it passed through a more populous portion of the State than the northern route; the population of the towns through which the Boston and Albany road passes, and the towns west of Middlesex within ten miles of the line, being set down then as 137,175, while the population of the northern line was 115,892.

But as there were reformers before the Reformation, so, it would seem, there were railroad men before railroads. It has been claimed for the late Dr. Abner Phelps, of Boston, that he advocated the project of a railroad across the State of Massachusetts twenty years at least before the survey for a canal, and more than thirty years before the Boston and Albany road was built. In the year 1806, Mr. Phelps, then a senior in Williams College, read an account of some of the tramways which were at that time in use in the English coal regions. The account started in his mind the idea of a railroad to be used

for the general purposes of public transportation. So firm a hold of his mind did the conception take that two years later, in 1808, he wrote as follows to his brother, who was then a member of the legislature of Massachusetts: "I see by the papers the legislature of New York has before it a proposition for a canal from the Hudson River to the Great Lakes. If they succeed, perhaps we may extend it through to Boston. But I believe it will be found that railways are better fitted to the climate and business of this country than canals. I wish you would propose a railway from Boston to Albany. Make it a great state road. The counties make roads; why not let the State make one? This will bring up a subject which ought to be investigated, and people had better talk on such a subject than to be always discussing politics to no profit. Please, sir, to think of it; and if you see it in the same light that I do you will propose it. Were I in the legislature, I should not hesitate, but would move it as the first subject of attention." But his suggestion was not acted upon. The time for railroads had not yet come in this country. The project of Mr. Phelps slumbered in his own bosom until the year 1826, when, being himself a member of the legislature, he presented, on the second day of the session, the first proposition for a railway ever laid before any American legislature. It led to the appointment of a committee, in which he was associated with such men as George W. Adams and Emory Washburn, afterwards governor of the State, who were directed to inquire into the "practicability and expediency of a railway from Boston to the Hudson River at or near Albany." Their report led to the appointment of the commission for a survey of a route for a railway, which resulted, as we have seen, in the construction of the present Boston and Albany Railroad.

Of course, after the building of the

railroad was begun, nothing more was said of the canal, or, for a time, of a tunnel through the Hoosac. The people of Massachusetts counted it a great acquisition to get any direct channel of communication with the fertile and growing West. It is interesting also to notice just what expectations were entertained at that day in regard to railroads. Their chief value was supposed to be for freight purposes, the diminished friction of wheels running upon smooth rails enabling a greater weight to be drawn with the same power than upon ordinary roads, in consequence of which the cost of transportation would be lessened. The acceleration of speed and the saving of time were not much thought of. There was no intention, either, at first, to use steam-power in drawing the cars. Although the English had successfully introduced the locomotive on the few roads they had built, coal was then so much dearer and the cost of horse-power so much cheaper with us than in England, that it was deemed a matter of necessary economy to employ horse-power, as on our street cars now. The economy of power went so far, even, that it was proposed to let the horses themselves ride, in going down the grades. In a note to their report the Board of Directors of Internal Improvements say, "The labor of the horse may be still further relieved by providing a platform, placed on small wheels, on the long descents, on which the horse himself may ride. This expedient, singular as it may seem to persons unaccustomed to observe the ease of locomotion on a railroad, is adopted with success on the Darlington and Mauch Chunk railroads, and the horses eat their provender while they are returning to a point where their labor is to be resumed."

The commissioners estimated that the freight cars could be drawn at the rate of three miles an hour, by which means goods could be transported from Boston

to Albany in four days. They expected, by having relays of horses once in twelve miles, to attain for the passenger cars a speed of nine miles an hour. The track was to be double, with a flat rail, two inches wide and three eighths of an inch thick, fastened by iron pins into stone sleepers or blocks, about six feet in length and a foot square, resting upon a foundation wall two feet and a half in depth. In the actual building of the road the mode of construction was somewhat changed. Experience had shown that when the rails were fastened to stone sleepers the road was too rigid, and it was better to lay them upon a somewhat yielding wooden foundation.

The road was at first constructed only as far as Worcester. Subsequently another corporation was formed, known as the Western Railroad Company, who built a road from Worcester to Springfield, and finally to Albany, though it did not reach the latter city until 1842.

In the fifteen years which had intervened between the survey and the opening of the road, the population of the State had largely increased. The northern portion, disappointed by the failure of the canal project, which was to have opened to it communication with Boston and the West, had not forgotten the promised tunnel, and was feeling the need of it more than ever. The railroad through Springfield and Pittsfield was built with steep grades, which rendered it a costly route for the transportation of freight. Accordingly, there arose a call for a road along the central or northern portion of the State, and with more feasible grades, which were to be secured by going through the mountain on the west, instead of over it. It is said that when Loammi Baldwin, the distinguished engineer who completed the first surveys for the projected canal, was carrying on his exploration of the valley of the Deerfield, he exclaimed with fervid enthusiasm, "It seems as if the finger of Providence

had pointed out this route from the East to the West!" A somewhat less enthusiastic by-stander replied, "It's a great pity the same finger was n't thrust through the mountain."

The attempt was now to be made to open a passage through this opposing barrier. It was a formidable undertaking. The distance from one side of the mountain to the other, where the Deerfield River strikes against it and is sharply deflected by it, is nearly five miles, and the rock of which the mountain is composed is a tough mica-slate. In 1845, three years after the completion of the Boston and Albany railway, a road had been opened from Boston to Fitchburg; and soon afterwards another was begun, extending from the latter place to the Connecticut River at Greenfield. Finally, in 1848, the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company, with a capital of \$3,500,000, was incorporated, and authorized to build a road from Greenfield through the Deerfield and Hoosac valleys, to connect with a road from the boundary of Vermont to the city of Troy. The length of the road, including the tunnel, was forty miles.

But although the road was desirable, capitalists were slow to engage in its construction. The mountain was a formidable object to attack. Six years passed by, and little money had come into the treasury of the company, and there had been little progress with the road. Surveys for the tunnel were undertaken in 1850, and on the first of January of the following year the directors voted to break ground at once. A few months later they decided to expend a sum not to exceed \$25,000 in experiments upon the east side of the mountain, at or near the mouth of the proposed tunnel. The estimated cost of the work was now a little less than \$2,000,000, or about double what it was twenty years before, when the canal project was under consideration.

It was felt from the beginning that

a work of such magnitude must have the aid of machinery for its execution. Accordingly, a huge machine was built, weighing seventy-five tons, and in the year 1852 was brought face to face with the mountain which it was expected to subdue. It was designed to cut a groove about a foot in width, and corresponding with the circumference of the proposed tunnel. When this groove had been cut to a sufficient depth, the machine was to be drawn back, and the great core of rock left in the centre was to be blasted out with powder, or broken off with wedges. When the broken rock had been removed, the operation was to be repeated. The machine promised well. It actually penetrated the mountain to a depth of ten feet, but then it became hopelessly disabled, and gave evidence that it was not adequate for the work to be done. It was sold subsequently for old iron. Two years now passed without any progress in the work. Meantime the aid of the State had been earnestly sought. The legislature had been applied to, in 1851, for a loan of \$2,000,000. The application was unsuccessful. Another, two years afterwards, was also denied, though in both cases committees had reported favorably. Finally, in 1854, the State having consented to give the desired aid, a contract was entered into with E. W. Serrell & Co., under which some work was done. The conditions of the loan were that \$600,000 should be subscribed to the stock of the company, and twenty per cent. of it paid in. Then for every seven miles of road and one thousand linear feet of tunnel completed the company were to receive \$100,000 of state scrip. These conditions were found to be difficult of fulfillment, and the work advanced slowly. In the same year that the loan was obtained, the legislature authorized the towns adjacent to the road to aid it to the extent of three per cent. of their valuation. But in two years only five hundred and twenty shares were tak-

en, and all the money received on them was \$1400 from the town of Adams. The contract with Serrell & Co. having thus practically failed, a new contract was entered into with H. Haupt & Co., the next year, to complete the road, with the tunnel, for the sum of \$3,880,000, which soon after, by another contract, was increased to \$4,000,000. The work now went on without serious interruption. The contractors were energetic and sanguine. Mr. Haupt revived the project of using machinery, and at an expense of \$25,000 had another boring engine constructed, which he was very confident would prove successful. He wrote to General Wool concerning it in 1858: "The slowest progress of the machine when working will be fifteen inches per hour; the fastest, twenty-four inches. A machine at each end, working but half the time with the slowest speed, should go through the mountain in twenty-six months." This machine never penetrated the mountain an inch, and the work was continued by manual labor, as before. In the latter part of the year 1858 the work had progressed so far that the contractors were able to draw the first installment, \$100,000, of the state loan. In 1860, subscriptions to the road still failing, on account of the unwillingness of capitalists to engage in a work attended with so many difficulties and uncertainties, the legislature authorized the application of \$650,000 of the state loan to the building of that part of the road situated east of the tunnel, the payments to be in monthly installments.

The progress of the work now seemed assured. But in 1861, owing to a misunderstanding between the contractors and the state engineer in regard to the payment of the installments of the loan, Haupt & Co. gave up their contract, and the work was again stopped.

The undertaking now came into the hands of the State, by a foreclosure of the mortgage which it held as security

for repayment of the loan to the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company. The next year, 1862, a board of commissioners was appointed to investigate the condition of the enterprise, and report what action in the case was most expedient. The commissioners recommended that the State should undertake the completion of the work. Their recommendation was adopted. At this time the tunnel had been excavated for a distance of 4250 feet, or about one fifth of its proposed length. In carrying it so far the State had advanced, in addition to what had been expended of the funds belonging to the company, \$1,431,447. It was estimated by the commissioners that it would now require \$3,218,323 to finish the tunnel. It will be noticed how, as its construction went on, its cost was constantly increasing. The estimate had advanced from the original mark of less than a million dollars to two millions; and now to complete it, after so much had been done, it was admitted, would require more than three times the expected cost of the whole undertaking. The engineer who now reported to the commissioners the condition of the road and tunnel, Mr. Laurie, estimated that by sinking a central shaft, and working each way from that as well as from the two ends, the tunnel could be completed in eleven years, or in 1874, which corresponded very nearly with the final result.

Work on the tunnel was resumed, under the direction of the commissioners. They undertook the sinking of the central shaft. The requisite depth of this was 1028 feet. The magnitude of the tunnel undertaking is seen when we consider that only to sink this shaft would require four years of continuous labor and the expenditure of not less than half a million of dollars.

Meantime the work went on, with various obstacles and difficulties. As the miners penetrated farther and farther into the mountain, the labor became

more and more troublesome and oppressive from the foulness of the atmosphere, resulting from lack of ventilation and the elimination of noxious gases in the process of blasting. This has always been one of the chief difficulties in tunnel construction. Hitherto, also, the work of drilling had been done by hand labor alone. We have mentioned the employment at the outset of a boring machine and its failure. Other machines were from time to time constructed, but none of them proved practically efficient. About this time, however, there had come into use in Europe various percussion drills. One, used in the construction of the Mont Cenis Tunnel under the Alps, had been introduced here, but was unsatisfactory in its working. Mr. Haupt, one of the former contractors of the tunnel, had given much thought to the matter, and had nearly completed a machine of this class, when his connection with the tunnel was brought to a close. But a percussion drill, known as the Burleigh drill, from its inventor, Mr. Charles Burleigh, of Fitchburg, was tried, and was so effective that it continued to be used until the tunnel was finished, and is now in very general employment for drilling purposes, both in this country and abroad. It is a small and quite simple machine, and contrasts strongly with the great engines which were at first constructed for use on the tunnel. It can be handled easily by one man. It consists of a cylinder with a piston to which a drill is attached. Steam or compressed air is admitted into the cylinder on the two sides of the piston alternately, as in the case of the ordinary cylinder of the locomotive, and the drill is thus driven back and forth with great rapidity. Instead of the sixty strokes a minute made by the hand drill, and then only with frequent intermissions for rest, the percussion drill makes three hundred, and without cessation until the drill is so dulled that it must be replaced by another. To work these drills, sev-

eral of which were mounted upon a light, movable frame and operated at the same time, the power of the Deerfield River was brought into requisition by means of a dam built nearly a mile above the eastern mouth of the tunnel. The force thus obtained was used to compress the atmosphere to one sixth of its ordinary volume, giving it a pressure of ninety pounds to the square inch. In this condition of tension it was conducted by means of iron pipes to the drilling machines. The compressed air answered a double purpose: by its expansive force it worked the drills most efficiently, and, as it escaped from them after doing its work, served at the same time to supply the miners with pure air from the outer world, and to expel from the tunnel the noxious gases generated by the explosions. The use of compressed air, adopted here for the first time in this country, was a most important aid to the work of constructing the tunnel, and is now regarded as an indispensable adjunct of tunneling operations upon any considerable scale. It was supposed, when the dam was built across the Deerfield River, that it would secure power enough to ply the drills in all the headings of the tunnel, but it was found to be sufficient only for the eastern opening, and steam-engines were established at the western drift and at the central shaft for the purpose of compressing the air for those portions.

The construction of the tunnel, under the supervision and management of the commissioners, went on until 1868, at the close of which year they contracted, on behalf of the State, with Messrs. Shanley, of Montreal, to take the work and complete it. The tunnel was to be twenty-four feet wide and twenty feet high in the clear, and to be finished by the 1st of March, 1874. The price to be paid the contractors was \$4,594,268; the amount, it will be observed, still increasing as the work went on and less remained to be done.

The Messrs. Shanley prosecuted the undertaking with great energy and skill, carrying it on night and day by relays of men working eight hours at a time, and the final blast which threw down the barrier separating the workmen, and established communication through the mountain from the valley of the Deerfield to the valley of the Hoosac, took place November 27, 1873. It was not, however, until February 9, 1875, that the tunnel was so far completed as to allow the passage of cars. The first freight train from the West, consisting of twenty-two cars loaded with grain, passed through the tunnel April 5, 1875. Passenger trains began to run from Boston to Troy in October of the same year. But it was not until July 1, 1876, that the tunnel was officially declared to be fully open and ready for business.

Thus was accomplished a work which had been prosecuted so long and attended with so many delays, and which had been absorbing such vast sums of money, that it had wearied the patience of the public, and become, in the estimation of many, a gigantic folly. At times the State and all parties, probably, would have abandoned the undertaking, so endless did it seem, and so endless was the expense necessary for carrying it on. Nothing, apparently, but the fact that the State had already sunk so much money in the enterprise induced her representatives to vote further sums, in the hope of making what had been spent of some final benefit to the public.

But the work was great and difficult beyond the expectation of any. When it was begun, none such for magnitude had been undertaken here or in Europe. Experience was wanting, and experience only could make known the difficulties to be encountered. Availing themselves of what has been learned in the prosecution of this work, as well as that of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, carried on in part at the same time, and of our experience in mining during the last twenty

years, many would now be ready to engage to make another tunnel through the Hoosac in six years instead of twenty-four, and to do it at a cost, very likely, of \$4,000,000 instead of the \$14,000,000 expended for the present one.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel is the only one the construction of which can properly be compared with that of the Hoosac, and a comparison of the two will show that the work upon both has been attended with singularly like difficulties and delays; although in the case of the European tunnel two great nations, France and Italy, undertook the project from the beginning, and prosecuted it with their combined skill and wealth, while the Hoosac was begun as a private enterprise, and at best had the aid of only one of our States.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel was proposed as long ago as 1832, but twenty-five years were spent in talk and experiment before the work of construction was seriously and efficiently begun. The aid of machinery was early sought for that as it was for our tunnel, and great expectations from this source were aroused only to be disappointed. Ten years before the process of excavation had taken a practically successful form, the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal* for 1847 contained the following statement, under the title, *Tunneling the Alps*: "The *Moniteur Belge* announces that experiments have been made in order to test the efficiency of a machine, just invented, for the purpose of effecting a new and speedy method of boring tunnels. It is proposed to apply this machine to the construction of the great tunnel about to be commenced in connection with one of the Italian lines. It was placed in front of the web, and effected a bore to the depth of seven inches in thirty-five minutes. At this rate, the new invention will complete upwards of sixteen and a half feet of bore per day, and the proposed tunnel through Mont Cenis will be finished in

the space of three years. The experiments have been repeated twice before the first engineers of France, and with the *most complete success*."

Nothing more was heard of this so promising machine. It was ten years later, 1857, that the mountain began to be pierced, and the tunnel was not completed until 1871, or twenty years after this boasted machine was to have done it, and only two years before the Hoosac Mountain was pierced. The undertaking was begun by hand labor, but after a time, as in the case of the Hoosac, machine drills were introduced, which, though they did not cheapen the work to any great extent, hastened considerably the rate of progress.

The cost of the two tunnels was nearly the same, that of the Hoosac being, in round numbers, \$14,000,000, and that of Mont Cenis \$15,000,000. The latter was the longer of the two, being nearly eight miles in extent, but its increased length was offset in cost of construction by the much higher price of labor and materials in this country.

The greatest difficulty in constructing the Hoosac Tunnel was found at the western extremity, for a distance of about half a mile. The mountain as a whole is not unfavorable for tunneling. The rock of which it is composed is not specially difficult to drill, though it is of a tough character, and is not thrown out in as large masses by the explosive charges as some kinds of rock. But it is fairly homogeneous; the dip of the strata is favorable; and the arch of the tunnel is, in the main, self-sustaining. At the western end of the tunnel, however, a secondary formation overlaps the primary. This is composed of a silicious rock, quartzose sandstone, and some limestone, much displaced and broken up, the whole overlaid with gravel, clay, and sand, and full of water accumulated from the slope of the mountain, while a brook actually crosses the line of the tunnel. The loose texture of the mount-

ain at this part and the abundance of water seriously impeded the construction of the tunnel, rendering the work both difficult and dangerous, and making it necessary to uphold the roof with an arch of substantial masonry. Not fewer than twenty million bricks were used in this arching, and occasional archings, for short distances, have also been found necessary in other portions of the work, making the entire length of brick arching 7553 feet.

The other principal difficulties were in connection with the shafts which were sunk near the centre and the west end of the tunnel, for the purpose of ventilation and to hasten the work by securing additional faces of rock to which the drills could be applied. The western shaft was 318 feet in depth. The central went down 1028 feet. This was elliptical in form, and fifteen by twenty-seven feet in sectional area. Its construction was a difficult and perilous undertaking. The process of blasting was necessarily slower than in the tunnel itself. The stone as it was quarried had to be lifted perpendicularly to the surface in buckets, instead of being put upon cars and rolled to the mouth of the tunnel. Then there was the trouble from water constantly pouring into the shaft. At times fifteen thousand gallons, or five hundred barrels, flowed into it every hour, and had to be removed by powerful pumps, in order that the work of blasting could go on. It was estimated that in one year 13,792 tons of rock and 315,095 tons of water were raised from the shaft. It required, as we have said, more than four years of labor and more than half a million of dollars to carry it down to grade. But it so hastened the completion of the tunnel that the saving of interest on the money invested more than paid its cost.

A sad disaster occurred at this shaft. In the earlier stages of the work it had been attempted to light the shaft by means of gasoline; but on account of

the inflammable character of this substance the plan was abandoned. When the excavation had reached a depth of more than six hundred feet, the endeavor to use gasoline was renewed. But on the very first day of trial, the fluid, contained in a tank near the hoisting machinery, took fire. Almost instantly the flames filled the building, drove the engineer from his post, and cut off all use of the lifting apparatus. Thirteen men had gone down to their work only a few minutes before. Now all communication with them was destroyed, while speedily the burning timbers and a mass of steel drills and other tools were precipitated upon them. How soon they discovered their danger from the fiery shower above or the rising water below no one knows. There was no ladder by which they could come to the surface, even if their way had not been intercepted by the flames. How long the agony and torture of their condition may have continued it is impossible to conjecture. The next morning, as soon as the yet burning ruins could be sufficiently cleared away, a brave miner by the name of Mallory ventured down the shaft, being lowered by a rope fastened around his body. When he came near the bottom, he found no sign of any of his fellow workmen. The shaft had filled with water to the depth of fifteen feet, which, with the fallen timbers, made it impossible to rescue the bodies of the dead. Mallory was drawn to the surface in an almost insensible condition. It was not until the expiration of a year that the machinery destroyed by the fire was replaced, and the water which had filled the shaft was pumped out. Then, after so long a burial, the bodies were recovered and identified.

The further prosecution of the work was accompanied by other serious accidents and many marvelous escapes from injury. When it was nearly completed one poor fellow fell from top to bottom and in an instant was a shapeless mass.

The engineers as well as workmen were exposed to almost constant danger from explosions, the falling of loose stones displaced by the inflowing water, and other sources of harm. As Mr. Wederkinch, the engineer in charge of the shaft, was going down, one day, and was nearly at the bottom, a piece of the machinery above broke into fragments, which came rattling around him. Several pieces of iron struck the cage or bucket in which he stood; one pierced quite through the bottom, which was composed of plank two inches in thickness, but the engineer was unharmed. At every descent of the bucket, it seemed as though those in it were being dashed down the dark pit to almost certain destruction. Speed was necessary, and the machinery was so arranged that the descent of over a thousand feet was made in a little more than a minute. The sensations experienced by those who descended the shaft were peculiar: first there was the sense of rapid, helpless falling through space in the darkness; then, as the speed was at last almost abruptly arrested, it seemed for a moment as though the motion had been reversed, and one were being as rapidly elevated to the surface again. In all, nearly two hundred lives were lost in the process of constructing the tunnel; and yet, considering the magnitude of the work, the long continuance of labor expended upon it, and the hazardous nature of the explosives used, this was a small sacrifice of life.

For almost twenty years the operatives, sometimes more than a thousand in number, lived, it may be said, in the midst of burning powder or other more violent explosives. It was about the time the tunnel was begun that Sombre-ro, in Paris, discovered that tremendous explosive, nitro-glycerine, and it became known as a practical agent by its use here. It was found to be safer and much more effective than the ordinary blasting powder, especially when the charges were fired simultaneously, as

they were, by means of electricity. The demand for it became so great that a factory for its production was established near the west portal of the tunnel, and more than half a million pounds were used. Great care was observed in its preparation, and a very superior article, known as tri-nitro-glycerine, was the result. Its successful operation in the tunnel has caused it to be used very extensively throughout the country, and it may be considered as the established explosive where operations of any considerable magnitude are carried on. It is so much more powerful than blasting powder — being estimated to have thirteen times its force — that the cost of mining and tunneling is much reduced by its use. The commissioners in charge of the Hoosac Tunnel estimated that there was a saving of \$276.85 a day, or \$81,557.40 a year, by the use of the nitro-glycerine instead of powder. From their experiments they concluded that the rate of progress in tunneling was more than doubled by this explosive.

The Hoosac Tunnel, with all the delays, mistakes, and disappointments connected with it, is a grand achievement. It is one of the great works of our time. Begun, in its conception, as part of a canal, its completion marks the triumph of the railway, and the great change of inland transportation from the water to the land. Begun with the purpose to make it a part of a canal which, in connection with the Erie Canal, then in process of construction, should form a great line of communication and transport between the new West and the Atlantic markets and manufactories, the tunnel has hardly been completed and brought into use when the question is under debate whether the great Erie Canal itself shall not be abandoned, as no longer able to compete with the railway. Already twenty passenger and as many freight trains pass through the tunnel daily. Every morning through this gateway of the Green Mountains

roll the cars whose wheels, the evening but one before, began their revolution at St. Louis, beside the Father of Waters. More than three hundred cars daily carry their burden through this new avenue of transit. Following, to a great extent, the line of the natural water-courses on the route, the easy grades thus secured cheapen the cost of transportation from California and Dakota, from the corn fields of Illinois and the wheat fields of Minnesota, to Massachusetts Bay; and a cent less of freight on each bushel of grain or barrel of flour means millions of dollars saved to the consumers of bread in New and in Old England.

If for nothing else the tunnel would be worthy of notice as a triumph of engineering. Some may think that it was only a question of Patrick with his drill and plenty of gunpowder and time; and that to go through a mountain is no more than to go through a hill, or a short rock cutting, except that the process is lengthened with the distance. But "time is money." It would take fifty years to go through the Hoosac Mountain, beginning at any point on one side, and burrowing to the other. We could not wait for that. No one, not even a state government, would put capital into a work the end of which was to be reached only after half a century. So the tunnel must be begun at more than one point. Here at once is involved a nice problem of engineering. Working simultaneously from opposite sides of the mountain, it is no longer Patrick burrowing through by whatever zigzag course he may chance to take, but these tunnelings from opposite sides must be so directed that they shall finally meet, and fall into an accurate line of adjustment. How shall this be done? As any one can see, who gives the matter a moment's thought, a slight deviation from the mathematical line required would cause the two arms of the tunnel to miss each

other. The width of the tunnel is twenty-four feet. It is only necessary, therefore, for the approaching excavations to swerve from their true place at the point of expected junction by anything more than half that measure, or twelve feet, in order to slip by each other, and go farther and farther asunder, instead of coming together. Who will measure and set the angle which shall determine the momentous difference in such a case between success and failure? The tunnel is to be nearly five miles long. Each channel from the opposite sides of the mountain will therefore be nearly two miles and a half in length. The problem, then, is to run two lines of excavation through a mountain, with no visible point in front to aim at, as the engineer has in the open field, and yet to have them so nearly coincident in direction, for a distance of twelve thousand feet each, that they will not miss each other, but form one continuous whole. No Creedmoor rifle needs to be aimed so nicely in order to hit the bull's-eye. No allowances for wind to swerve, or the power of gravitation to draw down the ball from its proper course, render the marksman's problem so difficult of solution as the engineer's in this case. An error in the sighting of his instrument, amounting literally to a hair's-breadth, would send the arms of his excavation wide asunder into the bowels of the dark rock, leaving his tunnel no tunnel at all, but only a worm's track in the mountain. But the problem in this instance was still further complicated. To hasten the completion of the tunnel by providing additional faces on which the workmen could operate, as well as for the purpose of ventilation, it was determined, as we have seen, to sink a shaft from the top of the mountain to the level of the tunnel, midway between the two ends. Two factors were thus at once added to the problem: first, to fix so accurately the point on the mountain at which to begin the down-

ward excavation that when, after working by faith for four years, the estimated time necessary, the miners should have reached the requisite depth, they would be in the exact line of the projected and partly completed tunnel; and, secondly, from that pit in the depths of the mountain, to be able to aim their course in either direction so correctly as to be sure of meeting the company of miners approaching them from both extremes of the tunnel. In short, here were four tunnels to be made at the base of the mountain at one and the same time, and another from the summit perpendicular to them, and all to be exactly in the same plane, on penalty of the failure of the entire enterprise!

It was a difficult problem. But it was solved most triumphantly. When the headings from the central shaft and from the eastern portal came together, as come together they did, their alignments swerved from each other by the almost infinitesimal space of five sixteenths of an inch! It was an unparalleled feat of engineering. With the best engineering talent of Europe the opposite arms of the Mont Cenis Tunnel had a divergence of more than half a yard. The office and worth of science were admirably illustrated in the case of the Hoosac. It was science, applied science, which built this great thoroughfare of traffic and travel. Its lines and proportions were all ascertained and laid down by scientific calculation. Patrick could pound the drill and light the fuse that would explode the charges of powder; but without scientific engineering to lay his path for him and mark every drill hole, Patrick would have wandered in the depths of the mountain till doomsday, with his powder and drills, and no practicable tunnel would have been the result.

Let us see if the working out of this purely scientific problem can be rendered intelligible to the general reader. The Hoosac is part of the Green

Mountain range, which extends in a north and south direction along the western border of New England. On the east and on the west of it are other ranges and spurs. Indeed, the whole region is one of mountains and intervening depressions. On either side of the Hoosac are the valleys of the Deerfield and Hoosac rivers, and beyond them rise on the west Graylock, the highest peak in Massachusetts, and the Taconic range, and on the east the mountains of Rowe and its vicinity. The Deerfield River, as it comes down from the north, strikes against the flank of the Hoosac Mountain, and is turned abruptly to the eastward, and flows off, winding like a thread of silver among the lofty and overshadowing hills to join the Connecticut. It was determined to start the tunnel on the east, at the point where the Deerfield touches the mountain. Having fixed also upon a point for the western terminus of the tunnel, the next thing to be done was to connect the two by a line over the mountain which should be throughout its course in the same perpendicular plane. In order to do this, a broad path was cut through the forest which covered the mountain, and an approximately straight line run. Then monuments, or sighting posts, were set up on the mountains opposite the Deerfield and Hoosac valleys, and these were brought into range with the summits of the Hoosac and other points fixed along the course by the engineers. The surveys were repeated and the results marked again and again, and in different states of the atmosphere as to clearness, humidity, and temperature; for it is found that the eye sees differently, and that instruments give different measurements, under varying atmospheric conditions. Finally, the law of averages was brought in, and the mean result of the several measurements was taken as the true course, and the line thus laid down was permanently established by means of iron bolts fixed at

proper distances on the Hoosac and the adjacent mountains. A notch or minute line in the top of these bolts indicated more exactly the course of the tunnel, and reference was made to these notched bolts, throughout its construction, for the verification of all positions and measurements. Having established this line over the mountain and range-points on the adjacent elevations on either side, it was comparatively easy to sight back from those range-points to the mouths of the tunnel, and so push the work into the mountain in the proper direction. But the same care was taken to secure accuracy as in running the line over the mountain, by repeated surveys and measurements, and constant endeavors to reduce all errors to the minimum. How great that care was is shown in the result, as the lines met each other in the heart of the mountain within a small fraction of an inch.

The problem of the engineers was somewhat complicated also by the sinking of the shaft near the centre of the line over the mountain. With that line fixed, it was easy enough to begin a shaft at whatever point on the line should be considered desirable; and if the shaft were sunk perpendicularly it would of course strike the line of the tunnel beneath. But the shaft was to go down more than a thousand feet, and as it went deeper and deeper it became a matter of increasing difficulty to secure a perpendicular course by means of the plumb line, the dripping of water, falling stones, and explosions of powder or glycerine, occasional currents of air, and other disturbance tending to sway the plumb from its perpendicularity. Even after incasing the lines in boxes, and immersing the plumb bobs in water, to shield them so far as possible from these adverse influences, it was found that at all times, by day and by night alike, the plumb bobs had an oscillating motion of some extent in an elliptical orbit, the ellipse sometimes lying in a direction

with that of the tunnel and sometimes across it. Such were the obstacles encountered in this part of the work. But the trouble was not so much in getting the shaft down to the tunnel with a fair degree of accuracy — at least such as would render it available for the purpose of ventilation — as in establishing a line at the bottom of the shaft which should be coincident with that of the tunnel, and on which the work of excavation could be prosecuted in both directions, toward the east and the west, with the certainty of meeting the headings which were approaching from those directions, and thereby shortening the time to be consumed in the whole work. But the engineer in charge of the work at the shaft, Mr. Wederkinch, was equal to the demands upon him. He was a Dane by birth, and not only had the ordinary education of an engineer, but had been employed in a manufactory for making mathematical instruments. The knowledge acquired in this occupation he put to good account now by contriving some ingenious machines to enable him to overcome the difficulties confronting him. After four years of toil and constant watching, the shaft was sunk to the proper level. Then, from that narrow base, that mere well-hole in the depths of the mountain, the courageous engineer struck out right and left in the darkness, and carried forward his channels of excavation with a sublime confidence which was fitly crowned by the result, already mentioned: that he met, at a distance of sixteen hundred feet, the heading which had been driven towards him from the east portal of the tunnel for a space of more than eleven thousand feet, or two miles and a quarter, and the headings coincided almost absolutely.

The length of the tunnel was also calculated in advance from the measurements made in going over the mountain, and when the tunnel was completed it was found that its actual length differed

from the estimated by only eighty-five one hundredths of a foot, or three one thousandths of one per cent. in a distance of four miles and three quarters! It was another triumph of engineering skill, a triumph of science as applied to practical work, and most creditable to the chief engineer, Mr. Frost, and his three assistants, Messrs. Locke, Wederkinch, and Fisher, respectively in charge of the eastern, central, and western portions of the work. The scientific reader will understand at once that the determination of the length of the tunnel from the length of the line over the mountain was made by a system of triangulation, and the application of the familiar theorem for finding the third side of a triangle when two sides and the included angle are given. For the general reader it may be needful to say that the measurements up and down the face of the mountain were made by means of a steel tape-line, one hundred feet long. Each length of this line was regarded as the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle. But it is well known that no power can stretch a line of any considerable length so that it will be absolutely straight. It will always sag, or be curved to some extent. It will break before it can be made straight. But it was necessary to have this measured line from point to point a mathematical line, in order to be able to apply to it the geometrical theorem or principle. A nice calculation, therefore, had to be made of the amount to be allowed for the curvature of the tape-line; in other words, to determine what length of absolutely straight line each curved line of the successive measurements was equivalent to. Such a calculation was made, and with the result above given. And so the Hoosac Tunnel stands as one of the finest exhibitions of engineering skill and of the application of science to practical life which the world affords. As such it is well worth visiting, whether by the scientific or by the unscientific.

And yet, after all, there is little to be seen of this great work. The passing traveler by the railway, looking from the rear of the train, as it glides into or out of the tunnel, witnesses nearly all that a more protracted visit would enable him to behold. The description we have here given will really afford one more knowledge of this great work of art than he will be likely to gain by a personal inspection. Going to it, he will at the most see only the archway at either end, and the masses of shapeless rock which have been excavated and used in part as an embankment for the railway approaches. He will come to the portal expecting, probably, to look through to the opposite entrance, — at least to see a ray of light from that point; or, if he has been told there is an ascending grade from either end, which would preclude such a sight, he will still expect to look along the symmetrical archway of stone to such a distance within as will give him some impression of the magnitude of the work here wrought. But if ever such a sight were to be had, it must have been before the tunnel was completed and brought into use. And what, after all, is an opening only twenty feet in diameter in a mountain that towers above it to the height of seventeen hundred feet, and is almost five miles from side to side? How could we expect the light to stream through such a knitting-needle kind of hole? But whatever may once have been possible, now that scores of trains are daily passing through the tunnel, the original dimness has become blank darkness. A cloud of smoke pervades it through its whole length, wafted backward and forward to some extent by the occasional winds, or creeping slowly out at one portal or the other; but each passing train adds enough to keep the entire tunnel charged so that practically no one can see more than a few yards or rods, at the most, within the great cavern. No artificial light, not even the

head-lights of the locomotives, can penetrate the darkness for any considerable distance. The engineer sees nothing, but feels his way, by faith and simple push of steam, through the five miles of solemn gloom. If there is any occasion for stopping him on his way through the thick darkness, which may almost literally be felt, the men who constantly patrol the huge cavern to see that noth-

ing obstructs the passage do not think of signaling the approaching train in the common way, by means of a red lantern. That would be useless. They carry with them powerful torpedoes, which, whenever there is occasion, they fasten to the rails by means of screws. The wheels of the locomotive, striking these, produce a loud explosion, and this is the tunnel signal to the engineer to stop his train.

N. H. Egleston.

LOKI.

It is remarkable that the Scandinavian mythology is the only one which in its evil spirit presents a perfect incarnation of mischief, in the true meaning of the word, and which shows how from the least beginnings evil is gradually developed to a maximum. As every mythology is the reflection of the *cultus* of a race, it follows that this very original conception must have resulted from the peculiarities of Norse life and thought, and these causes must be examined before the moral value of the myth of Loki can be fairly understood.

The difference between the modern or romantic spirit and the classical or Greek is that while the bias of the one was towards unity the other inclines to harmony and contrast. The Greek poet and artist separated the serious from the comic and the beautiful from the unsightly. The Romantic poets and artists delight in grouping these opposites together in rich and strange combinations. This blending of contradictions, which would have been incomprehensible to the ancient Greeks, runs through all Northern life, in its literature as Caliban and clowns employed to set off their nobler lords, and perhaps let the mind down as a relief; in Gothic architecture, where grotesques grin over dim religious aisles; and in glowing golden

manuscripts, where apes and goblins and chimeras cluster around the sacred text. The key-note to this peculiar spirit is found in the Eddas and Sagas of the North. There has sprung up a battle or battles, of late years, among the learned as to whether the Norse mythology and cultus were ancient Aryan, modern Græco-Roman, or chiefly borrowed from Scandinavian neighbors. From the indications afforded by mischief mockery and humor it would seem as if, while its roots and trunks are old Aryan, its boughs and leafage came not from the ancient earth, but from the air and light of the new world up to which it had grown; the new elements having, however, in their past all come from a common *prima materia*.

"Something of all is true and all are right;
Each is an endless ring and all a chain,
Which is itself a ring without an end."

Sunshine never seems so bright as when it is contrasted with storms and darkness, and humor is nowhere else so striking as among the struggling men of the North. "Mirth resting on earnestness and sadness as the rainbow on black tempest, — only a right valiant heart is capable of that," says Carlyle. True humor seldom exists in any but great and noble natures. He who dives deepest into the mysteries of life often

soars highest into the fairy-land of fancy. The Northern humorist is not unlike the tree Yggdrasil, the ash, which is the "best and greatest of all trees; its branches spread over all the world, and reach up above heaven." One root is with the Asas, another with the giants, and the third in heaven, and beneath it is the fountain of Urd. The Norsemen, with all their thoughts centred in the present, touched both extremes of seriousness and fun, and were worthy progenitors of the more modern humorists of Northern Europe. There is a vigor and earnestness in the Scandinavian gods not to be found elsewhere. The simplicity of the heroes and heroines of the Nibelungen Lied and Gudrun epics, their making of clothes and brewing of beer, is mirrored in these deities, who are great independent beings, not above waiting on themselves; reflecting a real state of society into which little of the poison of shams and etiquette had found its way. Norse thought was born of trials sufficient to crush any but gigantic hearts. The long winter night; the intense rigor of the climate, from which arose the myth of a chaos of snow and ice giving birth to a race of frost giants, from whom was developed in time every living thing, caused men to draw nearer to each other, and awoke within them a strong feeling of humanity.

Their very existence depended upon their activity. The "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die," of the Greek fatalist, or the

"Drink, for you know not whence you came nor why;

Drink, for you know not why you go nor where," of the Persian pessimist, would to the active Norsemen have seemed sheer nonsense. Eat and drink they could and did, and that right heartily. Even Odin the Allfather sometimes stooped to the common man's beer-bibbing.

"Drunk I was,
I was over drunk,
At that cunning Fialars,"

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is his ingenuous confession in the Hávamal. But there was frequently such difficulty in providing the necessities of life that carousing and feasting, when indulged in, were never so wantonly riotous as among the luxurious sons of the South and East. Man always appreciates that which costs him dear. Where life is easy, annihilation is the ideal of happiness. The career of the Norseman was a conflict, and he clung to life as the greatest blessing, and looked forward to transportation after death into Valhalla, where the old struggles and warfare would be continued on a grander scale. In the Eddas there is not a trace of the Hindu's metaphysical speculation, nor a germ of the Greek's idealism. There are no pessimists in Europe now among healthy people who live out-of-doors. The objective world was too real for the Northern Bards to endeavor to penetrate into the realms of the subjective. This is why there is such an odd mixture of child-like qualities and giant's strength in their representations of their gods. They imagined their deities to be, like themselves, dependent upon their own energy for their existence. The Asas were not even immortal. They relied upon the apples of Iduna for the preservation of their youth quite as implicitly as a modern *prima donna* or *jeune première* depends upon her rouge and powder. Once when these were stolen they all became old and shriveled. At Ragnarök, the twilight of the gods, they were to perish. They appear to us much more like industrious, very hard-working mortals than divinities. After Asgard was built, they themselves erected the court in which they were to sit in judgment; and when that task was finished they built Vingolf for the goddesses, — for, with all their roughness, they were not entirely wanting in gallantry. Then they manufactured a forge, and worked in metal, stone, and wood. Besides home labors, there were constant attacks of the Jötuns and

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Trolls, giants and devils, to be repulsed. The walls of Valhalla were hung with shining shields. Even the Einherjes, or the dead heroes, found their heavenly enjoyment in real hand-to-hand combats, which they undertook not from necessity, but from inclination thereunto.

"All the Einherjes
in Odin's court
hew daily each other.
They choose the slain
and ride from the battle-field;
Then sit they in peace together."

No delicate rose-water and black-eyed houris in this paradise, but an eternity of work, and strong gods and goddesses able, and fortunately willing, to accomplish it. In the intensity of life in Scandinavia originated the humor which illumined the gloom and softened the ruggedness of Valhalla.

The natural tendency of national thought is usually the leading, even if hidden inspiration of the people's myths, and very often those human qualities and characteristics which are most loved and admired are made by the myth-makers the attributes of one personality. All the beauty, poetry, music, and wisdom worshiped by the Greek were centred in Phœbus Apollo. The asceticism, cruelty, and inflexibility respected by the Hindu became essentially the marks of Siva. In mediæval Europe, when chivalry was in its glory and every knight vowed allegiance to some "faire ladye," the Virgin Mary received more honor and devotion than even Christ himself. In like manner, all the rude mirth and wild sport of the Norsemen were concentrated in Loki, until they formed one great whole of mischief, suggestive of an archetypal or demon monkey, or of a school-boy god; and plain, domestic, house-baked mischief at that, but clear and intelligent, as was everything which was early Northern. The greatest moral lesson which the Eddas teach is contained in the delineation of the character and the story of the career of this Azrael-Triboulet of Asgard.

It is wonderful how the early, untrained thought of a people unconsciously recognizes many fundamental truths of morality, and analyzes them with a keenness of insight which is lost in a more learned but more artificial age. It seems almost as if the human mind unaided could advance farther on the road to truth than when it is armed with all the aggressive and defensive weapons of logic. But the wisdom of the Norsemen was like that of children, who often utter truths of which they neither understand the meaning nor realize the value. In the conception of Loki, his creators with the wise ignorance of youth or infancy have embraced a moral law which, long but imperfectly comprehended, is now at last being placed upon its proper physiological basis. Compelled to labor almost incessantly, they nevertheless felt the necessity of pleasure, both physical and emotional. They were still in the stage of barbarism, and their method of satisfying this necessity was of the lowest. Physical pleasure in its beginning is purely egoistic. The simplest animal organisms are dependent upon egoism for their survival. The same is true when, in the history of evolution, we arrive at the mental and moral organization. As Herbert Spencer says, egoism must come before altruism. The lower we descend in the moral scale, the more pronounced is the tendency to find enjoyment in actions which produce a feeling of exhilaration or delight in the actor irrespective of the emotions they arouse in others. The course of development is the same in every race and in every country. But the climate and other external factors each exerts its influence in impressing a distinguishing mark upon national character. The Norsemen, while they were pagans, and even for long after their conversion to Christianity, were cruel and barbarous in manners and morals. It was great fun for their warriors to "cut the eagle" on the captive; their Skalds

sing of blood and wounds with hearty delight; there is a roaring laugh in their defiance of death; in them the *gaudium certaminis* rises to ecstasy. But while exulting in bloodshed, and carelessly playing with war and death as a child might play with its toys, they were obliged in their sober moments to work in company with their fellow-countrymen. And this it was that saved them. This association of sympathetic fellowship with fierce joys was the redeeming feature, which, as it developed into more perfect kindness and human love, suppressed their less agreeable characteristics, and led them to so high a civilization that their descendants are now the most powerful and most cultured of all Aryan and non-Aryan races.

In the Scandinavian theogony Thor and Loki represent these two sides of the Norse character. Thor, the sworn enemy of the frost-giants, is the deified power of work. When their enemies approached Asgard, all the Asas were wont to call upon him to defend them; and he, seizing his hammer Mjölner, his belt of strength, and his iron gloves, with lowering brows sallied forth to overthrow the wicked Trolls. He is typical of the bravery of a people who defied the natural elements, and who, after struggling all winter with real storm demons and frost giants, could arise triumphant at the first touch of spring. On the other hand, their "grin of Brobagnagian humor," their conception of amusement, as yet primitive, be it remembered, was idealized in Loki. This idealization, once they gave it shape, carried them with it, *volens volens*. As if unwittingly, they were forced to bring it to a conclusion which is as true as it is terrible. Loki's life was one of pleasure. He had no other aim than self-gratification. And now for the truth involved therein. Any one who pursues such a career uninterruptedly, though he begin in light jesting or petty egoism, is apt in the end to degenerate into a *vaurien*, a

hypocritical Pecksniff, perhaps a criminal, or at least a bore. Loki's selfishness and love of pleasure converted him into a fiend. He was by no means a demon in the purest sense of the word, though he afterwards became the devil of Christian Europe. He belonged by blood to the race of giants, but he lived with the Asas, and is represented as one of them in both Eddas, and in the Prose or Younger Edda is included by Har in the list of the twelve great Asas. He was always cunning and fond of his own amusement, but at first he was only a good-natured Momus, a laughter-loving Puck, who contributed to the mirth of Asgard by his jesting and mummery. He was as ready to undertake a mission in behalf of the Asas as he was willing to enjoy himself at their expense. The intermingling of good and evil, first manifested in Loki, influenced later the formation of many mediæval myths, which seem intended to be half jest and half serious. But this indifference to everything save his own emotional nature was the element which occasioned his becoming as diabolically wicked as the Talmudical Samaël or the Persian Ahriman. Sometimes intriguing for the Asas, sometimes against them, he never cared to which side he attached himself so long as he could find a field for his insatiable roguery. In addition to this instability of partisanship he was as arrogant a coward as Falstaff or Panurge, and through his cowardice became like a weathercock, which is changed by every puff of wind. With each successive exploit, no matter from what motive it was undertaken, he was more enamored of his trickery, which was finally his sole inspiration, in response to which he committed that outrage which exhausted the already wearied patience of the gods. As logically as if seeking to demonstrate a moral axiom, the Northern myth-makers related to the people the legend of Loki, and seemed to impress upon them by his forcible example

the fact that there is no true goodness save when work and recreation are equally balanced in the life of an individual. Whatever form recreation may assume, if it be healthy and well moderated, it will in time acquire a higher standard; if, on the contrary, it be carried to excess, the result will be deterioration of purpose and weakening of moral force. A child's pleasures are very inferior to those of youth, and these, again, are immensely below the joys of manhood. So it is with the national *nîsus*. At first there is the tendency to rejoice in deeds of cruelty, and the minstrels sing of battle-fields, and triumphs of war. Later comes the period of knight-errantry, and the favorite songs are overflowing with the sweetness of love and the beauty of women. And this in turn is succeeded by a still more perfect and glorious age, when work is apotheosized, and the representative men of the people cry out that there is no salvation except in activity and no pleasure save that which has its roots in human sympathy. The Norsemen knew nothing of the system which was to evolve from the germs laid in the Eddas. But in their straightforward, Northern, manly way, they unknowingly inculcated a truth which the Eastern Aryans, with all their metaphysics and subtle reasoning, had never divined.

The myth of Loki has been related many times and in many ways. It has been explained by comparative mythologists in its connection with Vedic myths, and the relation of the Northern Asa to the Hindu Agni has been carefully considered. But its true moral significance has never heretofore received the study and attention which are due to it. The solar myth may be the only satisfactory explanation of the meaning of the Mahabharata, the Homeric poems, and the Volsung Saga, but in itself it cannot account for their distinctive features. These three great national epics could never have been the products of one

land and of the same people. Agreeing in broad outlines, they differ very little in minor details. The gods of India, Greece, and Scandinavia may all have had the same origin, but in each country, as the elemental myths became systematized, they were influenced by the peculiar ideas of each branch of the one primeval stock. Therefore a knowledge of these myths is important, not only for the advance and furtherance of the sciences of comparative mythology, philology, and religion, but also as aids in the study of moral evolution and sociology.

Loki, like Lucifer before the fall, was fair of face and beautiful of person, But he was the father of the Fenris wolf, the Midgard serpent, and the awful Hel, whose abode was in Niflheim, whose table was Famine, and whose knife was Starvation. Sweetness born of bitterness was in his case reversed. Excelling in craft and cunning, and fickle in disposition, he was the originator of deceit, and the backbiter of the Asas. His first adventure, related in the Edda of Sæmund, appropriately refers to an occasion when he was acting in behalf of one of his fellow divinities, and when his actions might be ascribed to benevolence. He is introduced, as it were, taking his first step in his downward career. His ends were good, but, as has happened with many mortals since, the means he took to attain his end in themselves became an end. Thor had lost Mjölner, and he suspected the Jötuns of the theft. In his perplexity he went to Loki and held counsel with him. There is something very striking in the fact that Thor and Loki are so frequently supposed to undertake their expeditions together. Success, in the Eddas, often appears to depend upon the alliance of the principle of activity with that of recreation. It is like a prophetic warning, the decree of an inspired Vala, which reveals to man the knowledge that his success in life can

only result from a just equilibrium of work and pleasure. After a short consultation, the two Asas hurried to the dwelling of Freyja, the Northern Aphrodite, and from her Loki borrowed a feather garment which she possessed, and in which he clothed himself. So disguised, he flew to Jötunheim, — “the plumage rattled;” he interviewed the giant Thrym, who confessed himself the thief, but refused to give up the stolen treasure unless he could have Freyja for his bride. The feathered Hermes quickly hastened home, and delivered his message. Poor Freyja! To her it must many times have seemed that beauty was a heavily burdened gift. The goddess was wroth, and there was anger among the Asas. The plot thickened, and Loki quietly enjoyed the general discomfiture and his own importance. A council was held, and it was determined that Thor must be disguised in woman’s garments, and sent to the Jötun as the desired bride. The mission little suited the slayer of Trolls, and he chafed against it; but Mjölner must be recovered, and he alone could do it. At this juncture Loki stepped forward. He was certain there was fun to be had out of the enterprise, and so declared that he would go with Thor and help him carry out the play. He would be the maid, for it was only seemly that the fairest goddess in Asgard should not go alone to meet her bridegroom. Then they both began the journey: one madened at the indignity forced upon him, the other only too well pleased with the masking. In the evening they arrived at Jötunheim, where every preparation had been made to give the bride a joyful welcome. Supper was served. Thor was hungry, and in his hunger forgot the part he was playing. He was no adept in deception, and came near ruining the success of the expedition. Ravenous as the Dragon of Wantley, he alone devoured an ox, eight salmon, and all the sweetmeats, and washed down the plen-

tiful meal with three sals of beer. Thrym stood by amazed, as well he might be. Was this a bride, who could eat so voraciously and drink so much mead? Had Thor been alone the game had been lost. He had deigned to dissimulation enough, and with his natural impetuosity and belligerence could never have passed the giant’s criticisms. But there sat by him a “crafty serving-maid,” who was in his element, and loved nothing better than pleasant deceit and wily stratagem. Quickly, so as not to give Thor time to speak, Loki allayed the suspicions of Thrym by declaring that the bride had been so eager to come to Jötunheim that for eight days she had eaten and drunk nothing. Thrym stooped, and peered through the veil that covered Thor’s face. The eyes that met his were as startling as the wolf’s eyes within the grandmother’s cap were to little Red Riding-Hood. What eyes are these that shine so brightly? asked the giant. The wily Loki once more interrupted with his ready answer. How could they be otherwise than bright, he said, since the bride had fasted for so long. Fasting and watching and longing had made her fair face haggard, and her eyes shone with the fire of desire. The play was now almost over. Thrym’s sister came into the hall, and, as was the custom, asked for a bride-gift. But the Jötun directed that before there was giving of gifts the hammer should be brought and laid on the bride’s lap, and the marriage sanctified. And in this manner the lost Mjölner was restored to its rightful owner. Then Thor’s soul laughed within him, and he arose, and slew Thrym and the poor old sister: —

“her who a bride-gift
had demanded,
she a blow got
instead of skillings,
a hammer’s stroke
for many rings.”

The slaughter was complete, and the hall ran with blood even as did the hall

in which Odysseus exultingly slew the suitors. The simple phraseology of the old Northern chronicle is more forcible than an elaborate modern version of the story would be. The two Asas, in whom are typified the two important elements in the life of the Norsemen, are at once beheld, with their opposite natures distinctly defined. Thor, the idealization of action, could but sit and chafe at the falseness of his position. Though he understood the high stakes he was playing for, he could not quite enter into the spirit of this to him novel method of conducting the game. When hard work was required and blows were to be given Thor showed himself in all his greatness. But this sitting still in feminine guise was hard to bear. It was as if Heracles had been forced to conquer the Hydra by the wiles of a siren, or as if Samson could overcome the Philistines only by the stratagem of a Judith. Thor never so completely manifested his active nature as in his attempted passivity. Loki, who was really his guardian spirit through this adventure, and to whom its success must be credited, betrayed at once his inward inclination to practical jokes. He never would have attacked a giant in fair and open combat, — he was too cowardly; but this only added to the pleasure he took in fooling Thrym, as it seldom fell to the lot of giants to be fooled, and he had also the satisfaction of witnessing the misery of Thor. The evil which he afterwards developed was only beginning to assert itself. In the Lay of Thrym, he is still only mischievous, but his mischief gives signs of the fruit it was destined to bring forth. As though the taste he had on this occasion of the sweets of mischief-making seduced him entirely from the path of kindness and unselfishness, he plunged into a course of hoaxing, teasing, and blackguardism which is more suggestive of the Bowery, or the Seven Dials in London, than of a heaven. In other mythologies the line between demon and

deity is more accurately drawn. Loki is first god, then god and devil combined, and finally devil *pur. et simple*. The story of his fall is far more logical than the legend by which the Talmud accounts for the fall of Lucifer. Step by step he sank lower morally, until he descended to that depth from which there was no escape. He wrought his eternal damnation not by one single act of rebellion, but by his constancy to the pursuit of evil.

Variable as a weather-vane in one point, in his greed for trickery he was ever the same, and this very unity gave rise to a strange seeming of duality. Now, his mischief was light and airy, as he flitted around the halls of Geirod in his bird disguise, while a servant chased him; or when, transformed into a wasp, he worried the friendly dwarfs, he was only a jolly Robin Goodfellow. But when, in fun, he slew Balder, his devilishness exceeded that of all the devils in hell. The same emotion gave the inspiration to both classes of action, though the results differed so enormously. The great contrast between his good and his evil deeds at times puzzled even the early myth-makers. They could not consciously follow the line of argument which unconsciously they had at first adopted. They could not quite understand the incongruity, and they explained it away — let it be hoped satisfactorily to themselves — by separating into two distinct beings the one who in the beginning was single. Loki, though an Asa, was related to the Jötuns, and it was very simple to account for the seemingly unaccountable by ranking him at one time as a god and at another as a giant. Thus in an earlier age the Greeks imagined two Sapphos, one a goddess, another a mortal; ignoring the fact that the true Sappho was intended or accepted as the highest type of woman, all but divine. She was the combination of female genius with passion. In one myth the twofold nature of Loki led to start-

ling consequences. In it occur the perplexing incident of a face-to-face meeting of Loki's two personalities, Asa-Loki with Utgard-Loki, and the strange phenomenon of one portion of this dualism falling a victim to the other. It sets forth hoaxing and practical jokes of a gigantic kind, fooling within fooling, quaint conceits, and a species of sleight-of-hand deception, — all enveloped in dreams or nightmare, until we, like the tricked Asas, must go our way wondering. And then it all ends in Maia, as the Hindus would say, in thin air and delusion. The necromancy of Jötunheim far surpassed that of Asgard, and Loki, as Jötun, was the prince of necromancers, the arch-Cagliostro, who not only cast his magical spells over the Asas, but showed them how limited and hampered the power possessed by divinity was. Gods who were obliged to fight like ordinary mortals, and who could not even distinguish delusion from reality, were far from being omniscient or omnipotent.

Once, out of pure mischief, Loki cut off the golden hair of Sif, Thor's wife. Another time, when the daughter of Thjasse had come to Asgard to avenge her father's death, and the gods had succeeded in making a treaty with her, one of the stipulations being that they should make her laugh, which heretofore had been an impossibility; and when all had failed in doing this, Loki, by playing the buffoon and the juggling jester, was as successful as the maid Iambe was in her efforts to lighten the gloom of the sorrowing Demeter. But it was not until the famous feast given by Egir that Loki allowed the growing evil within him to show itself, and his malignancy and narrow, petty-minded jealousy to foreshadow faintly the deed that was to be his crowning exploit. "How fares it with the Asas?" the Vala asks, in the Voluspá Saga. Grievously indeed, we can answer, when Loki was near. Egir gave a feast, and all the Asas were

there except Thor, who as usual was busy crushing Trolls. During the feast two of the servants were praised, and the praise so enraged Loki that he killed one of them, and for this was chased away to the forest by all the guests. He soon returned, however, into their midst, and poured out a volley of abuse upon the assembled party. He was a greater master of abusive and insulting epithets than the Protestant reformers; he was as much at home in invective as the Parisian *gamin*, and quite as ready to hunt up old discreditable incidents in the career of the abused, or personal blemishes, as politicians and newspaper men are during a presidential campaign. If, as Rabelais has it, when Shrovetide spoke it was coarse brown russet cloth, Loki's speech was common burlaps or rough sailcloth. Odin, the Allfather, asked the gods to give Loki a place, for the latter had reminded him of the days when they had drunk beer together in friendly companionship. Bragi objected, and Loki directed the first installment of his raillery upon the master of wisdom and flowing speech. He was valiant enough, the tormentor declared, when comfortably sitting within Egir's hall, but without, when there was question of blows and fisticuffs, who could be more backward than Bragi? The war of words raged high. Idun interposed, but to no avail. Her efforts at peace-making were rudely returned, for she was told that she of all women was "most fond of men." Finally Odin himself sought to bring to an end the untimely rankling, but Loki sneered at him, and held him up to scorn because, years before, the Allfather in disguise as a Vala had wandered among mortals; and that, "methinks, betokens a base nature!" cried Loki. Then in turn Frigga, Freyja, Njord, Tyr, and Frey, and all the other brave Asas and fair Asinjes were made butts for this rude ridicule. When Thor came in Loki at first would not be silenced, and had his laugh at the

Thunderer, who had passed a night in fear and trembling within a glove-thumb, and who in the end must be swallowed by the Fenris wolf. But Loki was timid, and well knew the might of Mjölner and the meaning of its owner's white knuckles. His courage gave way before Thor, and he departed from the banquet hall; not, however, without a parting shaft at the other gods, of whom, as he insinuated, even he need not be afraid.

"I have said before the Æsir,
I have said before the Æsir's sons,
that which my mind suggested:
but for thee alone
will I go out,
because I know that thou wilt fight."

In the Elder Edda Loki's capture and imprisonment are supposed to have followed the altercation at the feast of Egir, and in the words which Loki addressed to Frigga there is an allusion to the death of Balder, as if that calamity had already befallen the Asas. But the Younger Eddas make the fall of Loki result from the evil he had wrought in slaying the summer god, and this seems a more logical order of events. We can readily understand that Loki, by his wholesale abuse and the contumely with which he covered the dwellers of Asgard, had lost all favor in their sight, and had been banished forever from their society. He had disclosed the blackness of his heart. The die was cast, his Rubicon crossed. Henceforth the demon within him was triumphant over what there had been of god-like.

Longing and searching for new deviltries which would throw his preceding tricks into the shade, his eyes fell upon Balder, and the way was clear before him. Balder was the favorite in Asgard; he was the White God, the God of Summer, the Beautiful, and the best beloved son of Frigga. It had been decreed that no harm should come to him from anything in heaven or on earth, save through the mistletoe, which was an insignificant shrub, and hence appeared

powerless to work him evil. Sometimes, for amusement, the Asas made a target of Balder, and would throw at him sticks and stones and other missiles, and all took great pleasure therein. But Hoder, the blind god, stood to one side, and had no part in the games. Then came Loki the Tempter and gave Hoder a piece of mistletoe, and promised him to so guide his arm that he too could have a shot at Balder. Hoder, unconscious of the nature of his weapon, threw it. Balder fell, and there was silence in Asgard. The summer had faded beneath the first breath of winter, and all nature was desolate and forlorn. Hermod, on the famous steed Sleipnir, rode to Hel, and asked her to set Balder free from her gloomy regions. But she said no, unless perhaps he could prevail upon every living thing to weep the loss of the White God. Then messengers were sent far and wide, and they begged all things to shed tears for Balder. And then,

"Through the world was heard a dripping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back."

But as the messengers rode homewards they came to a cave wherein dwelt an ogress. This really was Loki in disguise; and he jeered and mocked them, and asked them what good Balder had ever done that he should so bewail and bemoan his loss. What was Hecuba to him that he should weep for her! And the joy departed from their hearts, and they went their way sorrowing. The Asas arose in righteous indignation, and vowed vengeance upon Loki. He made his escape, but only for a time. In the end Thor captured him, and he was fastened to a rock, and a serpent hung directly over his head so that its venom should fall upon his face. Sygin, his wife, came and held a dish in which to catch the falling venom. But whenever it was filled and she went to empty it, then the drops fell upon Loki, and in his agony he writhed and twisted his body so violently that the whole earth

shook, and this was the cause of earthquakes.

With Balder's death the light had gone from Asgard, and there were no more rejoicings. The Asas knew by the Vala's prophecy that their end was near, and in silence and sadness they awaited Ragnarök. At its coming Loki broke his bands asunder, and openly displayed his bitter enmity to the Asas by placing himself at the head of all the evil spirits, the frost giants and the mountain giants, the Fenris wolf and the Midgard serpent. Then Heimdal blew on the dread Gjallar horn, and the combat began. Odin perished, and Loki and Heimdal met in a deadly duel which resulted in the fall of both. Asas and Jötuns and all living things were destroyed.

This is the story of Loki. We see him passing through every stage in the journey from good to evil. He begins with actions which are the outcome of superabundant activity misdirected, and these in turn lead him to deeds undertaken out of sheer wantonness and caprice, and, still pursuing the one path, to those which are inspired by malice and pure love of evil for its own sake. This myth is essentially Northern in conception and execution. It is curious to contrast it with those legends of other mythologies which at a first glance suggest a kindred inspiration. In the old Japanese mythology there is a Sosonono-Mikoto, who at first appears as a hay-god playing pranks upon his sister and brother divinities, and his tricks far excel the early ones of Loki. But as he grows older he casts aside the childish state and its toys and play, just as after boyhood and college years most young men bid farewell to joking and hoaxing, and he becomes a great and

just god. The Greek Hermes, when but two hours old, steals the cattle of Phœbus Apollo, and is as merry and mischievous as the elfin Puck. But his mischief has no thought of malice or touch of evil. Whatever may be its beginning, it all ends in a laugh or a smile, as if a bomb-shell in descending were to burst open and rain down flowers, sweetmeats, and perfumes. But that which in Loki enters with light comedy and broad burlesquing retires in tragedy and tears. It is as if a scene on the stage opened upon a fairy ring in the forest, where Titania and Oberon and all their fairy attendants are dancing and sporting merrily. But slowly, so that the process of transformation escapes even the most observant, the scene changes, and the audience suddenly find themselves whirled away to the Brocken, and introduced into the riotous revelry of the Walpurgis night. The soft horns of elfland are drowned in loud incantations; the fairy ring is covered with burning caldrons and all the hideous paraphernalia of magic rites; Titania, Oberon, and Puck are transformed into Mephistopheles, Lilith, and the ignis-fatuus. Instead of pale moonlight, the fiery flames of hell burn high. Bluebells, cowslips and daisies have withered, and where they once grew, rue and St. John's wort and rosemary and all rank weeds flourish. So the nightmare creeps into the fairy dream. From a garden of Eden to a fiery abyss, from heaven to hell, was Loki carried in his fall. The joy he felt in the expedition to Thrym's castle was the "little rift within the lute," or the small speck on the horizon, which, at first unheeded, in time bursts into the wild and furious tempest.

"Oh the little more and how much it is!

And the little less and what worlds away!"

Elizabeth Robins.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

III.

AT MUSICAL MRS. CLEF'S.

MRS. CLEF was a lady of excellent social standing, being of the old, so much esteemed Knickerbocker stock. She had had losses, and had reconstructed her circle thereafter, contracting it to moderate dimensions, and basing it upon her ruling taste for music.

She had the faculty of enlisting in her service the leading professionals who appeared before the public in turn. They came willingly to a hostess of cordial, unconstrained manners, who was a person of such intelligent sympathy, and a performer besides of no mean skill herself. She had played before Thalberg and Liszt.

In her apartment at the Brandenburg, a fashionable semi-hotel on Madison Avenue, the occupants of which either took their meals at a dining-room in the house, or had them sent in from neighboring restaurants, she had some old family portraits, long, low mirrors and other furniture, of an elegant, antiquated cast, which had been imported by her grandfather, when communication with Europe was by no means the easy matter it is at present. These formed an interesting reminder of her former more stately and expensive style of living. A great violinist, in a freak, had written his name across one of the door-jambs. She pointed out the autograph as one of her treasures.

She was of an easy liberality of views, and encouraged sprightliness in her guests. She was fonder of young than of elderly company, as a means, perhaps, of keeping off intrusive suggestions of advancing age. She made a delightful chaperon for certain young ladies of her acquaintance, who often came in search

of her for this service, and was usually ready at short notice for their excursions.

Most things were treated of there with a tone of humorous cynicism, that nothing greatly shocked. Mrs. Clef, in a kind of bravado of throwing off the tiresome caution with which the world was stifling itself, said sharp and bright things of people; but generally with the implication that she thought little the worse of them in consequence, and that she herself was subject to the same treatment as a matter of course.

The graceless Huyskamps, who fell with a sort of helplessness from one sin and folly to another, came in for hardly more caustic disparagement than the upright Walkills, who made profession, with large wealth and not a little fashion, of strict evangelical piety, — to whose large houses, in fact, a certificate of church membership was almost a necessity for admission.

The air of refined Bohemianism, with the excellent music, attracted Bainbridge. He had a long-established repugnance to the conventional and ordinary; and, in a desultory frequenting of society, in which he was to be but irregularly counted upon at best, he sought by preference those places which promised a little variation from it. The extremely worldly tone, too, was that which he was pleased to call his own. After an experience of life which had not answered to his sanguine expectations, he considered himself a deeply knowing person. He constituted himself, in speech, the apostle of views and practices he declared to prevail, not such as ought to prevail; though it is probable it would still have troubled very much the conscience of which he made so light to injure in the slightest any human being.

To the ambitious of both sexes, after the long miscarriage in succession of favorite plans, there is apt to come a period of revolt against most that had been deemed sufficient and established. Since all that is usually received has been so unpropitious to the warmly-cherished aspirations for happiness, perhaps there are other systems, other directions, heretofore undreamed of, by which it may be attained.

Bainbridge passed a life (now unlikely to be of any special importance, he deemed) in an attitude, if the contradictory traits may be framed together, of calm recklessness. "At least," he said, putting the new experiences together with the old, "I shall have lived; I shall not have stagnated."

A volatile spirit and a susceptibility to humor, not wholly repressible by any adversity, played over this really tragic substratum, so far as it was genuine and of probable cause, as will-o'-the-wisps are said to dance cheerfully above very black and dangerous pools.

Mrs. Clef sang, swelling out her ample throat and bosom in the process. Signor Banderoli gave a comic duet from Don Pasquale, with Miss Stella Burgess, who had been his pupil, and nearly put that young lady herself out of countenance with his droll grimaces, though she knew them so well.

Among those who played, with a skilled touch and quite a noticeable degree of feeling, was a Miss Emily Rawson. She captured Bainbridge afterwards, as she had often done before, and led him away to one of the chintz-covered sofas for conference.

"What shall we do with you? What a stranger you are! I had to put up my eye-glass before I knew you," she began. "Are you never coming near me any more? I did want you to come so much last Thursday night, and just rehearse once, even if you afterwards found you could not take part in the little concert. What *made* you drop out

of the club? I suppose we shall never get you around to the reading-class any more. And as to that poor German class, you and some others have set such an example of neglect we are quite in despair. Professor Blauvelt says we must have fines. We think of going to the German theatre again in a body, a week from to-morrow night. Can you not come?"

She spoke in a high-pitched, agreeably modulated voice, which conveyed in itself an intimate association with fashion, or at least with refined prosperity. She was handsomely attired, and of a plain but lady-like aspect. A dot or two of court-plaster coquettishly aided her complexion, which was not of the most brilliant. Of a frail and nervous type which fades early, she appeared to be not far from Bainbridge's own age.

This was a young woman who, in her native city, — it was Bridgefield, — had "outgrown her set." Experiencing a certain mortification to see all her friends and acquaintances married about her, she set off on her travels; first to Europe, where she sojourned in numerous pensions and perfected her music, then through the West and South of her own country, — to the health springs of Colorado and to Florida. She settled finally, for its "advantages," in New York, making a portion of that accretion which the great city gathers every year, as planets gather star-dust: part come to seek their fortune, part to spend it in the greatest variety of pleasures.

Daughter of a semi-invalid, unenergetic, widowed mother, one whose easy motto was, "Whatever is to be will be," she had latterly taken the disposition of her fate and of all their affairs very much into her own hands. She was ambitious both of the married state (taking no warning from the revelations of the divorce courts, and from others, not a few, daily before her eyes), as an essential condition of happiness, and of a social career. But thus far she had had

no great success in any plans she may have laid for either result. Without fortune sufficient to impress so great a city, though a very snug amount in itself, she had been able only to draw around her and join herself to a somewhat miscellaneous circle, composed of acquaintances of watering-places and of travel, those of coteries of music, languages, the decorative arts, and religion, — into all of which she had plunged in turn, in the craving for excitement and new opportunities, — and of some few lesser society people, to whom they had brought letters of introduction.

She had secured a great deal of the society of Bainbridge, after a first meeting on some minor musical occasion, by a pertinacious ingenuity of inventions. They had been associated together in the pleasant intimacy of private theatricals, musical duets, the Amaranth German, and classes in reading and the languages. She had even asked him to come and *smoke to her*, as another might have asked him to play or declaim. She believed in him, or affected to. and predicted fine things of his future. When he grumbled at his ill-luck in the world and his poverty, of which he made no sort of secret, she said, "We are all poor in a genteel way," and professed simple, domestic tastes, and at the same time artfully dangled before him, under pretext of taking counsel on the prices of certain bonds and shares, glimpses of her private fortune.

Bainbridge, since his losses and the affair of Madeline Scarrett (who had given him a successful rival in the person of the capitalist and invalid, Elphinstone Swan, the father of children, by a former marriage, much older than herself), had not looked upon himself as a desirable person from the matrimonial point of view. He would not have been averse to continuing a platonic relation with a person who was prepossessing in

many ways, and had the good taste to appreciate his merits so excellently.

But Miss Rawson secretly thought otherwise. She made her own estimate of his character as a trustworthy and interesting person, and of the value of his connection with the Hudson Hendricks, an elegant family of the first prominence, whose near kinsman he was. With her income and the social advantages open to one of his blood, she would have counted on making a bold push to the front rank in society.

From certain signs, — he hoped it was not a mere masculine vanity, — the young man regretted to suspect her of making what is called a "dead set" at him, and had thought it prudent for some time past to withdraw as much as possible from the intimacy. He yielded himself easily now to her old air of *bon camaraderie*; he could hardly do less, but whispered to himself at the same time, "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re."

"I really fear I shall not be able to. An engagement, that" — he began, in reply to her invitation.

"Oh, always some excuse," she interrupted, — "always something! You do not wish to."

"Oh, really" — he protested. He by no means wished her to divine from his manner his changed point of view.

She began to question him on the doings of late, that kept him away from her. What was the McMurray-Bourdon wedding like? And were there as many guests at Mrs. Antram's ball as usual? She had the names and personal descriptions of the leading society people all at the tip of her tongue, acquiring them from the position of a very close observer.

As to the first, he had had a headache, and taken a Turkish bath instead. On the evening of the other he had got mixed up with some young artist acquaintances in a rather jolly time at the Sketch Club, and forgotten all about it, or at least given it the go-by.

This neglect of what was so choice and distinguished, in favor of something very ordinary and vulgar, seemed to Miss Emily Rawson little short of sacrilege. The Antrams' ball was the principal event of the winter. A team of wild horses should not have kept her from either that or the McMurray-Bourdon wedding, had she been asked.

"Society and I neglect each other very much," said Bainbridge. "I wonder they don't cross me off the books more than they do. I suppose they forget it. Mrs. Riffard, for instance, must be in a very pretty muddle, with her list of a thousand invitations. I always tell her my name when I go in. 'Mr. Bainbridge.' 'Ah, Mr. Bainbridge! I am so pleased.' Then my successor follows. My Hudson Hendricks were good enough to start me very fairly in that sort of thing some years ago; but I have cultivated it about as little, I dare say,—it really seems amusingly impudent,—as the greatest snob in town: as young Kingbolt, or Austin Sprowle, or Sprowle Onderdonk, for example, who assert that it is only the inexperienced and strugglers for a foothold that make party calls and dinner visits, or show any particular recognition of the civilities offered them. The certain-of-their-position get their invitations just the same. For my case, it is partly a native apathy, and partly—I could hardly tell you what. If they treat me ill, that stands for itself; if well, I consider it a case of false pretenses. They attribute to me, no doubt, a bank account and all sorts of other advantages I don't possess."

"Then you think money of so much consequence?"

"Lack of it is the only crime that is not forgiven. Its possession is the cardinal virtue, the one thing that it is interesting to hear about. What is done in courts and camps is of no importance nowadays. It is what is done in a bank."

To vary a line of discussion which was not uncommon with them, he told her in an easy way, as an amusing anecdote of an indifferent person she would never be likely to see, of the visit of Ottilie to the store, that afternoon, her chiding by her uncle, at which he had been unwillingly obliged to be present, her piquant manifestation of independence, and how Rodman Harvey had just been bequeathing her an infinitesimal legacy (he supposed he could say thus much without breach of professional confidence), which added to the interest.

"Is she pretty? You men always ask that. Nothing else will do you."

"Oh, she is pretty enough. I should not call that kind of looks particularly imposing in themselves. It all depends on the manners. I should think that she might have manners of quite a nice sort. I should judge that she might have that sentiment of rhythm, that touch of delicate suppleness that is a great thing in a woman."

"Since she is so very fine, I should think her uncle would give her more. He is a hard, disagreeable man, as I have always heard. He never did anybody a good turn in his life."

"I have come to have considerable regard for anybody who does not do you a bad turn."

"Oh, yes! you stand by him because he gives you business, and you hope, very likely, to become his principal attorney."

"I know of no better reason, if that were so. But I believe I am candid enough to judge of people apart from their relations to me. I should say that affection was not Rodman Harvey's strong point; but that he would be a person very regular and upright in his dealings; that he might be a person who would cherish a very high ideal of commercial integrity, if only for the neatness and symmetry of it."

Later in the evening the same name was a subject of discussion in another

group; to which Miss Rawson called him, vivaciously, crying, —

“*Au secours!* Your beloved Harveys are in danger.”

Mrs. Clef was dissertating casually, in her tart way, on the engagement, not long since made public, of the daughter, Angelica Harvey, and an extremely well-connected, though, according to her, not especially brilliant, young man, Austin Sprowle, who had at one time been an under secretary of legation at Paris.

“They say they were engaged, or at least there was an understanding, for some time before it was formally announced,” she said. “The way it came out was, some of the girls were rather ridiculing his appearance, at Mrs. Bloomfield’s kettle-drum, and Angelica Harvey, who was present and heard them, broke out with, ‘He is of the finest family in America, and — I am engaged to him!’ She happened to be in one of her vicious, domineering moods, I suppose, that day. They say it was positively dreadful, the way her eyes flashed! However, that does not prevent her from flirting with other men, and notably with that young Kingbolt, as much as before. The match was made by the two mothers, at Pau. Family is Mrs. Harvey’s hobby. Having married as she did herself, she thinks that is the direction in which they chiefly need strengthening; and her daughter shares her taste. I suppose the Sprowles are expecting something very handsome in the way of dowry from Harvey; but I should be inclined to think, with his fancy of piling up the largest sum possible for his eldest son, they would be rather disappointed. The Sprowles are far from poor, of course, but people who have had so many generations behind them unconnected in any way with trade cannot expect to compete with the vulgar modern style of fortunes. He is *not*, in fact, a fine-looking person,” Mrs. Clef continued. “I always think, somehow, of the *knobs* of his body. His feet

stick out at an awkward angle, and he has one of those gourd-shaped heads with nothing in particular in them which I should think would be the despair of the phrenologists. It looks toppy; his neck is so very slender. He never said a brilliant thing in his life. I wonder how she puts up with him, she is so very ready with her tongue. Though she is a vixen of a girl, too, when she wishes to be; and he has no great treasure in her, either.”

“As to his doing nobody a bad turn,” said Miss Rawson, returning to the subject of Rodman Harvey with Bainbridge, “you know what *I* think of his conduct towards my friends, and yours, the Hasbrouck family, in the matter of their property. I was talking about it with Mrs. Hasbrouck only the other day.”

“What! Is Mrs. Hasbrouck here? Since how long? Why did I not know of it before?”

“She has been here some little time, — at the Regina Flats. She is going to have an evening, and get together some of the Southern element in New York, I believe. She must have entertained very charmingly, I think, when she had the means. How *should* I have told you anything about her, or anything else, when you never come to see me?”

IV.

SUNDAY ON THE AVENUE.

By the middle of April the high board fence which had long obscured the view of the work in progress at the new mansion of Rodman Harvey, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and West Blank Street, was down. It came down of a Saturday afternoon, and on the Sunday following, the completion of the house was a matter of general notoriety.

On Sunday noons, in New York, on the letting out of the churches, there streams along Fifth Avenue, the chief

thoroughfare of the great quarter of brown sandstone and plate-glass inhabited by its wealth and fashion, a procession which is unique in the civilized world. In the charming early spring-time, after the severities of the winter, it is swollen to its fullest dimensions. Then the most exclusive people, who properly consider a promenade so open to all as quite too vulgar for their usual participation therein, are often allured to take part. To-day was not only in the genial spring-time, but it was Easter Day, the great festival of the Christian year, and a recognized occasion for the display of feminine fashions.

The air yet seemed full of the chiming of bells, the swelling notes of organ, harp, and viol, and of clear voices chanting anthems, and perfumed with the white lilies and roses from around all the fonts and chancel rails. The Resurrection had been, naturally, the theme in all the pulpits of the line of Gothic churches following each other interminably down the Avenue; but the Rev. Mr. Haggerson had managed to combine with it a discourse which made the fourth in his regular series to young men. The Rev. Mr. Goswin had attacked skepticism. The Rev. Mr. Telfair demonstrated the absurdity of imagining any necessary connection between ideas of supernaturalism and morality. Mr. Dillman had drawn the lessons of the City of Trebizond disaster. The Bishop of Orinoco, at Saint Barnabas', had made an eloquent appeal for the missionary work of his far-off station. The Rev. Mr. Gambit, taking the parable of the barren fig-tree, had divided his subject under three heads: first, the conditions of fruitfulness; second, the penalties of unfruitfulness; third, the fruits which his hearers might be reasonably expected to bring forth. The Rev. Mr. Bashan utilized in some appropriate way the blowing down of the walls of Jericho by the blasts of rams' horns. How simple, how appar-

ently contemptible, were the means; and yet at the fated hour, at the final note, the fortifications of the derisive city, that contained the elements of weakness in itself, crumbled to inevitable ruin. An analogy, he thought, might be found to this in the terrible force of public opinion when directed upon reputations falsely enjoyed, and undermined by secret consciousness of guilt.

The pastor of Rodman Harvey, the polished Dr. Miltimore, had little of all this hewing down of barren fig-trees and blowing of rams' horns of judgment. He softened the asperities of theology. He adopted a temperate, scholarly air, as of a person delivering addresses before historical societies. He devoted himself somewhat to reconciling the supposed inconsistency between temporal and spiritual welfare. Rodman Harvey had had one of his sermons of this sort put into pamphlet form, and kept copies of it by him, which he sometimes presented to new acquaintances, saying, "My good minister preached a sermon the other day that pleased me so well that I had to have it printed;" and this by no means did him harm in his business relations down town. Watervliet, the club wit, complimented the gentlemanly tone of things at Dr. Miltimore's highly. "He never touches on politics or religion," he said, "and offends the prejudices of no man."

Was Dr. Miltimore then to harrow up the feelings of the much-burdened capitalists, his parishioners, on their sole day of rest? Why, the responsibilities of Rodman Harvey alone, sitting there in his crimson-lined, oaken pew, were something incredible. Stockholder and director in the Antarctic, Cosmopolitan, and Union banks, the Alien-Mutual and Planet insurance companies, the Great Western Mail steamers, the Great Southern Devious Air Line, the Rio Bravo and Willamette, the Onalaska and Maumee railways, the Vulcan Rolling Mills, the Franklin Telegraph, the Metropolis

Gas, the Featherstone Hay-Scale companies, and in the Chamber of Commerce, the Union League Club, the Academy of Music, the Historical, the Agricultural, the St. Nicholas, and the New England societies; treasurer and active worker in that excellent association for the purification of municipal affairs, the Civic Reform Association, — these, with his mines, his charities, his great business house, involving the calculation of effects of climate, seasons, and changing political conditions on goods purchased from distant lands, to be sold in lands as remote, his family, and the supervision of the new mansion, even these were but a portion of his titles to more than ordinary tenderness and exemption from annoyance.

Rodman Harvey issued from the porch of Dr. Miltimore's church, accompanied by his wife, his younger son, Rodman, Jr., and his younger daughter, Calista, this last a tall girl aged ten, with dull blue eyes, a profusion of yellow hair hanging down her back, and a languid, complaining way of speaking. Rodman, Jr., a well-grown youth, still wore the gray uniform of the military school from which, it appeared, he had been, but a few days since, summarily dismissed, — a circumstance which by no means seemed to weigh heavily on his spirits at the present time.

Their landau, with the front let down, two tall men in drab on the box, the strong, large horses set off with silver-mounted harness and saddle blankets in dark green embroidered with a monogram in red, was awaiting them, in the concourse of carriages in front. Alphonse called the attention of Joseph, who was gossiping across to the coachman of General Burlington, — there was no valid reason why the serving-men should disagree, though there might be a coolness between their masters, — and Joseph promptly drew up to the curbstone.

"Let us walk, mamma; I am so tired

of riding," pleaded Callista, in her complaining voice. Rodman, Jr., left them at once on some no doubt important business of his own.

Quite unexceptionable people were going by. "Very well," said Mrs. Harvey, putting up a little parasol above a plump face still retaining a middle-aged prettiness. "Joseph, nous allons promener jusqu'à la nouvelle maison. Attendez nous là!"

"Parfaitement, madame," replied the Swiss Joseph. He drove decorously before them to the new house, and there took them up, and conveyed them to their stopping-place at the Bayswater Hotel.

The elder son, Selkirk, according to an account being given of him at about this very time by his brilliant elder sister, Miss Angelica Harvey, passed his Sunday mornings in moping over Herbert Spencer and such rubbish in his room, or in rearranging his books, or in calling on one Aureolin Slab, who set up to be an arbiter of taste in matters of art, to whom he brought late acquisitions of Banko and Kaga and old Kiyoto wares for discussion and advice.

The critical Angelica herself found Saint Barnabas' better adapted to her spiritual needs than Dr. Miltimore's. She had no great leaning towards historical society discourses, in fact, and the system here was more like what one was used to abroad, the stately religions of the people of title one knew. She thought of walking down the aisle at Saint Barnabas' with a footman carrying prayer-books behind her, as they do in England, but had hesitated as yet to introduce this innovation. At Dr. Miltimore's, however, there were no prayer-books to carry. She was on her way up from Saint Barnabas' now, attended by two young men, one on either hand, engaged in lively talk. These were recognized, by the set which knew them, the one as Austin Sprowle, formerly an under secretary of legation at Paris, her

affianced husband; the other—who had alighted from a dog-cart in which he was driving up the Avenue with a friend, on getting a little past, and come back and joined her—as Arthur Kingbolt, a fortunate person in the world, heir to that great manufacturing property, the Eureka Tool Works, of Kingboltville, Connecticut.

Now that the fence was down, the new house of Rodman Harvey was seen to be a substantial edifice of brown stone, not differing greatly, except in size, from others in the neighborhood. It might have been fifty feet on the Avenue, and two hundred, with all its appurtenances, on the side street. It was of three liberal stories in height, covered by a mansard roof, which was topped by a gilded railing. The classic pediments over the first row of windows were of a curved form, those of the second triangular, and of the third straight. A stone balustrade inclosed the low “area” in front of the basement windows, which were protected by iron gratings with gilded spear-heads.

A flight of broad steps, curving hospitably outwards, led up to a porch with a couple of Corinthian columns, a pair of heavily embossed doors, and a little paved vestibule within these, which was closed by lighter doors, with amber-colored stained glass in their panels. The long stretch on the side-street was broken first by a bay-window reaching past the several stories. Then an expanse of blank wall, relieved by panels, and a glimpse of opaque sky-light above it indicated a picture-gallery. Following this, a brick wall, considerably higher than a man’s head, extended back to where two tall posts, topped with stone balls, formed an entrance gateway to the low brick stables.

Promenaders, who had so long been filled with disquietude by the blasting, forced into close proximity to beds of slacking lime, and made to walk the plank over dubious chasms, welcomed

the disappearance of the last obstacles with genuine relief. The absence of the fence, so long blazoned with advertisements in the most florid style of ornamentation known to the art, was a novelty that could not escape attention. A flying nymph had symbolized the virtues of Kalophlogullmos, the unfailing complexion renovator; the Comet velocipede, the Schwartzbrod piano, the Pocahontas tobacco, and the winter route to Florida had all had their panels, and the Evening Meteor, which it is well known has a larger circulation than all of its contemporaries together, had been seen welcomed into the bosoms of delighted families.

The Prudential Land and Loan Company had announced its attractive system of combining the savings of many small depositors into investments for the extraordinary advantage of all. For prospectuses describing the plan in detail, application was to be had to the management, Fletcher, Sisson & Co., at the Magoon Building, in lower Broadway.

Whatever other matters then filled up the discourse of the crowd elsewhere, at this point—as the same light cloud always appears to hover at the mountain top, though the particles of which it is actually composed are flying past at the rate of sixty miles an hour—it was unfailingly Rodman Harvey and his affairs. He was a person hardly ever spoken of by the press except as “one of our leading merchant princes.” Those who knew little of him now learned more; and those who knew much were glad to rehearse their stock of information. So that one could have obtained a very tolerable idea of the history and leading traits of this merchant prince only by lingering a little, and taking heed, in front of the mansion he had reared.

Aureolin Slab and the young architect, G. Lloyd, regretted that wealth should ever consist with such lack of

taste ; that the residence of so prominent a person should be neither Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Francis I., nor Eclectic Gothic, but a great nondescript monument to a wasted opportunity.

"He was of mere farmer origin, of course," remarked the severely aristocratic and Roman-nosed dowager, Mrs. Sprowle, to her stalwart kinsman, Sprowle-Onderdonk, who was walking with her a little distance, on his way to a late breakfast at the Empire Club ; "but I must say he has conducted himself in a very praiseworthy manner. His first wife, I believe, was quite of his own sort,—a wise Puritan virgin, who knitted stockings, sang psalms, and quoted the maxims of Cobbett and Poor Richard to him. But the present Mrs. Harvey is one of the Muffetts, and all that could be desired, from the point of view of family. Her first husband—for she was a widow—was thrown from his carriage and killed, early in their marriage. He left her very little, and her own family, who had the habit of spending all they could get, could not extend much aid. She inherited the Muffett place, however, which Harvey has lately built up into blocks of houses, and lived in it when she met him. I dare say she was having a very stupid time. I remember that it was thought quite a piece of presumption, his aspiring so high, particularly as he was not as rich then as now, and nobody had ever heard of him socially. However, as I have said, he has certainly used his money in a gentlemanly way. I have no adverse criticism to make either upon him or his daughter. Your cousin Austin seems very happy in his choice of her for a wife, and, as you know, I have never at any time withheld my approval."

Dr. Wyburd—diner-out, dabbler in literary and scientific matters in addition to the exercise of the medical profession, depositary of universal information, a tall man verging to portliness,

with a shining, ruddy complexion—dwelt on the beginnings of his fortune. "He made most of it during and after the War of the Rebellion," he said. "Previous to that he catered eagerly for the Southern trade. His credits were widely extended over the South at the breaking out of hostilities, and his losses must have been very heavy. He was one of those who showed at the time no great antipathy to slavery, but accepted things as he found them. The consequence was that the Southern dealers continued, and even increased, their trade with him, when they withdrew it from others of more radical opinions. This was all very well for a time, but when the separation came, and debts were repudiated, it was quite another story. He was lucky, I fancy, to pull through that business at all."

The dashing Cutter and the steady-going Whittimore, of the merchant's own clerks, went by, among others. Cutter had apparently been so much pleased with the boarding-house in Harvey's Terrace that he also had lately taken up his abode there.

"The old man is as obstinate a person, and as set in his way, when he once starts in, as ever was," said Whittimore. "They tell of a bank, some years ago, at Bridgefield, which refused him some small accommodation. He went to work and bought up its bills, and presented the whole issue for redemption at once. The officers apologized humbly, and begged him not to wind them up, but he paid no attention to them. It was the end of *that* concern."

"What I like," said Cutter, "is to get him on the subject of the economies he used to practice when he was young. He lets us have it, you know, as a reward of merit, occasionally, when he comes around in his snooping way, and finds everything going straight. Probably that was all right, you know, for those times ; but this thing of walking to save your car-fare, never taking a drink,

or a shine, or a day off, does not figure up the same way under the present system. Trade is too large. Look at the size of our place!—a hundred and twenty employees, sales of ten and fifteen millions a year. It would take a good many car-fares to compete with that, eh? The retail business is even worse, if anything. The big concerns eat up the little ones. It is no time for small fry nowadays.”

“Of course a man would expect to go into the country, somewhere,” said Whittemore, “to begin.”

“No country for me! none of that in mine! I stay here. Where will you find anything of this sort, for instance, in your rural districts?”

Whittemore looked about with a pleasure perhaps almost equal to his companion's in the bright and animated scene of which they formed a part.

Two slow divisions passed, one up, one down, on each sidewalk, almost touching shoulder to shoulder. The individuals composing them gazed into one another's faces, at these close quarters, nonchalantly, amiably, haughtily, impertinently, admiringly, distrustfully, according to the character of each. There were modish young women and young men without end; old beaux, gray, experienced, and distinguished-looking; stately matrons, with an air of solid elegance; children in plushes, velvets, and laces, like young princes of Vandyke. A sweet-faced girl, of a kind of pathetic interest, walked with a rosewood and silver crutch. Some, in deep mourning, seemed to hold in their crape airs from the laurel and cypress dells of the cemeteries. At one point a tramp, his torn clothing held by a girdle of rope, crossed from a side-street, like some wild beast out of its jungle, and gave the whole concourse a momentary check, as those nearest shrank back on the others.

Almost the first parasols were out. There were some of pure crimson; others in concentric rings of black, gold,

and scarlet, like the patterns of archery targets. Bluish shadows streamed from the figures along the pavements. The sunshine, filtered through a thin haze, arising from the burning of stubble in the country round about, had a mysterious quality, like the smile of the Mona Lisa. The first leafage showed on the willows and maples in the public squares. The generative feeling of the time was in the air. Housewives planned to buy on the morrow new pots of geraniums, and sods of grass for the little city door-yards, tramped out in the winter by the feet of the serving-maids.

“No. The thing to do,” continued Cutter, “if it were possible, would be to die and collect one's own life insurance. But since that cannot be done, what is wanted is a safe speculation. There are plenty of good ones, if one could only find them. I was down the other day to see a party, St. Hill, at the Prudential Land and Loan Company, who would give me a position, with good pay and a chance to take a hand in the deals they are constantly making, without any risk worth mentioning, if I only had a small sum of money, to put up as a guarantee. It would be regarded by them merely as a deposit for the proper performance of the duties. If I had it I should certainly have taken the place; but there's the rub. When Miss Speller and I are married”—

“When what?”

“Oh! by the way, had I not told you? Yes, it is all fixed. The engagement will be but a short one. Then, as I was saying, there will be two of us to take care of. I am particularly interested, you see, in looking out for something better than before. I shall not stick to dry goods any longer than I can help, I can tell you. Look at McKinley! He has drawn exactly the same salary for the last fifteen years, and he will go on drawing just that and no more if he lives to the age of Methuselah.”

It was rather odd, Whittemore mused,

that Cutter, who had always insisted on his worldly wisdom in the matter of settling himself in life, should be going to marry Miss Speller. But she was pretty; they had been getting on capitally together, — he had seen that, — and no doubt, like prudent men before him, he had yielded to fascinations which he had not properly estimated.

V.

A MAN OF FASHION DRIVES OUT A FRIEND.

Young Kingbolt, of Kingboltsville, had the fancy this morning to take a turn up the road in his dog-cart. He had invited to a seat beside him his friend, intimate, and *protégé*, though a man much older than himself, — St. Hill, the leading manager of the Prudential Land and Loan Company.

A large, high-stepping, gray horse, with a quantity of silver chains rattling about his harness, drew along the box-like vehicle, with a slight rocking motion on its single axle. The master of this conveyance, half standing against its thickly cushioned seat, with one hand forward on the reins, and the other near the breast of his well-fitting frock coat, with a bunch of violets at the lapel, was as fine a picture of supercilious young patricianism as one would wish to see. He was of a type of feature, not uncommon in the well-looking American race, in which almost any change must be for the worse, and which therefore does not always grow old so agreeably as others of less perfection. His expression denoted petulance and self-will. There was something terrier-like (of the best breed, be it understood) in the trimness of his cut, — his small ears, his close-cropped hair brushed to a polish, his slight, dark mustache, his teeth, which glistened when he smiled.

While he was probably twenty-six, his companion must have been towards forty, and was a much stouter man, blonde, with a glass in one eye, and a round, red face, above which he wore a hat of the smallest size permitted by the prevailing mode.

The contribution of these two to the discussion of the merchant prince was of quite an unusual character.

"I am thinking of giving him a twist with some papers that were sent up to me the other day," said St. Hill.

"Giving him a twist?"

"Yes. Well, if a man won't pay you what he owes you in one way, I suppose you have a right to make him, if you can, in another. I have a lot of his letters, which he would not be at all anxious to have see daylight, especially about these times, when he begins to have political aspirations. I think I shall have to crowd Rodman Harvey for about twelve thousand dollars."

"He ought to be good for anything against him in the regular way. If you have a claim, why do you not put it into the hands of a lawyer?"

"Oh, this is an old matter, and barred out long since by the statute of limitations. He owed my father for cotton at the outbreak of the war. When we applied to him for payment, after it was over, he refused in the most abusive terms. He said he had lost enough by our side — meaning the South — already, and we might see how we liked it ourselves. At the same time, as I happen to know, he was remorselessly following up all who owed *him* there, and had anything left to bless themselves with."

"But you could have made him pay you then, you know; the five years' limitation was not out."

"It was pretty nearly out. Both my father and myself had had the misfortune to be rather actively engaged in what you call here the rebel service, and thought it advisable to go for a time to Europe, and to Egypt, as you know,

and did not quite understand what our rights were. When we did understand that we could sue in your courts it was too late. I wrote to him from London, asking for payment on grounds of justice, and it was then that he sent the response I have told you of. I did not have these letters then, nor have I had them at any time since till within a couple of days, or I should have given him a turn before."

"And these letters, what are they?"

"Well, they show him up, great philanthropist as he is on that subject now, as an actual slave-owner, for one thing. He used to take slaves on chattel mortgage for goods, and buy them outright also, and hire them out to work on the plantations. We had some of his niggers on a place of our own, up the Ashley River. And there are plenty more things. You see, he and my father used to be very thick at one time, and carried on an intimate correspondence, business and otherwise. The letters turned up only the other day, at an auction sale, for the third or fourth time, of the Ashley place. It was racketed to pieces, by troops of both sides, during the war, and has been in the hands of the Jews ever since. The papers were picked out of a barrel, with some other traps, by an old overseer of mine, who sent them up here to me to see if they might be of any interest."

"Now, see here! I've been a friend of yours, have n't I?" said young Kingbolt, when the scheme of forcing Rodman Harvey to restitution had been explicitly laid before him. "I don't say anything about what I did for you in Europe; but you were rather down on your luck, and I got you over here, and put you through at the Empire Club, and gave you a send-off in some good houses,—old Mrs. Sprowle, who is a great snob, was cracking you up only the other day on the score of family; and now you have got a big financial scheme, in which you think there is a

fortune, and some of my money in it to boot, have n't you? Well, now what I say about this bluff game is, Let it alone! Drop it! See?" Perhaps the superior age of the protégé added zest to the domineering air assumed by his younger patron. "You don't want to stir up anything of that kind," he continued. "Your rôle is to go on and get as many persons as possible favorable to your new enterprise. You asked me, when you first came here, what kind of a reception you were likely to meet with, on account of having been connected with the other side during the war. I told you that New York was too big and too bustling a place to devote much time to antiquated bygones. I said it might make you a bit of a curiosity and be a point in your favor, and so it has. But now, if you go to raking up those dead and buried issues that people had rather forget, if you go to attacking one of the few men who has not forgotten, but for some reason or other of his own keeps up a peculiar grudge about it, it will not be to your advantage with the community. And as to getting money out of Rodman Harvey, you may dismiss that idea at once. It can't be done. You would come out second best. Besides, I don't see that it would be right."

This was an unusual display of morality and consideration in one who was not noted for squeamishness, and was rather known for readiness in putting things at cross-purposes, if only for the sake of the sport. St. Hill cogitated whether there were not some hidden motive inclining his friend in Rodman Harvey's favor.

At this time Rodman Harvey's beautiful daughter went by, with the young Sprowle to whom she was engaged. Kingbolt acknowledged her bow from the sidewalk with much effusiveness, and glanced back at her furtively.

"It is too good a thing to give up. It is too much money to forego," St. Hill persisted in arguing.

"You'll have to choose between that and me, then," said Kingbolt sharply. "See here! I think I'll get down. You can take the trap up by yourself. I believe I won't ride to-day."

St. Hill saw him go back and join Angelica Harvey. A sudden theory flashed into his mind as a solution of his previous meditations. He put together the recollection of extreme eulogies he had heard from Kingbolt on the beauty and style of this prominent social ornament, and other attentions he had paid her, engaged as she was, and securely fixed in her choice by her own wishes, the plans of two prominent families, and the respect due to the usages of society.

"Oho! is that it?" he said to himself. "He is a little gone on the young woman, and so takes the family under his protection. It is like one of his whims. Well, we must wait a little for the weather-cock to blow around. It can't sit long in that quarter. There is altogether too slim a prospect even for him."

It is not too much to say that Mr. St. Hill was very considerably disappointed. He had not even arrived at the subject of a small loan he had intended to propose, on the basis of the profits to be derived from Harvey. And further than this, a positive interdict had been laid on the promising scheme itself, which he could not disregard without the loss of a connection from which he expected many substantial favors in the future, as he had received them in the past. But he had occasion to know something of his friend's vacillations of purpose. He was encouraged to believe that in a brief period Kingbolt would have forgotten Harvey and his daughter, even to the bare fact of their existence, and that he could then again proceed with his design, for the present postponed.

There was not a group on the Avenue that drew more admiring attention than the trio of Miss Angelica Harvey and her two cavaliers, proceeding towards

the Bayswater Hotel. Not that the one on the right, her accepted suitor, was a model of perfection in looks. He had, indeed, something of the ungainly aspect pictured by Mrs. Clef in her lively descriptions. On the other hand, there was hardly any mistaking his fashion, his membership in a select circle. He affected a quiet elegance. All his costume, to his black gaiters, was black. He wore a weed on his hat, carried his elbows at an artificial angle, and balanced a small stick between a thumb and finger. "Commonness" was understood to be the chief avoidance of Austin Sprowle in life. When under secretary of legation at Paris, retained there through a number of changes by family influence, he was said to have spoken of the ministers who came and went above him as "common."

But the one on the left was a very handsome young man. And then the young woman herself! She had fine, large, dark eyes, which she rolled about vivaciously as she talked. She had a small dimple in her cheek, and a smile which, in showing her fine teeth to the most complete advantage, caused little wrinkles to appear momentarily around her quite enchanting nose.

Her costume was of some drab or pale yellowish cloth, which fitted her like her skin. Well defined triangles of daylight appeared between her slim arms and the contours of her shapely waist. As she moved her skirts flew off from the hips, first this way and then that, in the undulations of a walk which was broken into syllables, as it were. At the breast was a nosegay of yellow flowers. Kingbolt always noticed in her some subtle touch of distinction from the crowd. Yellow flowers, now? It was a small thing, but nobody else wore yellow flowers. And be assured that when, partly through her example, they should have become the mode, she would be as far in advance again with some new bit of tasteful ingenuity.

It was to these two, Kingbolt and Angelica, that the interested glances were principally directed. So perfect in every artificial appointment, so elastic of tread, so comely and blooming in looks, so airily free from every shade of self-distrust, a young Diana and her brother, Phœbus Apollo, of the upper society, they radiated around them to those below a kind of awful splendor.

"I got down on your account," said Kingbolt. "I saw you walking. I was going for a turn up the road after my breakfast."

"How very good of you! I have not seen you for a long time. What news have you for me?"

"I am bringing over an English tilbury. I like to have something a little different now and then, you know," he said, twisting a finger nonchalantly into the front of his collar, to relieve some slight pressure there. "It has a rumble, you know, for one's man, and the horses are harnessed with a silver bar across their backs, and are put in this way," indicating by a gesture with his hands.

"You must take me out in it."

"I think I'll get a tilbury, too," said Sprowle, in an imitative way, not to be wholly relegated to the position of a listener merely because he was less fluent in talk. As to the tilbury, he might have intended to get it, and might not, at least till after his marriage. The standing of the Sprowles, fortunately, did not depend upon their lavish expenditure of money.

Being of those who had not often taken part in the procession, the group set themselves to making satirical comments on it, as if at some display of the manners and customs of aborigines.

"I am told that many of these persons who make such a fine appearance are mere clerks," said Kingbolt. "Indeed, I have seen some of them in the shops myself."

"I never go to shops," said Angelica.

"I send my maid. As much as possible I order things directly from the manufacturers, gotten up to special designs for myself. Then you get things that all the world cannot tiresomely imitate. There ought to be some special dress for the lower classes, — for all that kind of people," she recommended. "Simple caps and aprons for the women, and blouses for the men, so that mistakes could not be made."

"Yes, there ought to be a law, you know," said Sprowle.

Mr. Cutter, for instance, who, with Whittemore, was hardly scanning the fair proposer of the measure herself with an air of connoisseurship, from the steps of the Windsor Hotel, at this moment, would have made a very pretty resistance to being put in a blouse, as a mark of his social station.

"I suppose you will be going out a great deal again, now that Lent is over," suggested Kingbolt, turning to a new topic.

"Yes, I suppose so. I am so lately back from abroad that I do not find the novelty exhausted, you see. Besides, one is so uncomfortable in a hotel, what else can one do? It will be such a blessed relief when our new house is done. I went to two or three places almost every night during the winter, and was hardly ever in bed before two in the morning. I wonder, sometimes, how I stand it."

"You are made of i-on," said Sprowle, admiringly.

"I have done my share of all that, too," said Kingbolt. "I used to lead the German, you know, a good deal, while you were abroad. I recollect at one time going to ten young people's dinners, followed by ten large balls, in succession. New York did not content me in those times, either. I used to go into the country. I made it a point to know every society belle from here to St. Louis. I thought nothing of running out to Cleveland for a wedding,

or to Cincinnati for private theatricals. You would hear about me yet, I dare say, almost anywhere out there. But I am not going in for that sort of thing now. I shall just give a theatre party or so pretty soon, and perhaps a dance, at Delmonico's, or the club house up at Jerome Park, and then clear out."

"Where shall you go?"

"Up to my place at Kingboltsville." He would have liked to hear her protest against this; but she only said,—

"What do you do there? It must be very stupid."

"Oh, I have my horses, you know. I speed them on a track I have had made. Then I get some of the men up from here. We are close to Bridgefield, you know, which is quite a big city. We shall probably be taken in soon as a suburb. We have a club there, of which I am president. Then they have made me president of a railroad. They make me president of almost anything, there, you know, if I like. I have a lot of trustees, who expect me to be around and be nagged at a part of the time. And then there is building going on."

"I recollect that when I first met you, at Pau, we learned of your traveling with your architect, to get up plans for some industrial museum, or library, or something of that kind, for the improvement of your tenantry. I suppose that is finished by this time."

"Oh, all that rot! No, I abandoned it long ago. You can't do much for people of that kind, you know; they don't appreciate it. Besides, I could not stand the person, this Lloyd, that I took along with me. He was an old acquaintance of mine, and I thought I could depend on him to follow my directions and do as I said. Why, you would have thought that *he* was the one who was going to do the building, and had hired *me*! I had to turn him adrift. No, it is my sisters,—they are two widows, a good deal older than I am,—who are tinkering with a church and a

new wing to the house. They make me subscribe to the church, though I started it originally, and let it go again; that was another of my ideas; and the house has more wings now than it knows what to do with. They went over a while ago to the Maximoff sale, at Florence, if you remember, and brought back a lot of vases and things to put into the house and the church."

"I used to go to school with one of the little Maximoff princesses, at Geneva," said Angelica, by way of reminiscence. "She had some trouble with her spine, I believe. She took a liking to me. They were enormously wealthy. They had one of their residences there, and when they sent their great men-servants,—I was about twelve then,—I was often taken out for an airing with her in the carriage."

They were continually passing, while engaged in such discourse, people they knew. The two young men were never done doffing their hats and putting them on again. The old beau, Robert Rink, who was sometimes spoken of as "the gray deceiver," Judge Chippendale, Watervliet the wit, and Dr. Wyburd looked for the bow of the young beauty with interest. Baron Au, of the Pomeranian legation, and Bulbul Effendi, the Turkish secretary, whom the women tolerated as a hideous little piece of live bricabrac, chuckled over it audibly. De Longbow Rowley, failing to receive it, though she knew him perfectly well,—it was a trick she had, occasionally, to keep them on their mettle,—said to Whitehead Finch,—

"I don't admit that she is such a howling belle."

When she passed Ada Trull, whose blonde hair, smoothed over her forehead and cut to an even line, resembled a cap of gold, these two exchanged many nods, and smiled brightly in recognition of things in common between them. But with Alice Burlington, between whose father and her own there was a feud,

only glances of far-off, pensive criticism were exchanged.

"She has the knack of making herself the most distinguished figure of every company," said Kingbolt, walking away after leaving her at the Bayswater Hotel. "She would do a man credit."

Had he been a marrying man, he thought, in season, he could have found no one who would do so more completely. She was haughty; he did not mind that. They would have been haughty together. "Why did I not see her before?" he said. "Or rather, why were not my eyes opened? I had the same chance to know her at Pau as Sprowle."

It was not possible, after all his experiences of life, after the atmosphere of gentle sighs, the swath of damaged affections, which he had left behind him in his career around the world, that he could have come to the absurd pass of being inconvenienced in mind by one who was irremediably beyond his reach.

"What in the world, at any rate," he cried, "could she have seen in that muff of a Sprowle, to take up with him?" Then he scoffed at himself for the unprofitable speculation, and went down to join a group of his friends of the Empire Club, ruminating in the large windows with their sticks under their chins.

William Henry Bishop.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT comfort this to souls that dread their fate:

Though in thick darkness long their image lie,
Oblivion shall be lighted soon or late
By some unknown, unconscious passer-by.

I, on the way to meet new love and fair,
Clinging to naught in heaven or earth beside,
Felt my dead love returning, unaware,
To seize the heart where reigned a breathing bride.

For lo, there passed me, on my altered course,
A stranger, who, despite the strangeness, wore
What stemmed new passion with a painful force,—
The semblance to my bride of years before.

Not this the face or figure of my dead,
More or less lovely,—ah, that matters not;
Like hers, the way of speech, the turn of head,
The wordless something not to be forgot.

Had this reminder come when loss was new,
How had my heart then quivered with regret,
And cross-like anguish thrust me through and through,
That her own self could nevermore be met!

But now, warm lips to greet me in an hour
Dismissed the wish for hers, long turned to dust;

The past surrendered to the present's power,
And I, to-day, grudged not the grave its trust.

Instead of that, the thought flashed like a bolt,
Shocking my sense of faith and love sincere, —
Nay, like a crime from which I would revolt, —
“The day has come you would not have her here.”

I had been sure, with grief at awful height,
That other love could never, never be ;
Both law and gospel giving ample right,
I start to-day at time's strange alchemy.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

HURRICANES.

THE general physical order of our universe is singularly well suited to the needs of organic life. Death comes in most cases from the forces within the being, or from the action of other organic forms. Only now and then do we find the inorganic machinery of the earth compassing at once the wide-spread destruction of living creatures. These departures from the calm order of physical events of our earth fall into a few classes, and are all momentary in their action: they are the earthquake, the lightning, and the violent movements of the atmosphere, known as cyclones, typhoons, or hurricanes.

Although these rude modes of action of the natural forces fill a large place in the fears of man, they are so uncommon that few of those who read these lines will have seen any deadly effects from their action. It is rather because of their uncommonness that they have an importance to us; if they were very frequent events, if much of the death in the world came through them, familiarity would have made them contemptible. A single bad sewer may, in its time, kill more people than all the shocks of earth and air within the bounds of an empire; but the great incidents of nature are pic-

turesque; they have the noble charm that belongs in things terrible; and so I may fairly hope for an interest in this paper that would not be given the disorders and ravages of a *Cloaca Maxima*.

Our own country has a more direct interest in the matter of violent wind storms than in any other of the cataclysms of nature. We have long been spared serious ravage from earthquakes, and though lightning probably does more effective work in the eastern half of North America than in any other country, its destruction here as elsewhere is of a sporadic sort, never leading to wide-spread ruin; but in all the region of the Western prairies we have the frequent visitation of hurricanes, bringing about catastrophes more terrible to the imagination, less limitable by any human skill, more utterly destructive to all the works of man, than any other accidents of nature. Several times in each summer season we hear that some of the new settlements in the region of the Mississippi have been visited by one of these meteors, and that the very face of the earth has been blown away; villages, fields, and forests flying before it as the grass before the blast of the cannon. The only mitigation to the horror is the

narrowness of its path: while an earthquake may devastate a hundred thousand square miles by its shocks, sometimes the area of a hurricane's ravages is not over a mile in width and ten miles or less in length. If space admitted, it would be interesting to trace in detail the circumstances that attend these calamities; they afford scenes of terror to which the most dreadful earthquake can scarcely furnish a parallel; but for our purpose it will be sufficient to note the purely natural side of the convulsion, leaving its woful incidents out of sight.

All the wind storms of the hurricane class, as far as their most evident phenomena are concerned, conform closely to a single type. Of their exact physical history we are yet in much ignorance. Such conditions as they bring about are not favorable to close observations; no mind can see calmly when the body is in the very hands of death; but out of the cloud of fables that gather around such tempests we can collect facts enough to make a tolerably clear picture of the events that hurriedly succeed each other in these catastrophes.

In the season of hot weather in the central part of the Mississippi Valley, there often come successions of days when the atmosphere is not stirred by the winds, but remains as still as the air of a cave. Despite the steady gain in the heat, the sky stays cloudless, or at most is flecked by those light clouds that lie five miles or more above the surface of the earth. All nature seems cowed beneath the fervent heat, yet there is nothing of distinct portent in earth or air. At last, towards evening there may be seen a sudden curdling of the western sky; in a few minutes the clouds gather, coming from nowhere, growing at once in the lurid air. In less than half an hour the forces of the storm are organized, and its dreadful advance begins. If we were just beneath the gathering clouds we would find that the air over a space a mile or so in diameter was

spinning around in a great whirlpool, and while the revolving mass slowly advanced, the central part moved rapidly upwards. Beginning slowly, all the movements of the storm, the whirling action, the vertical streaming of the air, its onward movement, all gain speed of motion with astonishing rapidity. In a minute or two some cubic miles of air are in a state of intense gyratory movement, mounting upwards as violently as the gases over a volcano. To replace this strong whirling uprush, there is an indraught from every side towards the centre of the whirlwind; and as this centre moves quickly forward, the rush of air is strongest from behind towards the advancing hurricane. The rate at which the storm goes forward is very variable, though it is generally as much as forty to one hundred miles an hour; but this is not the measure of its destructive power. The rending effect of the storm is much greater than would be given by a simple blast of air moving at this speed. Much of this peculiar capacity for destruction may perhaps be due to the gyratory motion of the wind in the storm centre, which on one side of the whirlwind adds the speed arising from its circular movement to the translatory velocity of the whirlwind itself. Some of the records tell us that houses with closed windows have been known to burst apart, as if from an explosion of gunpowder, while others, that had their doors and windows wide open, remained essentially unharmed. It has been conjectured that this action may be due to a sudden rarefaction of the air on the outside of the building; but this cause cannot be sufficient to produce such effects, and if such explosions occur the cause must be looked for elsewhere. After the storm is once developed, it seems very quickly to acquire its maximum of destructive power and its speed of translation. At the outset and during the period of most efficient action, the strip of country affected is generally very

narrow, not often exceeding a mile in width; as the storm advances the path seems gradually to grow wider, and the gyratory movement as well as the translatory motion of the meteor less considerable, until at last it fades into an ordinary thunder-storm, or dies into a calm. Through the whole course of the hurricane, and especially during its closing stages, there is generally more or less rain and hail. Storms of this class are so exceptional in all their features that it is not yet quite certain to what combination of causes they are due. To give the reader what light we have, it will be necessary to do with them what the inquirer will find it well to do with all the large phenomena of nature: first, to examine their relations to other similar phenomena, and second, to study the law of their geographical distribution.

These storms differ from our ordinary atmospheric disturbances in the following ways: Ordinary winds are produced by an excess of atmospheric pressure in the regions whence they blow. The wide-ranging steady winds flow out from regions of high barometer to those where lower pressure prevails. They rest upon gravitative forces, flowing in obedience to the same force that impels streams to the sea; it is evident that they have no distinct relation to hurricanes. Besides this class of general, steady winds we have the class of cyclones; storms belonging to this group are almost always developed over the surface of seas, — usually, if not always, near the land. They are like hurricanes in the general laws of their motion, having a whirling movement and a forward movement of the centre; they differ, however, from hurricanes in their vastly greater volume and in the enormously greater length of their courses. It seems doubtful whether there are gradations of size between the largest hurricane and the true cyclone; related in every other feature, these storms are distinct in the magnitude of

their phenomena. None of the hurricanes of the Mississippi Valley, of which I have seen accounts, approach the typical cyclone in size, except, perhaps, the memorable storm of July, 1857. This singular meteor swept from the region west of the Mississippi across the continent to the seaboard, and thence far out towards Europe; it was at points a hundred miles wide, and save for the rapidity of its translation was a normal cyclone of great power. Yet I fail to find a series connecting the largest of our ordinary hurricanes with this great storm. In the ascending scale of size our hurricanes shade obscurely into the greater cyclone. In the descending scale they pass in the same obscure manner into the little whirlwinds which may often be seen on our streets and fields. In any time of bright sunshine and moderately still air we may see these last-named little dancing storms; they never seem to attain a very great size, the largest being a score or two feet in diameter, and their lifting power very slight. In many other respects, they closely resemble hurricanes: there is the same upward, whirling motion, and the same onward moving of the axis of the column, but all the dimensions are in miniature. Although on the land these whirlwinds are small, over the surface of the tropic seas and in the Mediterranean they attain a large size, and take on the character of water-spouts. These in violence resemble our hurricanes, but in dimensions they are much less considerable than the ordinary meteor of the Mississippi Valley type. Yet their lifting power is far greater than that of the small whirlwinds of the land; the latter can raise clouds of dust or small light objects, while there can be no reasonable doubt that the water-spout whirlwind can lift large bodies of water to a great height above the sea.

Thus we see that we have three or more divisions in the class of whirlwinds, which give a great series of circular

storms, ranging in size upwards from the familiar dust whirls of the land to the water-spout of the sea, then to the hurricane, and still further to the vast cyclone. All these storms are akin in their essential features, differing only in the magnitude and intensity of the disturbances they bring about.

Having traced in this brief and incomplete manner the classification of circular air storms, let us next look at the circumstances of their distribution. A study of these conditions shows us that these whirlwinds are not developed except in regions where great heat prevails in times of comparative calm. They do not occur in high latitudes, or indeed beyond the tropics, except during the summer season.

Limiting ourselves to the forms of these storms that occur in this country, we further perceive that they are encountered only in regions of level surface, and that they are practically limited to districts that are not forest clad, or to wooded regions near the line of treeless plains. Storms having the general aspect of hurricanes, but wanting their very great destructive power, occur occasionally all over the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. To cite but one case, there have been two hurricanes in the valley of the Mystic River, near Boston, within thirty years, that did a good deal of damage to vegetation and to weakly constructed houses; one or two lesser blasts of the same nature have ravaged this valley in other years. The careful study of one of these meteors, which was made by Professor Eustis, of Harvard College, shows that it was distinctly a whirlwind storm, essentially like the Western hurricanes. But the hurricane as a normal feature in the atmospheric economy is limited to the central part of the Mississippi Valley; this hurricane country extends from Texas and Mississippi in the south well up to the head-waters of the great stream. Its borders are not clearly defined, for the

region has in parts not been long enough dwelt in by civilized man to show us the true character of its conditions, but it seems to include all the treeless district that lies in the far west and northwest of our country. Eastward of this region the hurricanes become less powerful, and fade away into the ordinary thunder-gusts, which have something of the same character, but less concentration and more diffused energy. In the Rocky Mountains, though small whirlwinds are very common, being often a most conspicuous feature of the landscape, they never take the form of hurricanes.

This brief sketch of the distribution of hurricanes makes us ready to look to the nature of the causes that set these dreadful engines in motion. Several rather vague theories have been presented to us, but they deal in glittering generalities. The only hypothesis worthy of the name is one suggested by the late Mr. Thomas Belt, author of that charming book entitled *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, which is essentially as follows: As is well known, the direct heat rays of the sun pass through the atmosphere with extreme ease; this is shown by the low temperature of the air in its upper regions. Even in the lower regions of the atmosphere, if the air be dry, or if its moisture be in the state of vapor insensible to the eye, the heat goes through it like water through an open sieve. It is quite otherwise with radiant heat. When the surface of the earth becomes heated the heat thrown off by radiation does not so easily escape; the considerable amount of moisture resists the passage of the heat into the upper region of air, so that the lower stratum of the atmosphere may acquire a high temperature, while the upper regions remain very cold. Now the difference between these regions of lower heated and cold upper air inclines them to change their relative positions: the hot lower air tends to ascend, and the

cold air above seeks by its greater gravity to descend to the surface of the earth. All the movements of the air are in the main due to this peculiar set of conditions, but generally they produce winds of a more or less continuous character, varying in permanence from the ceaseless trade-winds that have blown from the beginning of geological times to the transitory breezes of a summer day. When there are strong winds blowing the air is in a state of constant disturbance, and a sufficient mingling of air from the two regions takes place to remove all strain; but when, in times of long-continued calm, no mingling is allowed, the heated and the cooled levels are kept in their places, until the strain becomes very great. At last some small accident starts an upward stream of air at one point; up this column the heated air rises with a rush, and down the sides of the column the cooled air finds its way; with great swiftness the long-accumulating strain is broken, and large masses of the two diversely heated airs exchange places. The whirling motion of the ascending air is explained by the common laws of passage of one mass of fluid through another. Something analogous to it may be seen in the gyratory movement of water flowing out of a wash-bowl through the opening at the bottom. When the diameter of the storm is great, as in a cyclone, the difference in the rotary motion of the earth in the northern and southern parts of the storm causes it to whirl in a fixed way: always going round in one direction in the northern hemisphere, and in the reverse way in the southern hemisphere. In the smaller spirals, however, of the hurricane and water-spout, or the small land whirlwinds, the twist may take place in either direction. This hypothesis will help us to explain the peculiar seasonal and regional distribution of hurricanes and other circular storms. The reason that they do not occur in hilly or mountain countries may be found

in the fact that in such regions the difference of temperature between the hill-tops and valleys, or between the sunny and shaded sides of the declivities, causes a motion of the air that prevents the formation of the intense atmospheric tension necessary to the creation of the characteristic hurricane. These slight movements bring about an equilibrium of the upper and lower levels of air before any cataclysm is possible. The covering of forests or even the ordinary surface of cultivated land prevents the earth from becoming intensely heated by the sun's rays, so that the lower air is not brought to so high a temperature as it is over low and therefore easily heated plains. Thus the conditions that this hypothesis requires are best met in the regions where these storms exhibit their most intense power. Although this view was only outlined by Mr. Belt and is somewhat modified in this statement, we see that the facts correspond with the theory in a closer way than they commonly do in the case of a new hypothesis. It may not apply so well to the other genera of circular storms, the whirlwind and water-spout, or the vast cyclone. Yet, taken altogether, it seems more reasonable than any other hypothesis that has yet been brought forward. It is only necessary to suppose that the bodies of air involved in the disturbance differ in mass or depth to bring all the various causes of circular storms within the bounds of the explanation. In the trifling whirlwinds the depth and mass of the heated air are probably very slight, and the energy with which the air streams upward is relatively insignificant; in the cyclone a vast body of air, of profound depth, joins in the movement, and gives the storm its magnitude.

Circular storms do not seem to be limited to our earth; they evidently occur in the atmosphere of the sun on an infinitely vaster scale. The sun spots appear to be descending whirlwinds of

vast dimensions, and the flame-colored protuberances that are so conspicuous in a total eclipse are probably gigantic uprushes of the intensely heated gases that wrap the surface of the solar sphere. The great dark spots on the surface of Jupiter, which appear from time to time to be the puzzle of astronomers, may have the same general nature. Like those of the earth in their general physical character, they differ in their origin; on the sun, and probably on Jupiter, they are due to the heat of the sphere on which the atmosphere of those bodies rests, and not to the heat from without, as is the case with our own globe. In the early days of our earth's history, before the coming of life upon its surface, its air was doubtless beset by storms similar to those that sweep the spheres that still retain their ancient heat. But there is no reason to believe that for all the space of geologic time this atmosphere has ever been much more liable to these accidents than it is at present.

Science has already done a great deal to protect man from the dangers that come to him from the air. Lightning is now perfectly in his control; he can easily secure absolute safety in the times when it seems to rend heaven and earth. Can he hope by his arts to escape the bitterer ravage of the hurricane?

At first sight there seems little hope of any important contribution from science to this problem. There is, however, reason to believe that a careful study of the conditions which precede hurricanes may give us the data for determining the times when they may be expected to develop in any region. It is likely that by means of small balloons inflated by gas or heated air, with a conducting wire through the cord that retains them, it will be possible, by a well-known system, to determine the relative temperature of the air at different heights; so that if the hurricane be due to the difference of temperature at the earth's surface and in the upper re-

gions of the air, a basis for prediction can be secured. This knowledge of the conditions which favor the production of hurricanes would be of little use in guarding against their destructive power, unless other means of protection were devised. It will doubtless be possible to build habitations that will be practically secure against their action, but for this purpose nothing but the most solid masonry will serve,—a class of construction for which we cannot look in the regions where most needed.

Even a cursory examination of the paths pursued by these storms shows that they tend to follow certain geographical lines, and that in any region where they have once occurred they are likely to happen again. If a careful study of hurricanes should show this certainly to be the case, it will be possible for those whose homes lie in the tracks of these meteors to take special means of insuring protection by building exceptionally strong dwellings or under-ground places of refuge in the time of such catastrophes. I am inclined to believe that the hurricanes of the Mississippi Valley tend to lose their intensity as the country becomes more generally tilled. As far as these storms depend on the heating of the earth's surface we should naturally expect some mitigation in their intensity from the tillage of the soil. As before remarked, the compact and exposed natural surface of the Western prairies, with little capacity for containing water, and of scant herbage, is more readily heated than a wooded or cultivated surface. As tillage becomes more general and the planting of timber more extensive, we may expect less disturbance in the atmosphere from the super-heating of the earth's surface in the long period of the strong sunshine, during the summer season in the Mississippi Valley. Yet we can hardly hope for a perfect immunity from these evils. The dweller on these open woodless plains has certain

advantages from the absence of forests ; the earth is to his hand when he comes upon it ; and with this advantage he must take the loss that comes from the want of the sheltering woods which ex-

ist in the older and better dwelling-places of his race. He can drive his plow easily and with swift profit ; drought and hurricane serve but to balance the account with nature.

N. S. Shaler.

HYMNS AND HYMN-TINKERS.

"MANY gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honor to reprint many of our hymns. Now, they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are ; but I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favors : either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse ; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men." So wrote John Wesley something over a hundred years ago in the preface to *A Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists*. The outburst is both amusing, as showing the decided opinion the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., held in regard to the merits of his own and his brother's work, and instructive, as indicating the extent to which the practice of hymn-mending had been indulged in, even at that day. It has had but little effect, however, as a restraint upon the tinkering tendencies of succeeding compilers. There is hardly a stone in all the noble temple of our English hymnology which has not been chipped or beplastered, sometimes quite out of its original form and color, by these literary deformers. In a few cases they have done really good service, removing ugly projections

or filling up unsightly crannies left by the carelessness of the original artist, but as a rule their work has been fearfully and wonderfully bad.

Looked at from the literary point of view, it is as disfiguring as are the names of John Brown and Ezekiel Spriggins cut into the cap-stone of the pyramid of Cheops. Seen from the moral side, it is hard to understand how these emendators defend their work from the charge of absolute dishonesty. Forgery is an ugly word, but there is no other which applies. The attempt to eliminate from *Paradise Lost* all references to hell, in order to make that poem edifying to such as disbelieve in eternal burnings, would probably be received with little favor, even if honestly undertaken. The words which people of good taste would use in reference to the man who should make it would be either very severe or very contemptuous. Yet the hymn-book compilers, of every denomination, have unhesitatingly and freely remodeled the hymns written by members of other sects, in order to adapt their phraseology to the creeds of the churches in which they were to be used. It is fair to suppose that such divines as Watts, Doddridge, Newton, and the Wesleys had certain well-considered opinions upon the subjects of which they wrote. It is not fair, nor is it honest, that their carefully chosen words should be so transposed or changed as quite to reverse the original sense. Nevertheless, this is frequently done, so that the singer, ac-

quainted only with the hymn-book versions, is often led to suppose that the writers whose names are appended to them were sharers in his peculiar belief, when, as a matter of fact, they would have condemned his faith as absolutely heretical.

The theological aspect of hymn-tinkering, however, can be more safely ignored than discussed, and no reference would be made to it here were it not that in some cases it merges with the literary so as to be hardly capable of differentiation. Hymnology is by no means the least important branch of our various literature; the hymn-book is to be found in many a library where the only other volumes are the Bible and almanac. The corruptions of Shakespeare's text are discussed with careful scholarship in ambitious works, yet the much more numerous and radical corruptions in the lines of our hymn-writers, whose words are familiar in homes where Hamlet was never heard of, pass almost unnoted. It may be interesting to some readers to have their attention called to a few examples, merely in the interests of good taste and literary honesty.

In 1562, "The Whole Booke of Psalmes collected into English metre by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins and others, conferred with the Ebrue, with apt notes to sing them withal," was first appended to the Book of Common Prayer. For more than a century these paraphrases remained in popular use. The most of them were rough in structure, coarse in expression, and faulty in versification. Nevertheless, the "Kinge's Maiestie's Groome" and the Suffolk school-master in a few instances produced verses whose rough vigor and healthy, sturdy sweep disarm criticism. One notable example has been preserved to us, after a fashion, in nearly all the modern hymn-books. It is Sternhold's version of the eighteenth Psalm, the ninth and tenth verses. Here is the original:—

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The Lord descended from above,
and bow'd the heavens hye;
And underneath his feete he cast
the darknesse of the skye.

On cherubs and on cherubines,
full royally he roade;
And on the winges of all the winges
came flying all abroad.

And here is the way it is now printed:

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens *most* high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On *cherubim* and *seraphim*
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of *mighty* winds
Came flying all abroad.

This is usually followed by several stanzas taken from Sternhold's paraphrase of the twenty-ninth Psalm, all exhibiting similar changes. The second line loses much of its majestic simplicity by the addition of that redundant adverb. One is tempted to ask how many sets of heavens the corrector wished us to understand there were, and whether only one was "bowed"! The grammarian who objected to "cherubs and cherubines" doubtless had grounds for doing so, and no especial fault can be found with "cherubim and seraphim," except that Thomas Sternhold, to whom the conscientious editor credits the psalm, did not write it so. "Cherub and cherubim," which is fully as bad as the original, still survives in half the hymn-books. But what shall be said of the taste which prefers the feebly descriptive "wings of mighty winds" to the sounding, forceful line of the original? Yet in every collection of hymns now in use the corrupted version is the one to be found. Nay, so universally has the alteration been accepted that in a recent anthology, prepared by one of the best known literary men of America, it is made to do service in a quotation from this psalm.

Dr. Watts has been one of the most fortunate of the hymn-writers in his treatment at the hands of his editors. Of the one hundred and sixty hymns

and psalms written by him which are contained in a recent popular collection, only about sixty have been changed to any extent. Of course such merely verbal changes as "hath" and "doth" for "has" and "does," "mine" and "thine" for "my" and "thy," "who" and "which" for "that," the plural form for the singular, and the general interchange of "and," "or," "then," and "but," are not considered. Very few hymns are reprinted with accuracy as regards these particles of speech. Many of the other changes in Watts's hymns are also unimportant, and of such a nature that the only reasonable supposition is that they were originally proof blunders, perpetuated by constant reprinting. If this be the case, what a commentary it furnishes upon the fidelity with which the compilers have done their tasks, and the care with which they have compared the originals! In that noble prayer, "Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," the opening line of the fourth stanza was written, "Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie;" it is now universally printed "and shall we ever *live*." "And Satan binds our captive minds," Watts wrote in another hymn. According to the present version "auld Cloutie" is not required to take so much trouble. He simply "*holds* our captive minds." "David's holy Son" becomes "David's *only* Son." "All things but lost for Jesus' sake" is now "All things but *loss* for Jesus' sake."

Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread,

are two lines in the paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm. At least one hymnal prints "Thy hand, in *sight* of all my foes." In another hymn the last words of the lines, —

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod,

become "with *an avenging* rod." Many examples of such changes, made without apparent motive, occur in the hymns of other writers: the line in E. H. Sears's ringing Christmas anthem, "Where wild

Judea stretches forth," is usually printed, "Where wild Judea stretches *far*;" Wesley's "Jesus weeps! but loves me still," softens into "Jesus weeps, *and* loves me still;" Mrs. Steele's "Let thy kind spirit in my heart" becomes "Let thy *good* spirit," etc. Newton wrote, —

But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled to him in God.

The types became mixed here, and as we see them they read "reconciled *in him to God*." And so on through scores of similar examples.

These changes are but slight, however, and would justify no severe censure, except of editorial carelessness and laziness. Some of Dr. Watts's familiar songs have not escaped so fortunately: —

One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

This becomes in one popular hymnal, —

One day *in such a place*
Where thou, *my God, art seen*,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

Another just published collection makes it still different: —

One day amid the place
Where my dear *Lord* hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

A third collection of hymns, "faithfully compared with the original forms," gives us, —

One day amid the place
Where *God, my God*, hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

A fourth hymn-book, whose editors frankly admit that they have treated the hymns which have come before them "as common property," and have made various changes "with freedom," furnishes us with still another variation: —

One day amid the place
Where *God my Saviour's* been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

In the fourth stanza of the familiar hymn beginning, "Alas, and did my

Saviour bleed," the third line was written by Dr. Watts, "When God, the mighty maker, dy'd." This is to be found in one hymn-book in the form, "When *Christ, the great Creator*, died," while others give us, "When *Christ*, the mighty maker, died."

Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One.

"The mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid" is no longer mysterious to the hymn-tinker, and the last line becomes in his hands "The *great and glorious* One." He also understands the classification of the angelic hosts better than did uncultured Watts, and accordingly teaches us to sing, "*Bright seraphs* learn Immanuel's name," instead of "sweet cherubs," to whom the latter assigned that labor of love. Moved by the wonders of the incarnation, Dr. Watts broke forth into the beautiful paraphrase, —

Ere the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word.

This did not jingle properly in the ear of our accomplished editor, who gives us, instead of the first line, this: "*Before* the heavens were *spread* abroad." Too material for him is the doctor's line, "Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly at the great rising day," and so he gives us, "Up to the Lord *we too* shall fly," etc. In the familiar hymn, "When I can read my title clear," the poet emphasizes the believer's security against both the persecutions of the world and the anger of the adversary by exclaiming, —

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

But the emendators have entirely destroyed the climax in the first two lines by substituting "*fiery*" for "hellish." In a paraphrase of the ninetieth Psalm Dr. Watts wrote, —

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,

Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

This, evidently, savored too much of the "doctrine of good works" for the esteemed editor. He accordingly gives us, instead of Watts's third line, his own, "Till *thine own grace, so rich, so free*," which is certainly a very different idea from the original.

O, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God, the Saviour, lov'd and dy'd,

also seems to have conflicted with the tinker's theological ideas, and he has changed the second line to "Where *my Redeemer* loved and died." The vigorous line "To triumph o'er the monster death" degenerates in our versions to the weaker "To triumph o'er *approaching* death."

Many of Dr. Watts's hymns were altered by the Wesleys, who, despite their desire to be let alone themselves, did not hesitate to lay their hands on other people's work. The remarkable thing about their alterations is that they were often real improvements. The hymn on Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning originally opened in this wise: —

He dies! the heavenly lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings. Deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Wesley transformed this almost out of recognition, and we now wisely sing, instead of the original, his vastly better lines: —

He dies! the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

Dr. Doddridge has suffered much more severely than Dr. Watts from the "improvements" upon his hymns. It was his custom, after he had prepared a sermon, and while its thought was still burning in his mind, to write a short hymn for the congregation to sing at the close of service. His pupil and associate, the Rev. Job Orton, informs us, in his preface to the collected hymns, that they were written "during a series of

many years, amidst an uncommon variety and daily succession of most important labors, by a man who had no ear for music." They "want his retouching hand." "There may, perhaps, be some improprieties, owing to my not being able to read the author's manuscript in particular places, and being obliged, without a poetic genius, to supply these deficiencies, whereby the beauty of the stanza may be greatly defaced, *though the sense is preserved.*" Candid Job Orton! Let his name be sent down to posterity, followed by the applause of every lover of literary honesty and humility! He is the one hymn editor, "without a poetic genius," modest enough to admit that his author was a better poet than he, and honest enough to apologize for possible deviations from the correct rendering, with the plea that he did the best he could with difficult manuscript. At any rate, "the sense is preserved." Would that as much could be said of the work done by his successors!

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

So sang Doddridge, looking forward with hungering and thirsting of spirit to the far country and its eternal Sabbath. But the hymn-tinker evidently disapproves of such strong emotions. He gives us, in place of the last lines, these:

To that our *longing* souls aspire
With *cheerful hope* and strong desire.

No "ardent pangs" for him. "Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest," exclaimed Paul. None of that for our friend. He prefers "longing with cheerful hope" to the travail of soul with which the disciples were bidden to "strive to enter in at the strait gate."

One of the most jubilant pæans of victory which the church still sings, as it marches on its conquering way, is that beginning, "Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes:" —

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

Instead of the third line is now printed, "And on the *eyes long closed in night.*" The poetic figure is weakened by its dilution, and the harmony and rhythm of the line injured. Why? No one but the hymn-tinker could tell, his ways being, indeed, past finding out.

The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

Thus Doddridge. Nowadays we are given this to sing:—

The names of all his saints he bears
Engraven on his heart;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from his care depart.

Is this a "manifest improvement"? The hymn-mender gives it to us as such.

Some of the mere word-changes in Doddridge are curious. In one hymn the line "Soften to flesh the rugged stone" is changed to "*Oh, turn* to flesh the *flinty* stone." In another, "An instantaneous night" becomes "*At once eternal* night." "Through horror's darkest gloom" is remodeled into "Through *death's impending* gloom." "Nor could untainted Eden give" is now "Nor could *the bowers of* Eden give." "Grace taught my wandering feet" is amended to "Grace *led* my *roving* feet," and "The gospel's gentle voice" becomes "The gospel's *cheering* sound." "And turn each cursed idol out" is altogether too profane for the tinker, so he makes it, "And turn *the dearest* idol out." These are a few of the minor and merely verbal changes to which Doddridge has been subjected. There are many other cases where whole hymns have been mangled barbarously. His sermon on 1 Corinthians vi. 17 was gathered up to be sung by the people, after its delivery, in the hymn beginning, —

My Saviour, I am thine
By everlasting bands;
My name, my heart, I would resign,
My soul is in thy hands.

To thee I still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

The hymn-mender loses entirely the delicate touch of the last lines of the first quatrain, which he renders, —

*Dear Saviour! we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.*

Neither does he allow us to sing, with the sublime confidence of the poet, his preference of his Master over all the millions of earth, but gives us instead a wishy-washy expression of his own desire to be prevented from becoming faithless : —

*If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.*

Doddridge's hymn written to follow his sermon upon Mary's choice of the "good part" is one of the most tender expositions to be found in the range of our hymnology. Here is the original :—

Why will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot ?

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown ?

Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?

Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

Almighty God, thy pow'r impart
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

Compare this with the hymn which is now printed in the hymn-books with Doddridge's name affixed : —

*Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?*

*Shall God invite you from above ?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?*

*Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain ?*

*Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.*

*Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.*

This last version, which retains enough of the original to prove its source, appears in one hymnal, among others, in the preface to which five clergymen declare over their signatures that "the hymns in this book have been faithfully compared with their original forms, so far as such comparisons were possible; and the original readings have been faithfully adhered to, except where hymns have been manifestly improved by alterations which usage has sanctioned." In the multitude of five-stanza hymns it is a little curious that the second stanza of this hymn should have been generally omitted. It is certainly equal to the others in manner and matter. As to the other changes, it is safe to leave the question whether or no the hymn has been "manifestly improved" by them to the decision of any intelligent taste.

Unquestionably, the most prolific of all our hymn-writers was Charles Wesley. During his eighty years of singing he published over four thousand hymns, and left at his death more than two thousand more in manuscript. Dictated by a glowing poetic nature, imbued with fervent piety, and modulated with rare taste and excellent scholarship, by far the larger proportion merit the great popular favor with which they have been received. Of the eleven hundred hymns in the hymnal of the denomination founded by his brother and himself, three hundred and forty are his, and in the hymn-books in use in other churches those bearing his name are generally more numerous than those of any writer

except Watts. But alas, the trail of the hymn-tinker is over them all. John Wesley's earnest adjuration to hymn-book compilers has been unheeded, nor have they apparently agreed with him in his opinion as to the merits of the originals. "In these hymns," wrote he, "there is no doggerel, no blotches, nothing put in to patch up the rhyme, no feeble expletives. Here are no cant expressions, or words without meaning. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no word but in a fixed and determinate sense." The hymn-mender is not of this opinion. He conceives himself able to better nearly all of Wesley's hymns, and sets about the work vigorously. Take, for instance, Wesley's best known Christmas hymn, the first lines of which were written, —

Hark, how all the welkin rings,
 "Glory to the king of kings;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature, say,
 "Christ the Lord is born to-day!"

Instead of the above we now have something like this, slightly varied in different hymnals: —

Hark! *the herald angels sing*
 "Glory to the new-born king:
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

One of the most striking examples of the hymn-tinker's peculiar "genius" is furnished by Wesley's hymn for Ascension Day. The stanzas corresponding to those selected for the hymn-books were written as follows: —

Hail the day that sees him rise,
 Ravished from our wishful eyes!
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Reascends his native heaven!

There the pompous triumph waits;
 "Lift your heads, eternal gates!
 Wide unfold the radiant scene;
 Take the King of Glory in."

Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

Still for us his death he pleads;
 Prevalent, he intercedes;
 Near himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Following thee beyond the skies.

Whatever the Rev. John Wesley may have thought of this hymn, the decidedly irreverend hymn-mender is of the opinion that here are several "blotches" and much "doggerel" which his practiced hand can improve. He accordingly gives us this instead: —

Hail the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies!
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

There the *glorious* triumph waits,
 Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
 Take the King of Glory in.

See, the heaven its Lord receives!
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

Still for us *he intercedes;*
His prevailing death he pleads;
 Near himself prepares a place,
Great forerunner of our race

What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height!
Thither our affections rise,
 Following him beyond the skies.

"Pompous triumph" hardly means now just what it did to Charles Wesley and his contemporaries. Neither does Hamlet's exclamation, "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me." An occasional archaism is not displeasing to the cultured taste, and can it be that any man of common intelligence ever thought the line "Enters now the gates of heaven" a real improvement upon the terse, powerful, picturesque words of the original, "Reascends his native heaven"? Indeed, what possible mo-

tive can be conceived of for the perpetration of any one of the changes?

Occasionally a spasm of conscience seems to twinge the otherwise peaceful breast of the laborious editor. In at least one hymn-book the fact is now and then especially noted that a hymn has been altered. No such sign accompanies either of the preceding, but on a later page appears a hymn of two stanzas, credited "C. Wesley, *alt.*" The only changes consist in the omission from the first line of the last two words, "Forever here my rest [shall be]," and the omission of "dying" in the line "My [dying] Saviour and my God." Will some student of metaphysical lore explain by what mental or other process the compiler decided that the alterations in this case were of sufficient importance to be noticed, while those in the Christmas and Ascension Day hymns were not? The next hymn to this marked "*alt.*" is also by Wesley. It bears no such apologetic abbreviation to explain or excuse its short-comings, yet of its twenty lines only four are to be found *verbatim* in the original hymn. Another hymn, also marked "*alt.*," shows changes in three lines. The alterations are of a very slight nature, though the candor of the compiler is to be praised for noticing even such. Here is a hymn, however, to the changes in which he did not feel the necessity of calling any attention:—

Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine,
My help, and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine;
And lo, from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

Jesu, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown:

In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power;
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

That is what Wesley wrote, and here follows the hymn-book version:—

*Jesus, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength to quell the proudest foes,
Our light in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower
Our trust and portion, evermore.*

*Jesus, our comforter thou art,
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy beneath the worldling's frown,
In shame our glory and our crown:*

*In want our plentiful supply,
In weakness our almighty power;
In bonds our perfect liberty,
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort when in grief and thrall,
Our life in death, our all in all.*

Comment or criticism would seem to be quite unnecessary.

Of the threescore hymns by Charles Wesley in one collection, nearly two thirds have been more or less changed. Of the greater alterations the specimens given must suffice, but many of the lesser are quite as vexatious. In a jubilant paraphrase of the last Psalm, Wesley breaks out into this ascription of praise to the Almighty's warlike powers:

Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim!

The hymn-mender who "improved" this evidently belongs to the peace society. He is strongly opposed to anything martial, and accordingly gives us,

Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
The Prince of Peace proclaim.

Certainly a very different proclamation from that of either Wesley or his original, the Jewish king, both of whom were good fighters as well as excellent poets, and thus doubly unlike our esteemed tinker. In the familiar hymn, "Light of those whose dreary dwelling," we find the lines, —

Come, and by thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath,

changed into, —

*Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.*

In the same hymn we have "all-sufficient merit" in place of "all-restoring merit," and "Come, thou glorious God and Saviour" instead of "Come, thou universal Saviour." One editor makes the name of Jesus "music to my ravished ears" instead of "in the sinner's ears," and another prints, "He breaks the power of reigning sin" for "He breaks the power of cancell'd sin." It may be that some of these changes have been justified to the hymn-tinker's mind by the necessities of adapting the words to music, by the requirements of condensation, or by the changes of a varying theology, but what excuse can that man make who gives us, in place of Wesley's perfect lines,—

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,

these substitutes :—

Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy mercy fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.

The acme of asininity, however, is reached by the editor who gives us an "improved" version of the third quatrain :—

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

This was Wesley's prayer. One accomplished editor, who could perfume the violet and paint the lily,—or who thought he could,—cast it into this shape :—

Other refuge have I none,
Lo, I, helpless, hang on thee;
Leave, Oh! leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee.

A column of exclamation marks down the rest of the page would be the only fitting comment. "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet," according to Shakespeare, have some faculties in common. A comparison of the words of Charles

Wesley with those of his editor will show that there are also some differences between the last class and the first, to say the least.

But it is not alone these older singers whose glowing thoughts have been obscured by the flabby words of the hymn-tinker. It might be supposed that Bishop Heber was orthodox enough to write correct theology, and poet enough to be above the correction of common men. But the hymn-books show that this is not so. The familiar hymns, "From Greenland's icy mountains," "By cool Siloam's shady rill," and "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee," all have undergone more or less serious mutilation. His magnificent hymn for the second Sunday in Advent is to English almost what the Dies Iræ is to Latin hymnology. It is the resonant war-cry of an inspired prophet-warrior, who stands, in all the gospel armor clad, fronting his own and his Master's enemies, the while, with "faith's foreseeing eye,"—not "aspiring eye,"—he looks across the dust of battle for the victorious coming of his Lord. He sends his voice pealing over the heads of his foes in the triumphant shout,—

The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come!

The third stanza is left to us unaltered, but the others were not quite to the taste of some one, and he has "improved" them into this form :—

The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;

And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord *shall* come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb *before* his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

This last version is also one which we are told has been compared with the original form, and retained only because it has been "manifestly improved by alterations which usage has sanctioned." Verily, there is no accounting for tastes.

The few fine hymns which young Henry Kirke White left us have not escaped. Every one is familiar with his pilgrim song:—

Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

It was not thought best, evidently, to allow the *mobile vulgus* to sing of their "injured King," and the line has accordingly been remodeled into "We, followers of our suffering Lord." There are several other changes in the succeeding stanzas, but their climax is reached in the last line but one, where, instead of the poet's intense and vivid words,—

And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise,

we are given to sing, "And the long-silent voice awake," etc. This also, we are to believe, is one of the "manifest improvements." It would seem as if a little care would have prevented the almost universal reproduction of White's glorious anthem, "The Lord our God is clothed with might," with its opening line replaced by Dean Alford's "The Lord our God is full of might." The dean's line is no better than White's, and it belongs with an entirely different hymn.

No Christmas ever passes but from thousands of churches and Christian homes rise in glad song the words of

E. H. Sears's beautiful hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear." This is a modern composition. Dr. Sears has been in his grave but a very few years, yet a comparison of the hymn as it appears in his volume of Sermons and Songs with its form in half a dozen different hymnals shows no less than twelve variations. Some are unimportant: "earth" for "world," "heavenly wing" for "hovering wing," and the like. Others are more radical. Here are the last eight lines as Dr. Sears desired them to stand:—

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Nevertheless, we are still given, in one of the most widely used hymnals, instead of the above, this:—

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets *seen of old*,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When *the new heaven and earth shall own*
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world *send back* the song
Which now the angels sing.

The limits of space forbid reference to a great number of hymn-writers whose words have had no better fortune than those of the few already quoted. Cowper, Keble, Newton, Toplady, Mrs. Steele, Bonar, Addison, Hart, Stennett, Bowring, Mant, Montgomery, Perronet, Neale, Tappan, Whittier, Ray Palmer,—all these and as many more have had their words passed under the harrow and mangled with needless and cruel wounds. It is the duty of all who have the interests of an authentic literature at heart to manifest their disapproval of such literary crimes.

Lest any one should think that too harsh words have been applied in this paper, I beg leave to refer him to the opinion of one of the most genial and kindly as well as most accomplished of Amer-

ican critics, who says, "The compilers of hymn-books used in our churches have taken the strangest liberties in altering the style, and sometimes the meaning, of the religious poets from whom they have made their selections. A lawyer who had strict views regarding the guilt of transposing or omitting words in a written document duly signed,

and of substituting different words from those which the signer used, could hardly enter a church in the land without having a strange sensation, compounded of the horrible and the comical, in listening to choirs devoutly chanting or singing verses WITH FORGED NAMES appended to them in the hymn-book he holds in his hands."¹

A. P. Hitchcock.

AN ECHO OF PASSION.

VI.

A FORM was stirring among the tall blackberry bushes, when they regained the empty house, which was not that of Star or the Nameless Gray. It proved to be the noxious student with eyes like a bug's, who had inconvenienced the Fenns at the tea-table, two evenings before, and was now browsing upon the vines with joyless diligence.

He looked up, saw them both, recognized Fenn, and resumed his eating.

"How did that insect ever get up here?" wondered the chemist. "Can it be his *habitat*?" And he was smitten with an unpleasant apprehension as to the rumors which might find their way to the hotel from this source. He made haste to lead up Star for Anice to mount.

Holding out his gloved hand for her to rest her foot upon, he gazed at her with vague entreaty; and she responded with so kind and clear a glance that he was reassured.

"You will dine with us, won't you?" she said, when they had ridden a little way. Her cheerfulness was returning.

Fenn had an uneasy belief that he ought not to go again so soon; but he could not resist. "Thank you," he said. "That will be much pleasanter than waiting alone at the hotel."

They did not talk much, on their way to the farm, but whatever the slight cloud had been which had floated between them, it was gone now; and this was enough for Fenn. This woman who had so enthralled him had already become his conscience. If she was not offended, he did not care what other power or being might condemn him.

Mr. Evans was at dinner, and to be alone with them in this way carried the young man back to the situation of eight years ago. The elder man's aspect was precisely what it had been at that time; he may have had a few more wrinkles and become a little dryer in the skin, but he gave the impression of having been thinly coated over with some preservative gum, which produced a wonderful semblance of arrested maturity that could not alter. Hitherto, Fenn had been aware that Anice and himself had grown older, sadder; that the texture of their characters was more complex, and a correspondence of sympathies less surely to be relied upon. But to-day Mr. Evans's air of permanence and fresh conservation put all this in the light of an illusion. Fenn was inspired to be as young and free as he had been long ago.

As if he, too, shared in this glamour

¹ Fields' and Whipple's Family Library of British Poetry, Introduction, page vii.

of the moment, and felt bound to trust the young people to their own devices, the father retired soon after dinner, leaving his daughter and her admirer alone. They talked of his profession, for a while: Anice becoming seriously interested in his account of what he had already done, of his ambitions and the interest of his studies; and she in her turn revealed, with greater certainty and a more hopeful eagerness than during their talk in the woods, her own wish to become something more than a creature of social accident, an after-thought of fate.

"Have you ever thought of using your voice on the stage?" Fenn asked, with an absorbed air.

"Oh, often. I don't underrate the difficulty of success in that art," said she; "but it seems too easy a thing for me individually to enter into. I have the voice, and it may be some of the dramatic gift. But if I failed, I should have lost nothing: I should still be a person of society in New York, with opportunities for entertaining others and being entertained myself. I want to make a sacrifice. If I do anything, it must be an attempt in which failure would be very painful or ridiculous."

"Ah, you don't know what you are speaking of, Anice," he returned, using her name unconsciously, in the concentration of his thoughts. "With us who have to succeed in order to live at all, there is no need of piling on the agony by making more difficulties than will come naturally."

The sound of her name, which he had never uttered before, was welcome to her, much as she might have imagined she would reprove his using it. It struck a slumbering chord. "Ah," she sighed, "that necessity for struggle, — that is what I lack! You don't know what it is to have no one to struggle for or with. I suppose I'm wasting my strength on a chimerical idea of what I would like to do. But — what is there to live for?"

It was hard for a man to hear this, who found himself all at once ready to tell her to live for his own admiration or devotion. Fenn was greatly agitated.

"Sing for me, — sing for me," he begged, in a stifled voice, rising and going to the piano.

She obeyed. He could not have given her a better injunction. In dreamy succession she recalled and wafted through the room melodies of Abt and Franz and Jenssen and Schumann, poetic and impassioned, yet infinitely soothing, which seemed to lift both her and her listener into a more noble and a serene atmosphere.

"Lean, love, oh lean thy cheek on mine,
And let our hot tears flow together."

These words from one of the songs, shrouded in dim German syllables, unloosed those bonds that tie people down to their own personality: all the anguish and the holy sorrow of doomed or breaking hearts everywhere flowed through the young man, as, with some leaves of music held vacantly in his hands, he sat there and let the yearning harmony steal upon him.

If they could not exist together otherwise, they could live together for a time in this echoing world of music; and the flood of emotion it brought did not weaken Fenn, — it was purifying.

When the last strain was over, he determined to go. Anice remained motionless at the piano; he went towards her, and said, "Thank you." Tears were coming into her eyes, but she looked up at him. Impulsively he took her hand, touched it lightly with his lips, and left her. She did not stir; and in a few moments she heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs dying away on the bend of the road.

Arrived at his room, he plunged swiftly into his work, writing letters, making estimates, going through long calculations; and, quicker than he expected, the

results were ready for mailing to Boston. He took his packets over to the little store, scented with molasses and soap, where the dignity of the government was represented by a cage of letter-boxes; then he returned to the hotel entrance, and in a short time had the luxury of seeing the Athol stage arrive, jouncing on the top of its dusty red body a leather-colored suit of clothes in which the driver was encased, and several new holiday travelers.

He wondered when Ethel would return. He did not feel in the least wicked, though he was under peculiar excitement, and he looked forward with entire equanimity to encountering his wife. I shall not pretend to decide whether this indicated a hardened conscience. To what he knew were the conventional requirements he so far deferred as to hold a scattered discussion with himself, during the intervals of watching the stage and the lazy movements of people about the house or in the street. But this discussion was very one-sided. He persuaded himself that the world at large could not understand his particular situation, and therefore had no right to impose upon him arbitrary restrictions calculated on too rough a scale. What had he done? He loved his wife; but could he not love Anice in another way? Poets had been praised for such wealth of passion, and by enlarging it had contributed vastly to the delight and elevation of later generations. Society must trust the individual more, he told himself. Neither Goethe's theory of a law of attraction, which Anice and Ethel had both condemned, nor the world's theory of absolutely excluding mysterious unions like this which had grown up between himself and Mrs. Eulow, could be right. There must be a middle ground, where one could walk safely and with truth.

This conclusion was much more moderate than the impetuous and reckless visions of that morning, during the ride

with Anice. He did not notice the fact; but doubtless the relief of knowing that he had not repelled Anice, and the triumph of kissing her hand at parting, had steadied and given poise to his blind longings, and convinced him that he was satisfied with so much liberty.

It was dusk when Ethel returned with the picnic party. Fenn went forward buoyantly, helped her to alight, and, in the spontaneous pleasure of having her with him again, kissed her on the forehead under protection of the falling darkness.

"You have been a long time," he said. It even seemed to him that he entertained a new tenderness for her.

"It has been so delicious," she went on to tell him, as they made their way up-stairs. "The trees come down to the lake all the way around, and make it lovely; and then we went out sailing, and Mr. Sharon Reeves caught some little bits of fish, — the tiniest you ever saw, — in a row-boat; and we had *such* fun with the lemonade and the ice and getting all the things ready. And, oh, Ben, the Pincotts were there, and what do you think? Mr. Pincott painted a beautiful little picture of the lake, while we watched him; and when I told him how much I liked it he said he would make me a copy for myself. He wanted that one for a study, but he's going to make me a present of the one he paints from it. Is n't that nice?"

"Yes," said Fenn; "but I shall ask him to do it as a commission."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Fenn, in a miniature rapture. "Our first order to a painter! But I'm afraid you can't afford it, Ben."

"No, I can't. But neither can Pincott afford to give away his pictures. I'm afraid he has a hard time of it, supporting his family."

"Well, you have a pretty hard time, too, dear. But it's real kind and good of you to want to pay him."

"I would like to own it that way,"

said her husband candidly, and fully meaning what he said, "because then I can feel that I've had some share in your happiness to-day."

Ethel was touched. "That is generous," she said, coming close to him, and putting her head against his shoulder. (They were now in their room.) "Do you know, Ben, I missed you dreadfully, and at first I thought I ought not to have gone without you. I was so sorry, thinking of you all alone here."

"Ah, but I have n't been alone all the time," he returned, gayly.

"Did you get through your work?"

"Yes. But first I had a horseback ride."

"With Mrs. Eulow?" Ethel guessed, at once; and as she saw the surprised affirmative in his face, she went on, "I'm so glad! Then you had a pleasant time, too."

She patted his bearded cheek with her small hand, as if he were a novel and mysterious object, and she were anxious to find out whether the pleasant time had worked any change in him, that contact would disclose.

Fenn was driven to make excuses. "I enjoyed it very much: but my first idea in getting the horse was to go after you and spend the day at the lake."

"Why did n't you? I'm sorry you had any second idea, if that was your first."

"Well, I felt rather blue; and then there was the long ride to be taken alone; and I did n't feel sure you cared much about it."

"Oh, never think that, Ben, if I am cross," said she, with a charming reproachfulness. "But I'm glad you did what you felt like doing."

Fenn was hardly prepared for this cheerful ease. But although in his interior councils he judged that she would have felt very differently had she known the unspoken history of that day's emotions, he was extremely pleased at her behavior. It bade fair to allow him

without a struggle all that liberty which he had been theorizing upon as desirable.

"We both seem to have been very sensible," he remarked, with a laugh.

"And the horseback riding is a very good idea," Ethel continued. "I believe I shall try it myself. Mr. Kingsmill and I were talking about it at the picnic, and he says there are no very good horses here, but he's going to have two brought up from his uncle's at Worcester."

"Oh," responded her husband, not very warmly. For a moment he suspected that this was retaliation, but he soon saw that it was no more than a coincidence. Moreover, it would be in accord with his theory. "What is this Kingsmill, any way?" he asked presently. "Has he any profession?"

"His uncle is his profession," said Ethel laughingly. "He has a large property, and Mr. Kingsmill is going to inherit it,—so Mrs. Dadmun tells me."

"And what does Mrs. Whidden say about it?"

"The same."

"Oh, then it must be true," said Fenn, with as much of a sneer as he thought the subject deserved. "Those females are two negatives, and two negatives, you know"—

"I rather like them, in their way," said his wife. "They're not ill-natured, if they are gossipy."

"You would n't think so, if they happened to select us for an object," Fenn intimated. He strongly suspected that the much-bewrinkled Mrs. Dadmun and her scanty little friend would yet give him trouble.

"But I don't see," objected Ethel, "that their saying Mr. Kingsmill is going to inherit a lot of money is disagreeable, at all."

"No, it is n't. But that was n't the point, exactly."

They were not to be put out by differences of opinion this evening, how-

ever. They retained their good spirits. A tremendous political discussion took place among a group of gentlemen, in the course of the evening, founded on the morning's papers, in which most of the male boarders had been wrapped since the arrival of the stage; and they took great delight in advancing with all the vigor of originality the views contained in the latest editorials of their favorite sheets; but, singularly enough, no one seemed to be aware of the transparency of this process. One elderly merchant, who at home never read less than six newspapers a day, and generally as many as ten, had in his present remote abode been reduced to a meagre diet of two, and his intellect, in consequence, gave unmistakable signs of shrinkage. Another had been careful to subscribe to opposite partisan organs, for the campaign then pending; and, being unable to make up his mind, from the information they gave, that either side was fit to be trusted, he acceded, during the progress of an hour's talk, to nearly every proposition made by the rest of the disputants, and opposed in rotation each one that he had acceded to. But most of the controversialists had a very simple conception of national affairs, which was that there was a party of atrocious evil, and another so pure and beautiful as to have risen to the summit of human possibilities; and they invariably considered themselves to belong to the second, to which they gave either name they liked best. But even this assumption did not prevent any of them from admitting that their own party had been guilty of indescribable corruption.

In all this Fenn thought he saw a reflection of the false side of society and human nature, — the same side which would oppose itself to his new opinions concerning the relations of men and women. At all events, if these opinions were deceptive, they derived support from the obvious self-delusion of

such politics; and the young chemist found himself straying off into speculation as to whether much of the hypocrisy of certain phases in American life — swindling, embezzlement, and false pretenses in churches — be not aided by the readiness of the people to depend on the factious perversions and crude exaggerations of their political men and sundry of their journalistic prophets. From time to time he joined in the *mêlée* of alarms as to a new Southern war, charges of unconstitutionality, assertions of corruption, local or central tyranny, and clashing financial policies; and, although he had not read the papers of the morning, he astonished the others by a little freshness and force of insight. But the amount of sham in the subject had a bad effect on him.

VII.

The next day rose in cold bluster and rain. The Institute became a scene of desperate idleness; the wet wind groaned along its wooden sides, shaking blind and sash monotonously; and the boarders not only groaned, but also yawned, within. Imprisoned in the commonplace hostelry, Ethel began to find even Kingsmill wearisome; and he was wise enough to retreat. She then had recourse, in company with other ladies, to the solace found in working out the soft perplexities of crochet. But Fenn was weighed down by a reaction from the excitement of the previous afternoon. Reading, games in the parlor, the society of a Dadmun or a Whidden, and of Miss Ibbit and Miss Hamill, were ineffectual to dispel his gloom and weariness. As a last resort, and to relax the stiffness that came from his ride, he got out some rubber boots, and went for a long walk through the wind that still spun across the ridge and slashed the air with sudden bursts of rain like fringed whips. But he set himself resolutely towards

the quarter directly opposite to where Anice was. When he came back, late in the afternoon, drenched, glowing, and limber, Ethel showed him a note which had been brought up for her by a glistening man in an open cart.

It was from Mrs. Eulow. "If Mr. Fenn is too busy to bring you down," it said, "why can you not spend the day with me to-morrow, if it clears?"

Nothing had been said about his expecting to be busy, and the inference was perforce that it would be judicious for him to become so.

"You will go, of course," he said.

"Yes; I expect to enjoy it immensely."

Fenn did not mind this incident much, at first; but before long it began to annoy and puzzle him, and by the night he was consumed with a wish to accompany his wife, and see Anice once more.

At about ten in the morning, Ethel went out, prettily dressed in a dove-like suit, to keep the appointment, and he was left to himself. Ordinarily it would not have been hard for him to find employment for a few vacant hours; and in fact, having come to the country to rest, it would have been sufficient occupation to lie on the ferns under the shady side of a rock and watch the changing shadows and colors of the hills, had his mind been at ease. But he could not compose himself to anything passive. He was obliged to attach himself to Miss Ibbit and Miss Hamill, who, being in several particulars good contrasts for each other, — Miss Ibbit pale and her friend pink, for example, — had grouped themselves together effectively for the summer. Kingsmill approaching after a time, the deserted husband proposed a game of croquet, and they all went out to the rough sward behind the Institute, where the wickets stood. Fenn came to the conclusion that Kingsmill was a gallant, amiable, and harmless young aristocrat; but the game did not interest him. If it had been dismal

work passing a stormy day out of Anice's society, it was still more tedious to undergo this exile under a clear sky. The odor of the hot grass, the click of mallets and balls, the well-modulated cries of satisfaction or dismay from the two young ladies, and Kingsmill's painfully scientific shots like West Point experiments in gunnery, all wearied the chemist, instead of refreshing him. The bright sunlight was even more distressing than the cold rain had been, because so persistently cheerful.

They returned to the house for an uninteresting dinner, and then Fenn took a volume of history, and went out to an arbor which stood on a rise beyond the croquet-ground, amid the parched remains of what had once been a flower-garden. He smoked cigarettes and kept his finger in the book, but did not read a word: he had discovered that he could see the roof of the farm-house from the arbor.

Between four and five o'clock he marched in a straight line for the roof, descended the bank, and presented himself at the door.

"You are late," said the widow, coming out with Ethel; "but still you are too early for Mrs. Fenn to go. Why did n't you let us see a little of you before?"

Fenn was astounded. "I found so much to do" — he began, mendaciously, his dignity so much offended that truth would no longer protect it. "Do you mean to say you expected me sooner?" he recommenced, turning from one to the other of the two women.

"I'm sure I did n't," said Ethel, provokingly, but with a mollifying good-humor in her eyes. "We've been so busy talking and embroidering and reading and singing that I did n't notice the time."

"No, it was n't on our account I meant," said Anice, with her arm in her friend's. "I thought you might come for your own sake."

"Well, here I am, at any rate," returned Fenn grimly. He was positively raging within. "There's no knowing how long I may be at your service, Ethel," he added, with an attempt at a jesting tone, "so you'd better seize the opportunity to go home with me now."

"Upon my word, he's getting very lofty!" observed Ethel to Mrs. Eulow. "The men have been so political up at the hotel, lately, it's too bad. You don't happen to know, Ben, that Mrs. Eulow and I have been talking woman's rights, this afternoon."

"Ah? I'll strike my flag at once, then. Come, Ethel, we really must make haste." And accordingly the champion of feminine independence was taken away to get her things on.

Fenn was very silent on the way back. He thought he had been trifled with. For a time, he even admitted the suspicion that Mrs. Eulow had betrayed his indiscretion to his wife, and that the two had entered into a scheme for punishing him; his head was in a whirl, and he was minded to do something violent, but the situation was too hopelessly intangible and placid to furnish any chance for this. Ethel's recital of how the day had been passed convinced him that his suspicion was a foolish one. The widow and she had chatted quietly, had picked flowers and done fancy-work; and then Anice had sung some plain little English and American songs, which Ethel liked. "But I did n't think she sang with much spirit," Mrs. Fenn commented. "I was n't nearly so much impressed with her voice as I was the other day."

Her husband was secretly flattered: he considered this a proof that Anice could not sing so well out of his presence, or would not do her best for any one but himself. Nevertheless, her manœuvre in dispensing with him during the day remained inexplicable to him.

Mrs. Eulow's intention had, indeed, been a mixed one. Her recent scenes with Fenn had startled her; she instinctively sought some means for keeping him at greater distance without breaking their intercourse abruptly. She also felt a genuine interest in Ethel, and some curiosity to know her better; and to see her alone offered just the temporary protection she wanted. What she should do in the end she did not know; it was not part of her plan to dispense altogether with the peculiar relation which had so unexpectedly drawn the chemist and herself closer than they had ever been. It had come spontaneously; she had not willed it; it had as much power over her as it had over him. The widow had already gone so far as to think, albeit with no cool deliberation, that she had a certain kind of right to some amends for the inconsiderate plainness with which he had banished sentiment from their view of each other, long ago. If he chose to import it at this late date, she would receive so much of it as might form a proper tribute, without letting it become an embarrassment or a source of pain to any one. It ought, fairly, to be said that she was as honest as most people are in intricate crises where their own passions or pride are actively engaged; and she fancied that by strengthening a friendship with Ethel she would be able to conduct herself with justice towards the wife.

It is easy to see inconsistencies or mistakes when they are written down plainly, but it is quite another matter to read them as clearly in our own instinctive actions and feelings, or in the casual outside knowledge we get of those with whom we are going through the incidental and unshaped record of daily life.

The effect of Mrs. Eulow's precaution upon Fenn was dangerous. "If she is making fun of me, or using any artifice," he declared to himself, "I have ended with her!" He imagined that

what she had done diminished his regard for her perceptibly. But, in reality, it only stung him into renewed excitement. His mind became fixed upon the aim of probing to the bottom the nature of her feeling for him.

In the quiet, sunless hours when Tanford slept, and the wide earth moved noiselessly, bearing along with it the grotesque hotel and all its inmates, and the little room where Fenn and Ethel lay, — that was the time when his passion grew. Alone with his wife, whom he would have cherished in any manifest sorrow as he would a dearly loved child, this dark infatuation asserted itself even more boldly than it might have done in her absence.

Through the open window floated the wandering perfume of night-scented balsams, in a garden by one of the meek village houses across the road, and the crickets trilled plaintively from farther away in the fields, as if with a prevision of summer's transitoriness; while, lying awake and motionless, Fenn's heart burned with anguish for the wife whom he was tacitly wronging, and glowed with an insensate prepossession when he thought of Anice. Like the flower that delivered its sweetness only to the night, he yielded up his spirit in the darkness to this fatal passion more ardently than in the healthful brightness of daylight.

Ah, human nature, — prosaic, light-hearted, tear-bringing human nature! — how easily we take you up in our hands, and think we understand you; and how easily you evade us, because in you too there is a day-time and a night-time, and we cannot look upon you in both at once! Fenn had yet to learn that the man who persuades himself that he loves his wife at the same time that he is yielding to another woman's fascination stands in even more seductive peril than he who wholly loses his attachment to the one, while aware of the pitfall prepared for him.

The storm, by confining the Dadmun

and Whidden intellect to the house, had generated an atmosphere favorable to gossip. These ladies, with sundry others of a congenial kind who were present, came to the country annually to "recuperate," — a process in which so many women pass their entire lives; but they usually found so much charitable work awaiting them, in the way of regulating the behavior of their immediate neighbors, that it is doubtful whether they ever got much benefit from their migrations.

While Fenn had been playing croquet with Kingsmill and the young ladies, these regulators were stitching and knitting in the parlor. There was a piano there, which had worn out many young women of the winter academy, who had hammered away valuable hours on its faded key-board, and it had itself been nearly exhausted of tunefulness by these means; but the stiff young collegian, heretofore mentioned, was playing on it with a specious and unmeaning brilliancy.

"That young Gregg plays very nicely," remarked Mrs. Whidden. "I think it's a very good thing for young men; don't you?"

"Yes," said the other, catching a stitch.

"It keeps them," Mrs. Whidden began, "out of" —

"But I don't like them to play too much," interrupted Mrs. Dadmun, with a severe sense of what was desirable. She always knew exactly what was desirable for everybody.

"No?"

"Oh, no; not to be *musicians*." Mrs. Dadmun's tone was one of grave disapproval, to be justified only in a person whose standard of social dignity was rigid.

"Dear me, no," assented her friend. "But it's a specially nice accomplishment for young men. It occupies them, and keeps them out of" —

Mrs. Whidden here introduced a sig-

nificant pause, a sort of blank form, which Mrs. Dadmun promptly filled up with an emphatic, "Oh, yes; yes!"

Having thus whetted their appetites by the contemplation of this innocent and exemplary young man, they began to discuss the Fenns.

"It seems a little odd," said one of the other women in the group, "that Mr. Fenn should have stayed away from the picnic, and now here he is passing his time with young unmarried ladies, while his wife has gone away, apparently for the day."

Three days earlier, this same critic had been finding fault because the Fenns were so much wrapped up in each other, and did not join with a community of feeling in the life of the Institute. But that did not prevent a general ratification of the idea that they were at present going on very unwisely. Several nice ethical and social points were carefully debated, in this connection, and settled to the satisfaction of the group, but rather to the damage of Mr. and Mrs. Fenn.

The collegian of the vitreous eye, whose playing was so entirely mechanical that he had been able to attend to the whole conversation across the room, left the piano and came over to the gossips.

"Do any of you ladies know this Mrs. Eulow?" he asked in a scrannel voice.

"No," said Mrs. Dadmun, composing her wrinkles with comfortable disdain.

The rest remained silent, leaving it to be presumed that it was a great blessing that they did n't know her.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Gregg, dropping his eye-glasses. "I was hoping I should be able to get an introduction to her." The presumption of this gave a shock even to the critics who heard him. "I would like to know her very much," Gregg went on piping. "She is handsome, you know, — very." The ladies were rapidly becoming annoyed at Gregg. "I think I saw her yester-

day, with Mr. Fenn," he concluded, reserving this for the last shot.

The junto, from being disdainful and displeased, became all alert. Some looked sharply at one another, and others exclaimed, "You did! Where?"

The noxious youth enjoyed his momentary power, though he pretended to be unaware of it. He contrived to impart very slowly the story of his discovering Fenn and the widow in their lonely excursion on the mountain. It was only on sufferance, however, that he was admitted to the confidence of the group even far enough to give them this information; and when it was done, a tardy sense of the fitness of things caused him to glide away.

VIII.

Three weeks passed, and during that period the watchful eyes of the feminine police had much to observe which was not at all what they would have any one suppose they liked; but, fortunately or unfortunately, they were a police without the power of arrest. Otherwise, they must inevitably have taken into custody not only Fenn and Mrs. Eulow, but Mrs. Fenn and Kingsmill, in addition.

Ethel was a person of little experience, who absorbed whatever came into her life that was agreeable, in an unconscious, dreamy way. She of course did not hesitate to take a drive with the fatherly Mr. Evans in his light buggy, but she had no greater fear of riding on horseback in company with Mr. Arthur Kingsmill. He, on his part, was a chivalrous young man, whose chief defect was that he required several square miles of country, or a crowded drawing-room, to bring him into effective relief, but who took a reasonable and healthy delight in the society of an unaffected and pretty young married woman. When his uncle's horses came up from Worcester, he considerably placed them

at the disposal of Fenn and his wife, in the beginning; and Ethel practiced a little with her husband, to regain her seat in the saddle. After this, there were one or two parties made, in which both they and Mrs. Eulow and Kingsmill joined. But it was not always easy to form a cavalcade of four at the same time; and even when they went out together, each pair was alone during so much of the ride that Ethel saw no remarkable difference between this and going with only Kingsmill.

But somehow it happened too frequently, after this custom had been adopted, that Fenn and Mrs. Eulow went out alone also, when there was no very good reason why they should not have joined the others. Besides, Ethel took her rides less often, and rather as a diversion forced upon her by Fenn's constant attentions to Mrs. Eulow. When she stayed at home, however, there was no more escape for her from the strictures of her gossiping acquaintances than when she rode; for Kingsmill still managed to be near her most of the time; his customary attendance on her being now rendered more thoughtful by the compassion he began to feel at seeing her comparatively neglected by her husband.

Anice and her father had been invited to dine at the hotel two or three times, as a meagre recognition of their hospitality. They saw something more of the people there, and liked Kingsmill, who strolled over to the farm for tea with the Fenns. Mrs. Dadmun and some of her friends were asked to call, and always treated Mr. Evans and his daughter with distinguishing cordiality when they met: this gave them a soothing sense of justice in their subsequent severe condemnation of the widow, among themselves. For the four people under surveillance were of course mingling with the rest all the time, and underwent not even the mildest ostracism. There were more picnics, games of croquet, small teas at different houses,

groups of æsthetic talkers at Pincott's, in the evening; there was a choice of two churches on Sunday, and these being only half filled Sharon Reeves was encouraged to organize an impromptu chapel at the Institute. There was an entertainment by the village dramatic club, in which "statuary" appeared against a screen of black cambric, in the glare of red or blue fire, while the audience was nearly suffocated with the smoke; and there were card parties and political discussions at the hotel. These were the social diversions,—not the most brilliant in the world, but still offering a good deal of entertainment and relaxation to people who knew how to use them, and who had had enough of stimulation and to spare during the town winters. But the best of the summer was in the rides, the drives, and the walks,—the last revealing the most things of natural interest and beauty in the surrounding territory; and, strange to say, those persons among the floating population who had traveled in Europe, and otherwise cultivated their sensibilities to good purpose, were among the ones who appeared most contented with simple out-door enjoyment, watched for the wild American sunsets with the most eagerness, and found a source of pleasure in the homely barns filling with new hay; the drowsiness of the village; the occasional sheep and numerous cattle grazing on the strongly moulded hills, where perhaps a tall white birch rose up with classic slenderness to shadow them.

Pincott, whose gentle eyes had dwelt upon the rich impasting of color on Roman ruins and the delicate-tinted distances of the Campagna and the Alps, slipped lovingly and quietly as a sunbeam from nook to nook of these unstoried highlands, and, like the sunbeam, made a picture wherever he went. It was in the little parlor at his boarding-place, the walls of which he had coated with a glinting mail of color-studies,

where Mrs. Pincott had also disposed bits of artistic needle-work and æsthetic fabrics to conceal the harsh barrenness of the rustic room, that there arose a short discussion, one evening, which had a special meaning for Fenn.

His wife was there, with Mrs. Eulow and Kingsmill; and by some chance the incongruous Mrs. Dadmun was also reposing her baggy skirts in one of the tapestried chairs. The talk turned for a moment to the instance of some distinguished artistic people abroad, among whom a singular affair had occurred; one man resigning his wife to another because he found that she loved his friend.

"I can't understand such a thing," said Mrs. Pincott.

"It could n't happen in this country," the artist observed. "And it seems to me that that proves the advantage of our freer manners. Where the safeguards are so much more strictly insisted upon, it results often in a violent reaction or an extraordinary assertion of liberty, now and then, among the people of greatest intellect and finest character."

"I never heard of a woman giving up her husband in that way," said Fenn, musingly. "It is a great deal harder to imagine that happening. Why is it?"

"Perhaps women are not so generous as men," hazarded Ethel, in a tone the distant, interior sadness of which roused her husband to wonder.

"Do you call it generous?" Mrs. Dadmun demanded, indignantly. She was scandalized that such a theme should be discussed at all. Matters of this kind, she held, should be deplored at great length, and with judicious dwelling upon details, in a select, confidential circle of women; but any approach to a philosophical consideration of them she resented as dangerous.

"I meant, taking it in the noblest sense, — supposing it to be done with pure self-sacrifice." Again Fenn was

surprised. Could this be his ardent, prejudiced little wife who was speaking?

"It might be just as true," suggested Mrs. Eulow, "to say that they are more devoted, and that that makes them more exacting."

Ethel looked up at her gently and steadily, and smiled; but there was a strange pensiveness in the smile, though she seemed to be thanking Anice for what she had said.

Mrs. Pincott, who occupied neutral ground, rallied to the attack with, "Oh, it's all wrong, very wrong. There is no way of excusing it."

"A woman who consents to such a very improper thing," asserted Mrs. Dadmun, the ribbons on top of her head frowning loftily as she spoke, "can have no heart. She is not worthy the name."

"I think that's too harsh," said Fenn. "Might n't it be possible that she loved her husband and his friend both, but in different ways?"

"If she did, she'd better have just turned the ways around, then," said the regulator of society, aptly enough. "But really, Mr. Fenn, I don't see what good these questions do. I can't talk of it."

Pincott yielded to a malicious desire to plague her. "Men," he said, taking up a drawing with which he meant to change the subject, "have been known to be in love with two women at once, or to fancy they were."

He had no share in the current gossip of the hotel, and was innocent of any design to reach Fenn with his remark; but the chemist, who was looking at him at the instant, turned cold. His glance moved quickly towards Anice, and from the half shadow where she sat she returned it with a deep gaze, in which he fancied a soft warmth flashed.

It was the first intimation he had had, since the day of the thrushes' song, that she was not using her power over him in a luxurious cruelty. After Ethel's visit to her alone, he had sought in vain

for a renewal of that day's mood: he had received no new pressure of the hand, upon which he could fasten, nor any clear glance of meaning, known only to themselves, though undefined. He had hovered on the borders of a tempting intimacy, interrupted now and then by pangs of doubt and a sense of unsatisfactoriness; agitated and increasingly captivated; but now the intoxicating certainty of that memorable afternoon seized him again. He awoke from this second's revery to hear Mrs. Dadmun saying conclusively, —

"Occupation, — that is what such people need. It keeps them out of — out of" — And, having thus put forward Mrs. Whidden's blank form, she paused.

"Heaven knows," said Mrs. Pincott, helping her along, "artists have plenty of occupation."

But if Mrs. Dadmun, who was thinking of Mrs. Whidden's remarks in connection with young Gregg, could have had her way, she would doubtless have prescribed for Fenn a term of hard labor at the exhausted Institute piano.

Kingsmill had said nothing.

It was an instance of the coarse injustice of our system of judging people, that Kingsmill and Ethel were placed by the feminine police in the same category with Fenn and Anice. These inquisitors imagined that the wife was retaliating on the husband, and that Arthur Kingsmill was taking an unfair advantage of the situation.

He himself supposed that Ethel was blind to the progress of her husband's infatuation. The gossips were in error about him, and he was mistaken in regard to her.

Sanity, so long as it is not stolid, is deeper than insanity; and jealousy, fatal though it may be, is a disease which works in the surface region of character. Ethel was not jealous. She did not even give way to hatred of the woman who she saw was drawing Benjamin Fenn farther and farther away from her. She

had loved Mrs. Eulow from the first; they had soon learned to call one another "Anice" and "Ethel," and the young wife felt that the widow was an enlarging influence upon her, which she was glad to have. When she detected the growth of that attraction which was swaying Anice towards her husband, her intuitive justice and strong sense of mercy prevented any malignant change in her regard for her new friend: it did not surprise her that Anice should love him. She loved him herself too bitterly well, in the depths of her sweet and vigorous nature, to be astonished; and — so far as it was possible — she forgave her. Neither was she jealous of her husband. Her agony was far more terrible than that. It was a silent, unutterable, radical grief, that seemed to be gradually altering the whole substance of her being, as one can imagine the soft, plant-bearing earth hardening into metal through slow ages, in the midst of hardening rock. A convulsion and change of primeval scope and vast duration, one might say, were compressed for her into a few days of suffering. There was no weakness in her acceptance of the situation. Sharp and racking revolt was hers, at times, and it seemed as if the end of the earth had come; but she had a sublime native fortitude, the extent of which she had not known till now. Once when she was a girl of about twelve, she had been with her father on a steamer in Long Island Sound, and a collision had occurred with a collier. Every one supposed they would sink: people ran for life-preservers, some even jumped overboard, and most of the female passengers huddled together, shrieking. She fully comprehended what awaited her, but remained perfectly dumb, with a look of far-reaching anguish in those trusting eyes and in the face which had that faintly rustic expression; and she held on to her father's hand with an intense farewell in the grasp. But ah, how differ-

ent was the present horror! Her father was long since dead, and there was not even a hand to hold in token of her parting from all that made life dear.

To say that she bore all this without showing a single trace of it would not be literally true; but the signs were so indistinct as to escape all observers, excepting Anice, possibly, who had begun vaguely to awake to the doom that was settling down upon Mrs. Fenn. Her trouble showed in her eyes. It was not that there was a cloud in them, exactly; but sometimes you see a soft blue lake darkened by a cloud in the sky, and it was a shadow of woe resembling this that dimly overgloomed her gaze, seeming every moment to pass away, yet returning, and never discovered by Fenn in his preoccupation.

She sat, one afternoon, on the high balcony above the hotel colonnade, listless and unemployed. In the drowsy silence, an occasional rapid carriage would suddenly be heard at a little distance, would fly by with a buzz and rattle, and would pass out of hearing in the other direction. Sometimes the vehicles crossed each other in front of the hotel. They came and went so unexpectedly that they seemed to start up out of the ground for the express purpose of amusing her dull attention, and then to sink into it again, so that they might repeat the performance. Then she watched the slow life of the post-office store, where dullness and deliberation reached a climax bordering on the sublime. Yet she knew that there was a quick brain inside of the small establishment, a mind of local enterprise, such as it was, and she thought of the care and energy involved in the business; all the anticipations, too, and petty excitements and droll bargaining attending the purchases made there by the country folk. She tried to think of their existence in all the vivid actuality it had for them, and wondered if they were happy. There was a wagon with-

out a driver standing at the store steps. There seemed to be always a wagon there. "If I should die," she mused, "it would go on standing there just the same." This contrast of ideas struck her very oddly, and the image of the ugly wagon seemed to give a singular hideousness to the thought of death. The next moment she made a desperate effort to throw aside all belief in the unhappiness that encompassed her, but it would not be shaken off; and she began to resolve that if she must lose Ben, or even lose his love and not his presence, it would be better to kill herself than to go on enduring. Fortunately, a few tears fell and relieved the stricture at her heart. The afternoon was waning; her husband was still absent, taking a walk with Mrs. Enlow, from which Ethel had excused herself because she longed for a little solitude in which to face her misery. There could not be any solitude, however, she found: even here on the balcony she was crowded upon, oppressed by other presences. Nor could she face the future and try to give it any probable shape: it must all remain vague and dreary.

A little boy was passing in the street, and some people in a garden called out, "What time does the church say, bub?"

He looked long and attentively at the church-clock. At length he drawled, "One hand's way up, and t'other's most straight down."

"Six? No, it must be five," concluded the questioners, too much enervated by the heat to look for themselves. A moment later, the bell struck, clear and solemn.

Ethel was laughing, in spite of her wretchedness, at this mode of telling time, when the warning notes from the tower rang out, and seemed to quiver through her, summoning her back to her agony.

"I cannot bear this! I will not!" she exclaimed, under her breath, and bringing her hands together in a close

knot. "I have rights, and I will make Ben remember them. He does not know what he is doing. Oh!" she moaned, and then passed into silent thought again: "I have been too lenient, too forgetful of myself. And then, Anice, — she has conscience; she will listen to me and bring this to an end."

But, for the twentieth time, she found herself unable to remain firm in any design of interposing or appealing, or claiming her rights. The stoicism, enshrouded where no one suspected it, in the centre of her heart, restrained her.

There are people in meeting whom we are buoyed up to the surface like corks, floating on the wave of casual talk, and unable to get down into profundities of any kind, however much we may see of them. There are others with whom we tend at once towards the core; it was so with Anice and Fenn. They conversed on large themes, speculating upon society, love, the work of women, poetry, and belief. That in itself might have been very well, but everything they said had an indirect, veiled reference to themselves as they now stood, and to their mutual regard. The nature of this regard they did not openly inquire into, but they continually touched the edge of such inquiry in a furtive way, speedily recoiling again. Partly to satisfy the taste for intellectual subjects, and partly also to place some object of attention in the way of this tendency to probe each other's state of mind too directly, they liked to carry a book or magazine with them, in walking, and to diversify the exercise with reading in some sheltered border of the woods.

On this afternoon they had come up by the path through that rocky pasture where Fenn had had his strange experience of believing that Anice had pressed his hand, in getting over the wall, and they had settled upon the place under the oak where he had first heard her voice with its echo, to rest in.

They had with them a little volume of Shakespeare, containing *Much Ado*, from which they read alternately. Fenn took the second act. Suddenly he stopped, after reciting these words: —

"For beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood."

"Is that always true?" he asked, doubtfully, letting the book drop into a neglected position, as he commanded Anice's attention.

"You ask me to revise Shakespeare's judgment?" she returned.

"Certainly not; it is only what Claudio says in a hasty moment, when he's surprised. But I like to weigh how much truth there is in it."

"I don't think a woman can tell. I don't think *I* can."

"Yet you are very beautiful."

There was a moment of perfect silence, during which Fenn's ears rang. He could hardly tell why he had said this.

They looked into each other's eyes steadily. "Mr. Fenn," said Anice, when that silent parrying had spent itself, "I can't afford to lose a friend."

"I don't see why I should n't say it," he answered, doggedly, looking at the book. "It is true; and I do not believe that such beauty melts away the impalpable but persistent thing called faith, — though these lines are wonderful, and express the power of a beautiful woman as a poet would naturally do it."

He had managed to turn the point of her rebuke; and besides, she was secretly influenced by that centripetal attraction which would not let them remain on the safe exterior of things.

"Are poets so much more faithless than other men?" she asked. Then, as he did not at once reply, she went on to say, "The power of a beautiful woman, which you speak of, is not entirely her own, you know. After a certain point, it is what the person upon whom it falls makes it."

"Then why should n't any honest

man be able to feel and respond to those charms, without letting them work witchcraft in his blood?" cried Fenn, in a glow; yet at that very instant the stream of passion in his veins was dissolving his faithfulness. "That is what I believe in: the establishing of a clear relation of admiration and devotion, where a man may be more than a common friend, and yet" — He did not know how to finish.

"I understand," said Anice in a low voice, that vibrated like the note of some instrument of fabled sweetness. "I believe in such a thing. I think it is possible."

They allowed their glance to wander away into the lovely scene before them, where the land dipped towards Swallow Pond, and rose again, melting away to a curtain of haze in which one rank of receding mountains stood beyond another. Somewhere in the deep valleys beyond, it seemed to Fenn that there must be a place where he could find a new life, — a place so secluded that no rumor of conscience could reach him there; and a desire seized him which belied what he had just been saying, to be lost in such a retreat with Anice.

"I don't know really what is meant by a platonic affection," he continued, languidly, half closing his eyes as he looked at the mountains. "But this that I mean needs no artificial name, subject to sneers and misconstruction; and it has nothing to do with any philosopher. It will come to be recognized, after a while, as something warmer and more real than that, yet" — A second time he was at a loss for terms, and let his voice die.

Anice had thrilled with an unreasoning joy, in which triumph and tenderness were blended, when he had begun describing the relation which was really meant to represent their own. She could not tell precisely what she wished that to be. And now a faintness, a gathering desolation, began to come over her. What did it mean? She did not

know whether she was glad or sorry; there was a kind of anger in her at the whole situation, — and yet was not this because Fenn was not free? She trembled. To have answered herself would have been to risk losing his friendship, because in the light of a positive decision her conscience might have forbidden her to continue it. She could not reprove him for what he had said, either; anger, or any emotion, would be unsafe.

"I don't believe we will read any more," she said, after a brief deliberation. "I must go back soon and get ready."

Fenn glanced at her questioningly. "For what?" he asked.

"I am going to Boston to-morrow."

"You are going away!" he demanded, thunderstruck. "And why to Boston?"

She smiled. "Only for a day or two," she explained. "There is a friend of mine, a lady, who was to come up from Newport and be in Boston for two or three days, and this will be my only chance to see her."

"Your father will go with you, of course," propounded Fenn, out of sorts at the prospect.

"No," said Anice, faltering. "He is afraid of the heat."

The chemist's heart bounded. To go with her! — it was like a response to that stifled yearning he had had that they might escape together into some hazy distance. "Will you allow me to be your escort?" he asked, with an effort to be simply formal.

"Oh, Ethel must n't be left; I could n't think of your doing it!" exclaimed Mrs. Eulow. "Besides, there's no reason why I should n't travel alone. It is very easy."

"I have some business there that I ought to attend to," said Fenn. "I had been thinking about it, but did n't want to go."

She needed no explanation as to what

it was that had held him here. But she hesitated.

"Well?" said he, waiting for her answer.

Anice looked at him in a kind of fear.

"I shall probably go in the next train after yours, any way," he declared. "Would n't it be better for me to be at hand, in case I might be of use?"

"Very well; I shall be glad if you will," she responded, but without energy. She felt that she was a coward.

But the cowardice had been in letting him know at all that she was going.

Fenn told his wife, in the evening, that he had engaged a place on the stage, and was going to town on business. "It happens very luckily, too," he added, with factitious ease, "that Anice wants to go down, too, to meet a friend of hers."

Ethel gave a muffled cry.

He turned from his task of throwing some things together for the journey, acutely alarmed. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, no, no! I can't let you go!" she exclaimed, with indescribable pain in her voice, and putting both hands on his shoulders, as if to assure herself that he was not already gone. Her fair young figure was alive with terror, and the light downy eyebrows were puckered in sharp lines upon her forehead.

Fenn became peculiarly calm. "Ethel, what does this mean?" he asked, in a tone as if he were drawing his breath in while he spoke.

She came to herself, like one who has been sleep-walking. Her face relaxed. "Oh, don't think anything of it," she said, softly, smiling. "It was only a sudden feeling I had that I might never see you again."

"Poh," said he, "that was foolish." He kissed her, and said tenderly, "Dear Ethel." Then he seemed to consider, and went to his hand-valise. "Shall I stay?" he asked. "Would you rather?"

"No. If you have business, I must not keep you," she answered, with restored calmness.

George Parsons Lathrop.

SYRINX.

COME forth, too timid spirit of the reed!
 Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,
 And find delight at large in grove and mead.
 No ambushed harm, no wanton peering eye,
 The shepherd's uncouth god thou need'st not fear,—
 Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start,—
 The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;
 The willow's woven veil they softly part,
 To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast:
 No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near,—
 Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,
 And heeds not how the acorns drop around,
 Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,
 Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,

He wakes not, answers not our sylvan cheer,—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,
To upland pasture lead his bleating charge:
There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,
No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;
Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear,—
Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,
The best and smoothest of thy mellow store!
Now, I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,
And listening streams forsake the paths they wore:
Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear,—
Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year!

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge
Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,
As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,
And thou didst safely win the breathless race. . . .
I am deceived: nor Pan nor thou art here,—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year!

Edith M. Thomas.

LIFE AND THE DREAM OF LIFE.

“Unter allen Völkerschaften haben die
Griechen den Traum des Lebens am
Schönsten geträumt.”

GOETHE.

November 14th.

HERE I am, dear old fellow, on the classical shores of the Ægean, and my life's dream seems to be unfolding to a reality! We have selected the spot for our excavation, have made ourselves comfortable in our improvised quarters, and shall soon make the world ring with our discoveries. You have doubtless heard of the great things found at Assos, — archaic centaurs, bronze tablets bearing decrees of the Assians to Caligula, sphinxes, bulls. My pulse quickens to an hundred and forty (remember, I am not scientific), when I reflect upon what the future may have in store for

us. A vision of a beautiful statue, the highest expression of a Greek ideal, is before my eyes. I dream of her! I worship her! She is the embodiment of all that will turn men, in this striving, bustling, mercenary age, — this age of the vulgar and prosaic, — to the contemplation of noble ideals.

Horace, how fortunate we were in giving our young lives so solidly to the study of Greek while in school and college! I am reaping the advantage of my classical training every day. I hear, by the way, that those Philistines, the scientists, — wretched dumb beings, armed with kilogrammes and clocks, — are attacking the study of Greek again. May their profane attempts be covered with confusion! If all the scientific men in the world were as liberal as you

are, we should have nothing to fear. Fear! Fear begone! Those who raise their hands at Greek will be struck by a fire from heaven.

From our camp we catch a distant view of Mount Ida. The morning sun strikes it, and as I lie, half awake, I seem to see the clouds in the east form a procession of Greek priests; they worship, and amid the incense I behold my statue arise in all the transcendence of the perfect! The mists roll through the stern ravines like flying centaurs; and then our Greek boy summons us to breakfast.

NEW YORK, *November 14th.*

Something tells me, Philip, that you are writing to me at this instant, and although my scientific sense informs me that night with us is day with you, I shall give myself up to the impression, and have a chat.

My duties as house physician in the hospital are very arduous, and the tender within me has not been sufficiently conquered to make me a good working machine. The boiler, my heart, thumps too much for the true action of the piston-rod, my arm. How great the work is before me, and how poorly I am fitted for it! There are grand discoveries to be made which will be of inestimable value to humanity. H—— has been trying, to-day, some experiments on a cheap substitute for quinine. He gave it to an old impecunious invalid, to whom quinine has become a daily necessity. "Doctor," said the old man, "quinine may save me, but it will kill my family. It takes bread from their mouths." I fear that the cheap substitute is, in truth, a cheap affair. Science, however, will make a valuable synthesis some day, and we shall then have the drug in plenty.

A beautiful girl was brought to the hospital lately, suffering from a strange disease which is now raging in certain quarters of the city. How dreadful it is! And we are so helpless through ig-

norance! This girl has the form and profile of a Greek statue. She is the eldest of three sisters, and has supported them by her exertions as a teacher. I saw them leaving the hospital to-day, crossing the court-yard in the falling snow; and the inexorableness of fate seemed to find expression in their figures. Greek tragedy, and its old theme, the inexorableness of fate! Yes, but science may yet illumine the stage with a gleam of sunshine. The patient, apparently, has the disease lightly, and I have a theory that I can check its progress. Oh, if I only knew more of science, of physics and chemistry! I am handicapped by ignorance. Horace, we enjoyed our study of Greek together. It was the study of poetry and philosophy, and I value the training it gave; but as a future physician, had I the right to devote so many precious years to it alone, and to neglect science? However, I will not pain you by striking at your ideal. Life is at a white heat now with me. I lie awake during the early hours of the morning, combating symptoms of disease with all my little array of facts; grouping these facts together, and asking myself, Will local faradization do this? Will powerful electrolysis in certain tissues do that?—until the hospital nurse arouses me with a disturbed look upon her face.

January 20th.

Your letter, Horace, was gloomy. It aroused both my sympathies and my ire. She will recover, — I am ready to swear to it; and there will be a wedding some day. Charming romance, I see thy beginning! Don't let that narrow H—— corrupt you. His tirades against too great attention to Greek studies in education jar upon my ears, even on these classic shores. I send you by this mail a complete answer to all the arguments of his ilk. The philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin have put on record the results of their experience

with students from the *realschule* who have been admitted into the university without a knowledge of Greek. With one voice — and mark you, the professors of science are most earnest in the matter — they denounce the attainments of these students, and say that their intellectual fibre is far inferior to that of students who have taken the classical courses in the gymnasia. Read it, and give it to H—— to ponder over. Hurrah for Greek! When we received the news from Berlin we made obeisance toward Hellas.

To-day we unearthed the foundations of what was apparently a gymnasium. This discovery proves that our hypothesis is correct, and that we are really upon the site of an ancient city. We have found a curious bas-relief, a beautiful archaic thing. Our artist has made a drawing of it, which is really apostolic. I will send you a photograph. But, after all, photographs are brutal things, — so coldly scientific. I wish you could see the tender drawing. We came upon the bas-relief just as the new moon became visible in the waning daylight, and we felt how the Greeks could worship perfection. I withdrew from my companions, and read a chapter of Homer aloud. The rocks and the ravines, over which and through which sandaled Greeks had trod, echoed the Greek words, and I felt inspired. We had a Greek banquet later in the evening. Imagine us reclining upon wheelbarrows, improvised *κλῖναι*, and drinking some wine from a Greek vintage, which Herr Schlieborn brought with him when he joined our party. Our Greek boy sang a song in modern Greek, and we took the unclassical ring of it out of our ears by reciting a chorus from Antigone. After the banquet we invoked the stars to direct us in our excavations. There is one bright particular planet which rises over the hills (science has a name for it, doubtless). It is eloquent to me with bright augu-

ries, and its spear-like reflection in the gulf points toward the scene of our explorations.

November 20th.

I cannot sleep. A long investigation, together with the routine business of the day, have worked upon my nervous system, and I must commune with you. My experiments have apparently checked the progress of the disease in my patient. She is very grateful for the hope I give her; and the thanks of the three sisters are extremely touching. I must save her! But alas! Empiricism must be my reliance, with a small pinch of science. I must make researches upon absorption spectra, — upon the influences of temperature and of currents of electricity. I should know enough to decide what analyses should be made by a competent chemist. I should have sufficient technical skill to make the necessary rude apparatus to test my hypotheses. I should have a command of French and German to enable me, in the short time at my disposal, to go over the mass of literature bearing upon the points at issue. Unfortunately, I never got this knowledge of modern languages. Above all, my scientific instinct should have been cultivated sufficiently to give me an insight in science comparable to yours in literature.

I did not intend to write this, but the struggle for life is ever before me. The curtain of my window is up, and I look over the great city, with its myriads of bright lights, and seem to feel the throbbing of life in thousands of hearts. I know what work there is to do, if I only had the skill. My patient evidently studies me; I see a look in her fine eyes that says, "I must not doubt his ability to save me." There is a fine sense, what in a man might be called chivalry, which she exercises toward me. She has seen many cases of this disease which afflicts her; but she cheerfully submits to my treatment. Her

nature is strangely self-reliant: feeling the sickness coming on, she made all her preparations for entrance to the hospital, even to the necessary arrangements in regard to her clothing; and apportioned her little savings so that her sisters might not be put to inconvenience. Now she waits calmly and patiently for the result. Have I not found your Greek ideal in New York?

January 22d.

Success has crowned our efforts! We have unearthed a mosaic pavement, and have also found remains of porticoes and colonnades, together with numerous inscriptions. I believe that we shall yet find a temple erected to the deity of this city. There is a suggestion of a fine female figure on a remnant of a bas-relief discovered a few days since, which leads me to think that we shall light upon a large statue of a goddess. The arm that was sculptured on the fragment was exquisite. We enjoy our life. It is laborious, but the quest is exciting. I drink in the intellectual pleasure of it to the utmost. It is a continual banquet. I wish you were removed as far as I am from the distracting influences of modern life. After all, is not this scientific investigation overestimated? Don't you remember that antistrophe in *Antigone*? —

"By learning and fair science crowned,
Behold him now full fraught with wisdom's lore
The laws of nature anxious to explore,

With depth of thought profound:
But naught, alas! can human wisdom see
In the dark bosom of futurity;
The power of wisdom may a while prevail,
A while suspend a mortal's fleeting breath;
But never can her fruitless arts avail
To conquer fate, or stop the hand of death."

And Goethe says somewhere, —

"Mikroscope und Fernröhre verwirren eigentlich
den reinen Menschensinn."

I believe in getting upon the high mental plane of the Greeks, and looking at the woes of life with the perfection of composure.

I shall cable my discoveries to the

Academy as soon as the wires beyond Athens are repaired. We are uncomfortable at present, owing to the detention of our supplies. The steamer which was to have brought them is a poor affair. (I can hear H——'s rasping voice exclaim, "Ah! You Greeks have to depend upon science ultimately!")

November 28th.

We have spent a weary week fighting disease. H—— has had a theory that the disinfectants upon which we relied were of no use. He is a thorough skeptic, you well know. We have therefore tried many experiments, and have found that he is right. Germs seem to flourish in what was thought a bath of poison for them. Down fell what I have always considered a chief reliance. The disease seems to be a form of blood poisoning (to speak in common parlance), and I have begun to study the absorption spectra of the blood. Unfortunately, I am not used to investigations in light, and I spend much time on false tracks. I have had a wild theory in regard to the effect of electrolysis in the arteries combined with a system of subcutaneous injections; but my knowledge of electricity is small, and I find I rediscover old and well-observed phenomena. I am like a general who begins a campaign against a mysterious foe with no mobilization of resources. H—— called my attention to-day to the recent report of the philosophical faculty of Berlin, in which the admission of students from the real schools to the university is deprecated. It seems that even the scientific professors believe that the training of the gymnasia has been shown to be superior to that obtained in the polytechnic schools. This report is certainly a strong argument for the classics. H——, however, says that it is a very illogical report. He sums up his arguments as follows: It is claimed that the experience of the last ten years in the University of Berlin proves that the

real school students are inferior in intellectual grasp, even in scientific studies and investigations. Suppose that this is so: would any living physiologist dare to base wide conclusions upon observations upon a few thousand students, during the comparatively few years of a university curriculum? The classical students represent the fostering care of centuries. They are of the privileged class, and show the effect of heredity. The report says that the number of real-school students who are desirous of obtaining the benefits of the university is far in excess of the students who have graduated from the gymnasium, and there is danger to the high stand taken by German universities in the classical studies. Granted. Shall the university give its broad instruction to those only who have a taste and capacity for Greek, and refuse to influence the instruction in science in the real schools? Is an argument drawn from the experience of a German university with *élèves* of technical real schools of value to us in America? The Roman republic was not a success; therefore, the American republic will prove a failure.

H— says that he lost four years of the most enthusiastic period of his life in school and college by being compelled to study Greek; and he says that there are twenty-five men like himself in every college class, who have no philological tastes and yet would make their mark in some branch of modern study. "Is it not despotic," he exclaims, "to compel these men to give lip service when the heart might work at its best!"

I am in doubt concerning this question. I feel my lack of scientific training, however, sadly. My patient does not improve. We have many talks together; for she has moments of freedom from pain. She has been a great worker among the poor. Her minister called to see me, and spoke of her with tears in his eyes. "You have a valua-

ble life to save, doctor," he said. "She is as good as she is beautiful. To her we owe the organization of the charity work in our little parish. She is the counselor of many who are striving to maintain themselves against the evil influences in this great city. She is a Greek statue vivified, and endowed with the noble attributes that should accompany perfection of shape." I am ready to believe the minister, and to my feeble knowledge, to my untrained hands, is entrusted this responsibility. Not to me alone, but to me so far as I pretend to be a doctor.

January 24th.

At last our supplies have arrived. These wretched people have not mobilized their resources as we have in America. Think of steaming only eight miles an hour, and taking a week to repair telegraphic connections! Our excavations are going deeper, and to-morrow I hope we shall strike something. . . .

Hurrah! Hurrah! The morning has arrived. At ten o'clock I heard a shout from my chief assistant, and, hastening to the spot, I saw him uncovering a beautiful, transcendent form. I trembled with ecstasy as I gazed. A head finer than that of the Venus di Milo appeared half buried in the earth. The marble is stained, but the face divine looks forth from the dross of centuries. What a living force is perfection! The face seemed to say, I am unearthed at the ripe moment to lead the world, with its unclean tendencies, back to the fount from which the Greeks drew their inspiration. With reverent hands we drew the statue from its bed. What grace, what loveliness, was revealed! We all felt purer and nobler as we gazed. To look was devotion. The statue was tenderly placed against the hard, unyielding rocks which had coldly held it for centuries, and we stood about in silence, while the cloud shadows appeared and disappeared on the slopes of the distant hills. Twice given to the

world! What a thought! The sculptor, imbued with the purest ideals, gave thee to the world, and the choicest spirits of that age of intellectual greatness felt that thou expressed the highest moral sense. Thou wast worshiped as a visible type of perfection, in the days when art lived daily with men. Then came brutes, fierce marauders, — Goths and Vandals. Art fled, shrieking, through polluted colonnades. Thy form was reverently concealed till art should find its own again. Forgive me, Horace, for this rhapsody. I could not help it. To-morrow I shall be calmer.

January 21st.

The end has come. It was very sudden. H—— and I worked night and day, and thought that we had mastered the strange disease; but a change came in the night, and she is no more! Greater knowledge might have saved her. But she has not died in vain. H—— and I stood at her bedside, and vowed to devote our lives to investigation. When the allurements of the world shall tempt us, her beautiful spirit will lead us on in the laborious path of scientific research.

I rejoice in hearing of your successful explorations. Do not think that I consider your investigations less valuable than mine, — I trust that I am not so illiberal, — but I feel that I am not so well fitted for my work as you are for yours. Our early training, both at school and in college, gave you the advantage; for we studied little but the classics. To deal with the study of ancient life you needed accurate and long-continued preparation, which you received. For my profession I needed

severe discipline in scientific studies, which I did not receive. If the teaching in Greek is superior to that in science in the early years of a boy's life, should the universities strive to raise the standard of the classics, and not lend at the same time a helping hand to scientific studies? I trust our close friendship will continue as firm as of old, although our paths diverge. H—— and I go into the infected district to-morrow to study the dread disease of which our patient died. We intend to establish a branch hospital, and to make as complete investigations as the state of our knowledge permits.

February 20th.

I write to you, my dear Horace, from Athens, having arrived here much in the condition of the shipwrecked messengers announcing Xerxes' disaster. The plague broke out in Asia Minor, and, advancing along the shores of the Ægean, drove us from our exploration. We chartered a vessel, and placing our statue on board set sail for Greece. On the third day a tempest arose, and drove us upon the rocks of a small island. The bark foundered with our beautiful statue, — Aï! Aï! — and we barely escaped with our lives. Courage! we shall return to our exploration when the doctors shall tell us that danger from the plague is over. I will answer your budget of letters soon. They have remained unopened on account of the pressure of events. We shall spend some time in Athens deciphering the inscriptions which we have discovered. I find myself well equipped for the work in hand, and we shall soon retrieve our late disaster. I must drop a tear, however, for the lost.

John Trowbridge.

A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

EVERYBODY knows the general aspect of Jerusalem now. Ordnance surveys, societies for exploration, Sunday-school teachers, and artistic friends have brought pictures of it for those of us who live in these most remote corners; Jerusalem itself, be it remembered, being in the "middle of the world." Indeed, such is the ease of travel now, that it is safe to take for granted, in any considerable assembly, that some one is present who has walked in the streets of Jerusalem, has seen the Jews weeping by its walls, and can describe from personal remembrance the Mosque of Omar.

This general aspect helps us in forming an idea of what it looked like eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, — of which, by misfortune, there is no description. Of the temple and its glories, as all readers know, there is very full description; but the indifference of the ancients to the picturesque, and even to topography, leaves us to construct for ourselves the Jerusalem of the gospel time. Still, the slopes of the hills are there; the olive-trees and the anemones and the cyclamens, with the rest of the spring vegetation, are there. The wood has been destroyed from the country generally by the ravages of Islam and Islam's wars. But the neighborhood of a city as large as Jerusalem was then is never heavily wooded. The population of the city itself was then six or eight times what it is now. Such a population requires diligent farming and market gardening in the neighborhood. So that it is probable that the country around had more farm-houses and hamlets and other aspects of habitation than it has now. But, making such allowances for changes, the traveler to-day has a right to feel that he looks on much such a landscape as the traveler coming down to Jerusalem from Jericho saw in

the days of Jesus Christ. A New Englander sometimes catches a bit of landscape in his own region which reminds him, if the conditions of sky and climate are right, of these rounded hills and rounded olive-trees and closer olive-orchards. I have a photograph of a piece of "hill country" near Jerusalem which may easily be mistaken for a home scene in Northern Middlesex or Southern New Hampshire. You have only to select a bit of rolling country, well covered with orchards, without New England houses, forests, evergreens, or pines, but with a fair share of stone walls, photograph it, and place the picture in your portfolio, between a view of Jaffa and one of the Dead Sea, and even an experienced pilgrim would take it up and say, "And this is somewhere near Jerusalem."

The city was built so long ago that nobody knows when. It is on the crest line between the waters of the Dead Sea valley and those which flow into the Mediterranean. The hills on which it stands were abrupt enough to make an admirable fortress; what has been said of rounded slopes does not apply to them. Fortress it was in the days of the Jebusites, when David took it. After his time it assumed the state and importance of a capital. And this was no little state and importance when it meant a capital to which "the tribes come up three times a year." Josephus says — in what is probably an unintentional exaggeration — that at the time of the Passover a million and a quarter people assembled in it, or in tents around it. Even if this is not true, it gives an idea of what an intelligent man thought true in times immediately after Christ's visits to the city.

It is not so much matter of regret that we have not the physical picture of Jerusalem of that day, as we have from

the Gospels and from many other writings of these times good glimpses of social order there, and of men's habits of life. All this recent delving into the Talmud and kindred writings, which has taught something even to superficial readers, gives local color for any picture of gospel times. And all the photography in the world would never help us to any knowledge of Jerusalem as it was then, — though we had perspectives of Herod's temple, and elevations by Herod's architects, — unless we could make real the moral perspective and moral elevations of the city. In an admirable paper by Mr. Francis Tiffany, he compares this city, the head of ecclesiastical machinery, with such a manufacturing place as Lowell or Holyoke: "Imagine all the mills in Lowell one vast corporation temple: the bulk of the operatives in it priests and temple servants; the fabrics turned out creeds, treatises, or disputations; the tenement owners dependent on pilgrims for their lodgers; the neighboring farmers finding the market for their wood, cattle, and oil in selling them for the sacrifices, or for the maintenance of those performing the sacrifices, — do all this, and you have a rough but palpable working idea of Jerusalem."

As Jesus Christ sees Jerusalem, on his first visit there, after his baptism, it is a city of about one hundred and twenty thousand people, which would not exist but for the temple service and those whom the temple calls there. But as the temple and the temple service do call, three times a year, so large a multitude of visitors that they are counted more than a million by intelligent men, a prosperous city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants exists there. Herod's erection of the magnificent temple has called together artisans who are still at work upon it. In the Saviour's time a special prosperity, caused more by such expenditures than by any other causes we know of,

has added a new suburb to the old city, which has grown up outside its walls. This "Jerusalem new town" takes the name of Bezetha. The Romans have assumed the direct government of the place, having deposed Archelaus, the last native ruler, for very good reasons, and in all the visits which Jesus Christ makes to the city in his manhood Pontius Pilate is the procurator. As all the world knows, Pilate is personally present in Jerusalem on the occasion of the last of these visits. He has a legion of Roman soldiers, more or less, with which to keep his whole province in order. He has an official residence in Jerusalem. But it seems as if he and all the Roman governors preferred in general to live at Cesarea. This was a purely Roman city, rather more than fifty miles away, where they were on the sea-board and in comparatively easy communication with Rome. At Jerusalem all their surroundings were foreign, not to say hostile. While the Roman commander was governor in name, an aristocracy of priests maintained with inflexible severity the traditions of old times. And a republican general in New Orleans in the heat of the war, or in Charleston the week after its capture by the Union forces, was not in more unsympathetic surroundings than was Pilate, with his cohorts around him, in Jerusalem.

But the Jewish people is not all of one type. Nor are Jews in Jerusalem here all of one type. Take the throng of work-people, who have been at work — they and their fathers — for forty-six years building up the temple: they are very different people from Levites and priests, — from officials, whether at the top or bottom, who carry on the machinery of daily service in this temple and its courts. And either set is different from Jews of Galilee, — country cousins, indeed, — who come in upon them at either of the festivals for which Jerusalem and its magnificence exist. The difference

between a Parisian and his visitor from Normandy or Gascony, or the difference between a Londoner and his visitor from Lancashire or Yorkshire, have often been made the themes of comedies, — very funny, and relished, perhaps, by all parties. In neither case is the difference wider than the difference between the Jew of Jerusalem and the olive dresser or fisherman from Galilee.

Yet Jerusalem was glad to have the multitude of such rural visitors as those whom the festival of Passover brought them every year in the spring-time. In our own day there is still just a hint of that arrival, because the pathetic associations with Good Friday and Easter so often bring the Christian pilgrims of to-day to Jerusalem, at the end of March or in the beginning of April. And the travelers who are there at just that season, and at no other, do not echo the frequent complaint of the desolation of the country around the city. That is the period of the short spring-time of Palestine. The ground is green for a few short weeks, and glowing with the brilliancy of spring flowers, which make a living carpet of the sward. The heat of sudden summer dries up such vegetation only too soon, and these same hills are then white, arid, and desolate.

The season was in old times so much more forward than ours is that there was no hardship in tent-life for a few days, even in March or April; and when hundreds of thousands of Jews — called together partly for festival enjoyment, partly by religious obligation — met for a week, meaning to render daily service at the temple, there was no shelter for them in house or shed, and they were forced to spread the tents which they had brought with them all over the neighboring hills. Jesus is not the only visitor to the city who, when the night-fall comes, goes out from its gates to spend the night with friends who live outside the walls.

It is impossible for us to think of Jesus of Nazareth as coming to Jerusalem, at what we call the first Passover, with little or no external consideration. But, in truth, there are as yet no twelve apostles; there is no crowd shouting "Hosanna!" A few personal friends who love and who wonder, — these at most are all. There is no record saying who they were. But as all the disciples as yet spoken of who had shown any sort of interest in him were but five, we naturally imagine that the disciples who were then with him in Jerusalem were a part of that number, — of whom we know the names of Andrew, Peter, Philip, and Nathanael. The fifth is perhaps John the Evangelist, from whose Gospel we have the names of the other four. It is without any state, among officials who know as little of him as of any other traveler from Nazareth or from Capernaum, that Jesus enters the temple courts, as hundreds of thousands of others do.

All that he ever says or does in Jerusalem from this moment until his death bears such a stamp of what may be called intensity, or dignity, or even severity, so distinct from the simplicity or spontaneous light-heartedness of Galilee and his life there, that the few critics who bring any tenderness of feeling with them to their estimate of his life try some explanation of it. Thus M. Renan says that the scorn with which the city Jews regarded the Galileans always pained Jesus; also, that the "dryness" of Nature herself — brooks without water, and dry and stony soil — would add to his displeasure. Most of all, he says — and here every one will agree with him — that the utter worldliness of the temple service, where men who ought to have been the spiritual leaders of a nation were fairly at work on the most carnal things in the most brutal fashion, disgusted him. In his constant vein of humor, M. Renan says that the sextons in the temple evinced

that irreverence which seems to be the besetting danger of sects in all communions in all times. As for study of the word of God,—that was perhaps worse than chaffering over the price of a dove, or cutting out from the sacrifice the share for the dinner of a priest's family. Here Jesus comes down, from his lovely mountains and his sympathetic friends: comes this time from his vision of an open heaven and the soaring dove; from desert communion with himself, from all temptations of hell, and all good angels of heaven; comes to the head-quarters of the faith of Israel and her life, to proclaim a present God,—God here and God now. He will enlist the leaders of Israel in the proclamation of these glad tidings; and he finds that the best scholarship of a Jewish doctor is the weakest splitting of hairs. And this splitting of hairs has bred the most preposterous conceit. The whole is as destitute of moral elevation as are the tricks of a medicine-man among the Apaches. These are the men of learning. And the men of religion, the officers of worship, are squabbling about the price of this sheep or that ox, or are scolding this or that worshiper because he does not hurry up his beasts fast enough to the butcher. Here is reason enough for any depression in the young Nazarene's spirits or any severity in his language, without our inquiring whether there were more or less water in the beds of the brooks, or more or less soil on the stones of the orchards. And this depression of spirits and this severity of language are to be borne in mind as we read his ejaculation when he enters the great court-yard which surrounds the temple:—

"Take these things hence. Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

With the natural feeling that they looked on him then as we do now, we imagine this scene, and the artists represent it, as if the whole throng in these

temple courts—where, in their eighteen acres, hundreds of thousands of people were sacrificing, were buying and selling, or were staring—all were hushed in astonishment, and witnessed the act of indignation as if it were indeed a token of divine wrath thundered from heaven against these tradesmen. But this is, again, to transfer the impression which centuries have been receiving regarding Jesus of Nazareth, to the everyday people around him when he came in as a stranger. The more natural conception of the scene at this feast—as something like it took place at another Passover—is to suppose that he chose to assert his prophetic character in some visible, concrete act, which might stand like the old prophetic symbols. These hucksters who had found their way inside the gates knew they did not belong there. They recognized his divine wrath, and they felt, as every one always felt, the power of his person. It needed no personal violence on them or theirs. When he bade them go, they went; he needed his scourge of small cords only as a sign of authority. This, too, it is important to observe: that he was not yet in the position of a reformer who is overthrowing sacrifice or offering. He commands thus far the respect and even the gratitude of the purists among his own people. They, if they dared, would have turned out these traders before. And now that one appears who certainly speaks as if he has authority, even if he wear the costume and speak with the accent of the hill country, they are not sorry that he says what he says and does what he does. The more pharisaic a man was, the more sure he would be to say, "This was a nuisance; and what the young man does should have been done before." Wholly outside Scripture, in authorities which are quite full regarding the tone of feeling of the time, we have evidence that there would be thus much sympathy with his indignation.

One of the senators, as we should say, is the person to show this sympathy in history; that is, it is one of the seventy men in highest official position in the country. And when he introduces himself to this young protestant from Galilee, the contrast between them is as if a member of the House of Lords — say one of the Bench of Bishops — should be attracted in the streets of London to-day by some audacious protest of a countryman of the "Salvation Army" against the greed or cant of London, and should hunt up the young man's address, and should drive down in his carriage to talk to him. It is like it, only to-day the bishop and the hedge-row preacher would both be remembering the time when the Master of both was the hedge-row preacher who received the call.

The importance of the occasion, to any one unfolding the successive steps of Christ's plan, is that here was the only faint flicker of success which attended any of these visits to Jerusalem. Jesus went there because it was his duty to go. He had to give these men their chance. He gave them the refusal of the apostleship of the world. All prophecy said that Israel was to be redeemed. He sees that she is to be redeemed. He sees how, and he sees that now is the time. "God is here," is the word of redemption. Why should not Israel's leaders utter it? Why should not her leaders lead? Why should they not take up this gospel, "God is here, God is now"? Why not? He will try. So he goes to Jerusalem, walks into the temple court, and avows by a visible sign his authority. And in reply there comes this ruler, who says, "Master, you have come from God. Nobody can show these signs which we have seen you show in the temple, un-

less God be with him." In that civil speech is the first flicker of success of the visit to Jerusalem.¹

When the preacher from the hill country replies to the courteous senator he shows native authority by signs more imposing. There is perfect courtesy on his side. But there is no shadow of deference to that self-satisfaction, so often bred by book-learning, and which, in that case at least, was so constant an attribute of the governing power. Jesus is young, and this man must be twice his age. Jesus is a carpenter; this man is a ruler. Jesus has been in no school of the prophets; this man has the learning of the schools. Jesus is a Nazarene; this man has all the elegance of the nobility. And yet Jesus speaks to him exactly as he would speak to fishermen by the Sea of Galilee. There is that grave severity which belongs always to his life in Jerusalem. But nothing else is changed. It is in the even tone of an elder brother speaking to a younger. There is perfect kindness, and readiness to explain. There is transparent simplicity, and yet conscious dignity.

Most remarkable of all, there is the demand of complete allegiance to the cause. All or nothing! With two or three personal followers, he has come to see whether doctors and priests care to take hold with him. And in the first interview he claims the whole from them. He does not want any honorary members, though they come from the aristocracy; any members to be named on the lists, but who do not expect to be called on for duty. He wants no irregular troops, — here to-day and there to-morrow. He asks for all or nothing. "If you wish to take hold with me, you must become as a little child. You must be born again. If you do not be-

they are the visible protests which the new prophet had made in the temple. But when the old version read, "No man can do these *miracles*," we looked back for "miracle," and there was no miracle. Sign there was, and sign very intelligible.

¹ Here is one instance, out of thousands, where the Revised Version makes sense, where before was little or none. Nicodemus's words are, "No man can do these signs, unless God be with him." What are the signs? We look back, and see that

come as a little child, if you are not born again, why, you will not see the kingdom of God; far less will you ever stand within its portals."

Well, most people could tell us what reply those men would make to such a statement as that. Indeed, it was comparatively easy for fishermen by the Sea of Galilee to give up their past and take lot with the Nazarene carpenter; certainly much easier than for this gentlemanly Nicodemus, of whom the world has said and thought hard things because he hesitated. He had worked his way quite up the ladder. He had succeeded where so many had failed. He had burned midnight oil over these books of Rabbinical puzzles which we call "fol-de-rol." He had waited in antechambers till the time at last had come when he might make others wait there. He had waited obsequious till it was his turn to make others wait. For him, then, this was very hard doctrine, which said that he must give all this up and be born over again. And it is no wonder that he hesitates. "Do you really mean, my young friend, that our Jewish state, preserved by miracle for so many hundreds of years, is to give up all the prestige of age and discipline? Do you really suppose that I, who am talking with you, shall give up my position and my weight in this community to take my chances with a carpenter from Galilee? Do you really suppose that I, who have become what you see me by and after the toil of thirty years, am to lay down all that I have learned and all that I have gained, to begin at the beginning, as this handsome young fisher boy you have brought along with you seems to do?"

That is a free translation, into more words, of the ejaculation of his surprise, "We be born again?"

And Jesus Christ told him that that was just what he did mean. If any man supposed that senatorial rank helped him into the kingdom of heaven,

he was mistaken. If he supposed length of years helped him, he was mistaken. If he supposed Rabbinical learning helped him, he was mistaken. The pure in heart see God. A little child, new born, because of his purity, may see God. And if senator, or gray-haired man, or learned doctor wants to see him, he must try the same means. He must become as a little child. He must be born again.

Nicodemus went away. And, after a little, Jesus of Nazareth went back to Galilee. That is the end of his first effort in the mission which opened for him at the river Jordan.

As the world counts failure and success, it was absolute failure.

NOTE. I understand very well that this is not the place for critical discussion of the value of the authorities used in the narrative I have given. But as a considerable section of critics, whose opinion is important, regard the Fourth Gospel as valuable for its moral instructions, but not as the historical statement of facts made by an eye-witness, it is but fair that, though with the utmost brevity, I should recognize that opinion of theirs, and state the ground which I take, even in papers as familiar as these are. I have no intention of going into the delicate historical argument, recently handled so admirably by Professor Abbot. I have simply to say what I believe would be admitted readily in the case of any biography, not of such transcendent importance. We have four authorities which have been recognized as authorities till the present generation. Of three of them it is admitted on all hands that their origin is as early as the century in which Christ died, — that they were written while men lived who saw him. Of the fourth, the Gospel of John, it is admitted on all hands that it was written later than these three. The question raised has been whether it were written by the disciple John, who

was a young man when Jesus was thirty years old, — written in his extreme old age, as the church has always held, — or whether it were written as late as the year 150, in which case it is not the narrative of an eye-witness. That question I do not discuss. But I do say that some such narrative is necessary for the intelligible reading of the other three Gospels. If we had only those three Gospels, we should know that before the time they speak of Jesus had visited Jerusalem often, — “How often would I have gathered thy children!” — and that Jerusalem would not receive him. We should know that the authorities in the temple knew him, and hated him. Of the reason why and of the detail of those earlier visits we should

know nothing; for the first three Gospels begin with Galilee and its successes. To readers seeking just that information, the fourth Gospel supplies it; and whether it were written by the hand of the aged John, or by people who wrote or collected what he had said or written, it supplies the gap just as well. With such an authority in any other biography men would be satisfied. Such is just a hint of the reason which makes a critic as fearless as M. Renan say of this Gospel that, while it does not show “how Jesus spoke,” it is “superior to the other three Gospels in all that touches the order of facts.” He urges this at length in the appendix to the *Vie de Jésus*, in the thirteenth and subsequent editions.

Edward E. Hale.

AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace —
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
 Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
 And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
 The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find, at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
 The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMONG THE SKY LINES.

It would seem, perhaps, that to people living six thousand feet up in the air, a mile or so farther up would not be a matter of much moment or interest. Not so. The most passionate climbers and lovers of mountains are mountain-dwellers. Only they know the mystic lure a peak just out of reach can be; or the haunting, insatiate desire which takes possession of one, gazing, day after day, from heights already won to heights unattained, but near.

When a road was opened from the town of Colorado Springs across Cheyenne Mountain, the southern bulwark and ending of the grand range lying west of the town, it was an event of distinct personal interest to every soul in the village. The fact that the road was part of a contemplated route, shorter and better, to Cañon City entered not at all into most people's interest outside of the corporation which had been deluded into building it. That it was a way of getting "up on Cheyenne" was the main thing to everybody.

People who had never suspected themselves of a longing to be on the mountain suddenly became restless to try the "new road," and for a long time not the least of the interests in driving over the road was the watching what diverse sorts of people were drawn thither by the resistless magnet of the sky.

Laboring men, of a Sunday, their young sons trudging along with them, carrying a tin lunch-pail, perhaps, or a bunch of scarlet pentstemons for the tired mother in the little house below; fine ladies, lolling back in barouches, "summer boarders" from the hotels of Manitou; hunters, with guns and knapsacks; camping parties, with wagons packed so full of tents, rifles, stove, and stores that the campers must walk and ride in tie; tramps in rags, with a stick and a bundle, going, nobody, least of all themselves, could tell where or for what; prospectors, tramps also, but with visages unlike those of the common, aimless vagabond. Keen, intent, analytic, is the face of the Rocky Mountain "prospector." To the instincts and training of the hunter he adds the patience and the habit of the alchemist; his faith, also, and a touch of his mysticism, and, after a time, the complacent serenity of the hermit. I knew of one such, who tramped and slept on Cheyenne Mountain for years. I never saw him, but I envied him. He is gone now, doubtless, to some remoter, higher mountain. I often see deserted "mine-holes" that he dug; and there are several springs, near which I knew of his dwelling for short seasons. I never drink at them without drinking to his health.

All this was in the old days of the

"new road." New things crowd new close and fast in the opened wilderness, and the very words "old" and "new" lose significance from shifting and interchanging with each other so perpetually. Our "new road" up Cheyenne Mountain is five years old. That is very old, — as old as forty for a woman, or eighteen for a young man.

Last summer, however, the old new road renewed its youth, and lived afresh in the interest of the people, by an expedient very simple and a process very natural, — as simple and natural as a grandchild or a wedding.

A mile higher up than Colorado Springs, quite out of sight, — in fact, not even indicated by a break or a dip in the mountain's front, as seen from the town, — is a vast basin, where, in the days of those prehistoric poets, the pterodactyls, there must have been a mighty mountain-locked sea. Pike's Peak had its feet in it, and a half score more of grand peaks, from ten to twelve thousand feet high. Gradually part of it filtered and sank; made its way to the plains in two or three beautiful little streams; and what was left of it broke up into a chain or group of seven lakes, separated by belts and circles of grass-bearing, flower-bearing meadow.

Hunters have known the spot for many years; a cross-trail to it was made years ago from the Pike's Peak trail, so that the strong and adventurous, who can sit a whole day on the back of a horse which is dancing on his hind legs and pawing the air with his fore legs, — this is as animate a description of what it is like to go up steep "trails" on horseback as I can give, — have been able to see the Seven Lakes. But a spot that can be reached only in this method cannot be properly said to be accessible; and, spite of the cross-trail, these beautiful lakes remained, summer after summer, almost an *incognita aqua* to the thirsty people living on the parched plain, only a mile below; that

is, only a mile below as the plummet flies, — nearly twenty by the trail.

Four or five years ago two of the hunters who first discovered the place built there a log house, two stories high, and with fourteen rooms, — an uncommon height and size for a log house. The log house, however, was only the tangible token of an air-castle much bigger and higher than itself. Loving the spot as only hunters could, and knowing all its beauty and fascination as only hunters can, they had wild dreams that merely by sheltering and feeding people who came up there they could lure them into staying a long time. They had still wilder dreams of stocking the lakes with fish, cutting bridle-paths to the tops of all the high peaks, keeping donkeys, guides, and all sorts of hunting equipments, and so making a "summer resort" of the place. Of course, they failed miserably. To build even a log house where every pound of nails must be brought twenty miles by horse or mule, a twenty miles' steady climb, is dear work. The poor fellows had to give up, with a good deal less than their "labor for their pains," and their log house came into the hands of a strange man, — a man who, if he had been born a Moham-medan, would, no doubt, have been a sacred dervish, and roamed from city to city and desert to desert, preaching by the wayside. I never see him on our streets without thinking how quick a bronzed skin, a green turban, and a flowing robe could transform him into the semblance of an ideal dervish of the higher order. But, having been born an American, he drifted into some out-of-the-way beliefs of the spiritualistic order, and also into a kind of semi-medical, semi-religious practice among the sick; never taking fees, and, I believe, rating the laying on of hands, after the old Apostolic fashion, as of more value, in most cases, than anything set down in the *materia medica*. He has wan-

dered nearly around the globe, walked over the greater part of Palestine, and finally, in a pause of the currents of his strange life, has come to a halt in Colorado, — finding in the scenery there a greater resemblance to the natural features of the Holy Land than he has seen anywhere else in the world. His wife — whom, though he is a man long past sixty, he married only a few years ago — is a person of as exceptional characteristics as his own, and as peculiar in attire and speech. She has, however, made some study of the science of medicine through regular channels, and her type of unworldliness is a shade more worldly than his; but they seem a singularly well-matched and mated pair, and the wilderness is their natural habitat. Together they stride up, down, and across the mountains in midwinter, day or night, without fatigue or alarm. The old man times himself on his quick runs down to the town, and exults in their marvelous record, not so much as a token of his own remarkable vigor as a token of how the human body was meant to last, strong and vigorous, for a hundred years, he says; and he bids fair to do all one man can towards proving it, since few men of forty can equal him to-day.

It was in one of their long tramps together that he and his wife struck out a pathway from their house on the Seven Lakes to the old “new road” on Cheyenne Mountain; by it they have been in the habit of coming and going, for pleasure, ever since. It was a twenty miles’ walk as against a fifteen; but that odds would never enter into their reckoning, one way or the other. It was thus that the idea of the grandchild of our old new road started. A wagon-road once made through this eight miles’ labyrinth of beautiful parks and grand peaks, by which the doctor and his wife went up and down, people might drive comfortably to the very lakes, and the original intent of the inn on the shores

still be realized. How much the idea of possible profit to come from such inn-keeping may have had to do with the project is neither here nor there in our satisfaction in the result.

The doctor and his wife are not beholden to any inn-keeping for bare support; for he has always had money in a moderate way, and might have grown rich, like many of his neighbors, I dare say, if he had not had such an unworldly habit of helping men poorer than himself, by easy loans or outright gifts. This is matter of common knowledge in the region, and is one among the strongest reasons in the minds of that money-getting, money-begetting community for holding the old man to be not quite sound of intellect. I fancy that upon another showing and a different standard he might, on this very ground, be adjudged to be one of the few sane men in the State. But this, also, is neither here nor there in the story of the road. It was no doubt part of their plan to make money by lodging and feeding people in their house; and the wife has a more extended scheme of setting up a “milk cure” there, like those which have had such success and fame in Switzerland. There is sweet pasturage in abundance on the lower slopes of the surrounding mountains, and something might come of such a project in other and more conventional hands than hers.

The rumors of the completion of this road outran the speed of the workers on it. Again and again we heard that it was open, only to hear again that it was not. By every fresh delay impatience gained and anticipation heightened, until, finally, it was with a certain unjustified sense of personal triumph that, one early September morning, we set off, sure at last of being able to drive all the way to the lakes; eleven thousand five hundred feet above sea level.

Our old new road winds and unwinds in lasso loops on the ridges and around the ravines of the north side of Che-

yenne Mountain. We have summered and wintered it till we know it so well that no railroad-tie man can cut down one fir-tree in sight of the road without our missing it; and we perceive if a single purple clematis patch comes to grief between one summer and another.

Ten or twelve miles we have thus known for years; and once, on a memorable summer day, we pushed still farther on, by a track faintly worn, in some places hardly that, as far as wheels could go, — down the western slopes of the mountain, into a succession of wooded basins and spurs and spaces of meadow, like breathing-holes for the hurrying streams. Here, in one of these meadow bits, the road flickered out and disappeared in tumbled grass.

When I heard of the new road across to the Seven Lakes, I at once recalled this spot, and fancied it must be there that the Seven Lakes road came in; that ending seemed so fit beginning for a charmed way to a charmed spot. But when we reached the place, we found the wild meadow wild meadow no longer. Camp-fires had smirched its fair green on either side, and a scare-crow, the freak of some vagabond, stood in it. Why any one had seen fit to cast away so seemingly decent a coat, hat, and trousers there is no knowing; but there they were, hung conspicuously, stuffed out into the semblance of a man, and bearing a rough label, "Bound for Pike's Peak, or Bust." One felt an impulse to burn the thing down. It seemed such insolent affront to the solitude. The road, which I recollected as a flickering grassy trail at this point, was now travel-worn and dusty, and led on still westward, still up and down, over ridges and through basins; wilder and wilder, however. The stream was choked by boulders, and tangles of fallen trees made layers upon layers of drifting lattice-work across it; the forests were darker and thicker; bare summits of stone and disintegrated rock stood out fierce against

the sky. At last, from the top of a long spur, which was all a-flutter with yellow aspens, we looked down into a little valley, laid like a mat between the mountain ridges: it was a mosaic of exquisite colors, brown, green, and that richest of all yellows, soft, yet bright, which painters know as "Indian yellow." Four separate mountain peaks walled the valley to south and west: one, bare, stony, gray, and red; the next one, green, flecked with blazing yellow in great spaces where pines had burned down and aspens come in; the next one, bare and stony; the fourth, a solid wall of fir forest to within a thousand feet of the top; there, crowned with huge masses of many-colored rock, looking like ruins of a colossal temple. A rude gate of twisted saplings set across the road here is the only token of man's presence or possession. It is a fair enough spot to attract owners of herds. As we followed the grassy trail we passed one patch of blackened, frost-bitten potatoes; a most melancholy, blighted, lost-looking little stray of a field. On the other side of the valley the road begins again, this time in earnest. The west wall is a Gibraltar; the loops and turns of the road upon it look, from below, mere vertical lines. No horses could draw a loaded carriage up them; it is all they can do to take up the empty carriage itself; driver and all must walk. In the rarefied air at this altitude, one's heart becomes an alarming pedometer; at each step of the climb, it beats harder and quicker. When we reached the crest of this wall, by a simultaneous impulse we began to count pulses. From a hundred and thirty to a hundred and forty they ranged. Another valley and another wall; this time so high up that, as we looked back and off, through vistas of the forest, there was only sky for background down to the very bottom of the nearest trees. Sky lines of myriads of summits, in drawing massive, yet clear

cut, were all around us; through openings to the west were glimpses of the peaks of the main range, glittering in their eternal snow. From thousands of feet below us, to the north, there stole up shining glints and gleams of the water of the Seven Lakes. We were on the top of the south wall of their basin. Descending by zigzags through a dense forest, one gets, at turns of the fragrant fir-walled tunnel, sudden sparkles of bright water; such as one gets driving fast across a wide river on a covered bridge with windows in it at intervals.

We came out on the shore of the largest lake, just as sunset reds and yellows, streaming across the zenith sky, were reflected in its surface, — the only way this lake ever knows sunsets, translated and handed down to it by skies. The sole motion in the scene was a comical, slow-moving group just before us: a woman, with a big sketch-book under her arm, sitting with evident uneasiness and alarm on a donkey led by a little girl. The donkey, frightened by the unusual sound of wheels, began to run, and twitched his rope from the girl's hand; the artist screamed, slipped off, and sat down ignominiously on the ground; the donkey flung his heels in the air, and galloped away with a triumphant snort, answered instantly on the opposite shore by a bray from his mate, who came running at full speed to hear the joke. The expression of the two donkeys' faces, as they put their noses together, was irresistible: the first donkey, with one ear cocked back, pointing over his shoulder, so to speak, at his outwitted leader and unseated rider, plodding along on foot in the distance; the second donkey listening with a sly, appreciative, man-of-the-world expression to the story. To have painted the scene and caught the donkeys' looks would have been a fortune to an artist.

The largest of the Seven Lakes is about eighty acres in extent, and lies close up to the southern wall of the

basin. The next one is separated from it by a strip of meadow, only a few feet wide, through which gurgles a tiny rivulet, hidden in lush grasses, — the unseen bond between the two lakes. The others follow in irregular groups, and are of varying sizes in different seasons. It will not be at all out of the natural course of things, in Rocky Mountain parks, if a day comes when there is no lake left of all the seven. But it will not be until long after the memory of the place as it is now has been lost from the earth.

The peaks which make the south wall of the basin are all between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet high. Over such a wall as this moons and suns come late and stealthily, as if they had no right in the place. The slow approaches of moonlight on a full-moon night are wonderful to see. Its first radiance begins on the northernmost peak, while yet all the lakes and the whole basin are wrapped in darkness; it is not a radiance, but a sort of shining dusk, only one shade less dark than the darkness. For hours this creeps slow as a mist, inch by inch, from peak to peak, round by way of the west; then, above the upper line of the south wall, comes a white glow; from this is gradually diffused a silvery sheen over the upper half of the valley. Still no moon; still the larger lakes, at base of the silver-crested south wall, are black. Not until full midnight or past does the first direct beam fall on the water; then it is but a bar, — one narrow, sharp-lined, straight bar of white, — beneath which the water seems to quiver, shot through and through with silver sparkles; then, in a second more, the moon, as if the bar of light had been her silver wand, lifted just in advance of her, compelling surrender of the spot.

Dawn comes over in the same way. Long after day has begun, the lakes lie purple and black and darkest malachite greens; and the shadows of the

mountains do not seem to give place. Not until ten o'clock of the forenoon on the day we left did the full sunlight get in. It came with a rush at the last second; as it swept over us, it seemed strange that it should be soundless, for it passed swift like a wind.

I had a curiosity to know if continued living in so weird and lonely a place wore away the strangeness of it; but I found that to the doctor and his wife there was no loneliness or weirdness in the spot.

"I am tired of civilization; it is so common," said the doctor's wife, in a quiet tone of supreme confidence which gave one a sudden sense of half shame of civilization. "There are no wicked people up here," she continued, in the same low, half-dreamy voice. "When I lived in Colorado Springs, I had to make companions of birds, cats, and dogs. There have been only two wicked people up here all summer."

This dire reflection on the character (and characters) of Colorado Springs stung faintly, — stung us into replying, "But if all the good were to seclude themselves in this manner, in high mountain places, and leave all the wicked people shut up together below, would not the wicked people be likely to grow more wicked? Ought not the good to endure the cross of living with the wicked, for the sake of making them better?"

Our little weapon fell to the ground harmless, all the edge of its satire blunted and turned by the quiet reply in the same low, dreamy voice: "Probably it is because I am wicked myself that I can't bear to be among wicked people."

It seemed she had spent many weeks entirely alone in the place, and proposed to pass a large part of the coming winter there alone, her husband's affairs requiring his absence.

"Are you not afraid?" was our surely not unnatural exclamation.

"What should I be afraid of?" she

replied. "I am never ill. The house is secure."

"But will you never be lonely?" I said.

"Oh, no," in the same placid, low tone. "I shall have plenty of fuel and food laid in, and my books and study. What more could I need?"

The repose and poise of her manner made it seem pusillanimous even to think of needing more; but discussing the matter on the way home, we reverted to a more human way of looking at things, and reassured ourselves enough to take the liberty of bestowing on the contented recluse some pity; at which, no doubt, she would simply have smiled, if she had known it. Going down the heights we had climbed was almost terrifying; surely, only people of the order — if it be not a genus — of the doctor and his wife would ever have laid out such a road. Before it will lure many to their inn, some of its steepest plunges must be done away with.

The day of our going down was one of those days, such as only September knows, when the air fairly shines with flights and flocks of winged seeds. There are no days in the whole year so splendid; and it is in my mind a question whether there are in the whole world any so beautiful things as seed vessels, which are built for scudding before the wind, on high aerial seas. Colorado has a fine navy of them: the clematis, purple and white; the purple anemone, which sets afloat a globe of downy wheel spokes more exquisite than the dandelion's; and the despised "grease wood," a single bush of which will, in its season, launch a million a minute of tiny narrow pinnaces, feathered as fine as an ostrich plume.

But the most splendid show of all is made by the fire-weed, which grows in Colorado four and five feet high. Its stems and seed pods are brilliant red; semi-transparent, too, so that in sunlight slanting across them their color kindles

like wine held up to light. When the pod bursts, and the silver-winged seed first is set partly free, it instantly coils and twists around the stem, as if loath to depart. The lower half of the plant thus becomes tangled and draped with this fine curling silver plumage, rising above which stands the superb columnar red stem set with the narrow red pods. There are many wild clearings where this fire-weed grows solid by the acre; and on a breezy day in September every wind that sweeps across snatches whole fields of these silver plumes, and whirls them aloft, to separate and float, and drift as they may.

We saw on this day, in many a sky "offing," fleets of them, which had almost a preternatural look, as of shoals

of glittering pearl flies, or slow-floating snow, where no snow could be. At sunset, great masses of crimson and gold clouds hovered above the heights where we had been in the morning. Long after these had all faded into gray, there lingered at the highest peak, as if clinging to it, one long narrow thread of crimson. It seemed to float like a banner; and, recalling the weird valley and the weird waters, lying high, dark, and lonely at the foot of this peak, and the tone of voice in which the doctor's wife had asked, "What more could I want?" it seemed natural enough that a cloud should linger and float there, unseen and unknown of the strange recluses, but keeping "colors flying" for them till dark

H. H.

OUR WINTER BIRDS.

AFTER several years' careful observation in Southern New Jersey, I find that winter gives us a phase in the life and character of birds quite unlike that displayed in summer by the same species, yet none the less interesting.

The permanent residents of this latitude which come about our house and grounds are the song sparrow, field sparrow, English sparrow, yellow-bird, pine linnet, bluebird, robin, meadow lark, quail, bluejay, crow, and several species of hawks and owls. The Northern birds which make this section their winter home are the white-throated sparrow, fox sparrow, tree sparrow, chickadee, and the dark slate-colored sparrow, or snow-bird, as it is more usually called. There are also several species restricted to the woods, with which I am unfamiliar.

Most of these birds will become quite tame with a little care on our part, and will soon come to look to us for their

daily food. Especially if the ground is covered with snow, they will learn to become clamorous for their food, even alighting on the window-sills and striking the glass, apparently to attract attention to their wants. In summer the same species are much more shy, so winter gives us a better opportunity to study the habits and dispositions of the various birds which remain with us.

With most species family ties are not broken in winter. Bluebirds, perhaps more so than most of our birds, maintain a strict family relation during the winter, — even while assembling in large flocks. Not only do the partners remain true to each other during their lives, but they continue their care over the young throughout the first fall and winter.

When a pair of bluebirds succeed in rearing three broods in a season, in the autumn these broods unite and stay with the parents, making a little flock of

about fourteen. All the autumn through they keep together, feeding from the same bushes, poke, ampelopsis, and other wild berries, and upon such stray insects as they may find.

The first cold days of December send them to the cedar swamps, where great numbers congregate. Here, too, large flocks of robins keep them company. But each mild day brings the bluebirds from their retreat back to their forgotten home. And there is nothing more fascinating in bird life than to see the frolics of the young birds and the grave demeanor of the parents. The young visit the various houses in which they were reared, sometimes two or three entering at the same time, and all the while keeping up their low sweet twittering, as if conversing.

But in the spring all is changed. The parents tell the young in a very peremptory manner that they must now seek new homes. Sometimes the young are quite persistent about remaining, when the parents at last seem to become exasperated, and drive them fiercely from the premises.

During the summer of 1880, I was particularly interested in a pair of bluebirds which had the misfortune to rear but one brood of three during the season. The young were hatched in a little house fastened to the railing of an upper piazza. They became quite tame, and remained with us until the first week in December. After this I saw them no more until the first day of January, 1881, when, to my surprise, the entire family came to my study window, — a bay window, fronting south, — and perched upon the sill. The mercury stood fifteen degrees below zero on this morning, an unusual temperature for our latitude.

I have found that an intensely cold day will drive both robins and bluebirds from their retreat in the cedars to our homes, as if they hoped for better protection against the cold.

Our little family had accompanied a sorry-looking flock of forty or fifty bluebirds, with ruffled feathers, which had halted in the vineyard near the house on this bitter morning.

By ten o'clock the sun shone brightly against the window glass, and the warm fire within helped to make the window-sill comfortable; and here all five of the birds perched, thus getting the full force of the sun's rays. After basking awhile in the sun, their feathers smoothed down, and they seemed quite bright and happy, and toward noon disappeared with the flock. Several times, on the coldest days, during this severe winter, this little family came to my window in the same manner.

I could mention several other instances which have come under my observation, in proof that the parent bluebirds, with their broods of the previous season, are a united family; but one more will suffice.

The past summer, 1881, a pair of bluebirds occupied a box placed on a projecting part of the cornice, in the rear of the house. After the first brood left the box, the parents soon commenced to tear out the old nest, preparatory for a second family in the same box. The second nest is usually built in some other place, in the vicinity of the first, and here was no lack of empty boxes for them to choose from; but for some reason, known only to themselves, they were determined to occupy the house of their first choice, notwithstanding the bad condition in which it was left.

Seeing their determination, we had the box emptied of its contents, and, as might be expected, found it swarming with vermin. We sprinkled it thoroughly with insect powder, and the birds commenced at once to build.

When the second brood were hatched the English sparrows annoyed the parent bluebirds exceedingly by going to the box and looking in, and one of the sparrows even had the audacity to attempt

to adopt and feed the young bluebirds. What could the parents do? They could not stay and watch the sparrows continuously, for the lusty young were clamorous for food. So these wise birds called together the elder brood, — elder brothers and sisters, whom I had not seen for weeks, — who were by this time as large as the parents, but readily distinguished from them by their curiously mottled breasts, which they wear the first summer. The parents instructed these young ones to keep guard over the house while they were away in search of food, which they did for several days. The house was scarcely left a moment. One or more of the family were almost constantly present, and would dart at the sparrows whenever they made an attempt to come near, until the young left the box; and now, at this present writing, — October, — this happy family are united; both broods, with the parents, eating poke-berries from a large bush which I have allowed to remain expressly for them.

When the ground is covered with snow, the various species of our native sparrows, so full of life and jollity, will doubly repay any lover of birds for the care bestowed upon them.

Last winter I kept a space of ground beneath my study window free from snow, where I scattered coarse Indian meal and millet seed, and this ground soon became a mimic stage for these bright actors. The names of the most noted were *Junco hyemalis*, *Zonotrichia albicollis*, *Spizella monticola*, and *Melospiza melodia*. The names of these actors are known throughout the civilized world. All nations recognize the family name, and often the specific name gives a clew to the character; as *hyemalis*, our winter or snow bird; *monticola*, a dweller in the mountains, where this species spends its summers and rears its young; *melodia*, the sweet songster, or song sparrow.

Junco hyemalis is excellent in dra-

matic performance. Two of these actors meet face to face on the stage, in their dark glossy coats, and each tries to make the other quail before his fixed gaze. Nearer and nearer they come, constantly chattering and bowing, until within a few inches of each other, when they elevate their heads and bodies to a perfectly upright position, and chatter vehemently with wide open mouths. Sometimes one of the actors leaves the stage at this juncture, and the other remains; but generally they both withdraw and have a trial of strength in the air.

And now *Zonotrichia albicollis* comes forward in another act. He is the most gorgeously attired and the largest actor in the drama. The crown of his head is black, bordered with white, and his full muffled throat is pure white, sharply contrasting with the dark ash of his breast. The back of his coat is striped with black, chestnut, and fulvous white. He excels *Junco* in tragi-comic performance. He opens the act with a prolonged musical note, and flattens himself in front of a brother actor, and spreads his tail fan-shaped. Faster and faster come the notes from the two actors, until they are so blended that we can scarcely distinguish one from the other. The birds approach each other squatted to the ground. Their feet have disappeared. When the climax is reached, like *Junco*, they leave the stage in a twinkling.

Usually the actors are of the same species, but occasionally *Junco* and *Zonotrichia* enliven the drama, — each acting his part with his own individual characteristics. *Junco* chatters and bows to *Zonotrichia*, who cowers apparently at his feet, meanwhile entertaining his audience with his long musical notes. And now, while *Junco* is straightened to his utmost height, hurling his rapid invectives, *Zonotrichia* leaps up like a flash, and strikes him in the breast, with sufficient force to hurl him across the stage.

But Junco is not always taken by surprise and kicked from the stage in this inglorious fashion. Although the smaller bird, he is occasionally victorious.

I would not have it understood that these small actors are entirely given to theatricals; there are times when they are quiet and orderly, and seem to be enjoying each other's society.

My favorite among them all is *Spizella monticola*. He comes to us toward the end of October, and remains until April. The crown of his head is a bright chestnut, and upon his shoulders are chestnut epaulets; his breast is a soft ash color with a dark blotch in the centre; the back of his coat is streaked with black, chestnut, and flaxen, and two conspicuous white cross-bars are on his wings. He is the handsomest member of the genus, and considerably larger than the little chipping sparrow (*Spizella socialis*), that is always about our doors in summer, but goes South to winter.

Although *Spizella monticola* flock together in considerable numbers, yet they keep the family relation as strictly as the bluebirds, generally in groups of four or six, which indicates that the parents rear but one brood in a season, or, if more, each brood keeps by itself. The birds comprising these groups do not quarrel, but are so closely attached that one cannot fly away without the others following. The actors in the quarrels and trials of strength are made up of birds from different groups, — strangers trying for the championship. This species does not go through with many preliminaries before the final act. They commence chattering, and clinch at once. Up, up, they go, high in the air, striking, railing at each other as they ascend, until one is victorious.

The English sparrow merits notice, although I must confess he is not a favorite with me. He is not so graceful or beautiful as our indigenous species;

still I do not wish to be unjust toward him. I have uniformly found him to be the least quarrelsome of any bird that comes about the grounds. I have never seen him aggressive toward our own species, even when mixing thickly with them. He usually prefers to remain about the barn and stable, where an abundance of food is scattered for the fowls and pigeons, but occasionally quite a flock comes and mingles with our native species beneath my window, and here I can watch them at my leisure. Our indigenous birds know better than to attack him, for he is stronger and more heavily built than they are.

Only once since my observations commenced have I seen anything like a quarrel between the English sparrow and our native species, and in this instance the aggressor was the champion Junco, who was ruler over his own tribe, and had also whipped many white-throats and song sparrows.

A little group of English sparrows was quietly feeding beneath the window. Junco struts around them, and chatters; but they pay no attention, not even deigning to look at him. Failing in his attempts to elicit any notice, he flits to the window-sill, and looks down upon them. Finally he seems to single out one which has wandered a little apart from the rest, and in a twinkling he strikes him broadside, throwing him off his feet, and then flies several yards away. The English sparrow is on his feet in an instant, slowly turning his head all around in evident amazement, but is soon eating again. Junco does not renew the attack, but mingles with his kind, picking up seeds. The English sparrow, however, has his eye upon him, and now Junco has to keep at a safe distance.

The summer yellow-bird also mixes freely with the various sparrows. This charming little creature looks so different in his plain gray winter coat, which he puts on in September and wears

until April, that it is with difficulty we recognize him, so complete is the transformation. The brilliant yellow and black have disappeared, and only faint tracings of greenish-yellow about the head and throat remain. But he is apparently as happy in his sombre suit, picking up millet, as when more brilliantly attired, and rollicking amid the rounded globes of the dandelion, scattering the airy seeds, and capturing them as they start on their winged course.

Our little gymnast, the titmouse, or black-capped chickadee, must not be forgotten. He is not regarded as migratory, and yet he comes to us each winter, and seems to go northward in the spring. He is the most fearless bird of my acquaintance, frequently eating from my hand, and is almost omnivorous, taking anything that comes in his way, from a bone that we hang on a tree for his tiny lordship to pick, down to a plate of preserved berries which we have placed on the doorstep for the bluebirds. But he is quite exclusive in his society, and does not mingle freely with the other winter birds. The cold Northern snow-storms seem only to increase his jollity; now here, now there, clinging to a bough, head downward, chanting his chick-a-dee-dee. Emerson pictures him to the life in the following lines:—

“When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chic-chicadee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, Good-day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces.
This poet, though he live apart,
Moved by his hospitable heart,
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
To do the honors of his court,
As fits a feathered lord of land;
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,
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Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
Prints his small impress in the snow,
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray.”

When the smaller birds have been driven from the fields and woodlands to our dwellings by the snow, the birds of prey are forced to follow them; so there is scarcely a day but we see various species of hawk or the day owl (*Surnia Hudsonica*) watching their opportunity for a meal. We vainly try to frighten them away; but hunger knows no law, and they are often successful in snatching a bird within a few feet of us.

This owl, *S. Hudsonica*, is less timid and much more persistent than the hawk in following his prey. Often, when I think I have frightened him from the neighborhood, he will noiselessly slip out of an evergreen, and with the coolest audacity take a sparrow in my near vicinity.

Sometimes one drops down from the roof of the house, among the feeding birds beneath my window, and, taking one of these beautiful creatures in his claws, proceeds to the nearest post, and crushes its life out. It is a mercy to my little favorite to let the owl alone after he has secured his prey, for he kills it much more quickly than when disturbed.

At sight of this apparent cruelty in nature comes the impulse to shoot these raptorial birds. But when we think of that other biped, whom it is not lawful to shoot, who often hunts and kills the beautiful denizens of our fields and woodlands, from mere wantonness and sport of the chase, the hawk, or owl, which takes a bird only to appease his hunger, towers above him in moral rectitude. So our gun leans idly against the wall.

Mary Treat.

BEFORE THE CURFEW.

1829-1882.

Not bed-time yet! The night-winds blow,
The stars are out, — full well we know
The nurse is on the stair,
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,
And frozen lips that whisper low,
“Come, children, it is time to go
My peaceful couch to share.”

No years a wakeful heart can tire;
Not bed-time yet! Come, stir the fire
And warm your dear old hands;
Kind mother earth we love so well
Has pleasant stories yet to tell
Before we hear the curfew bell;
Still glow the burning brands.

Not bed-time yet! We long to know
What wonders time has yet to show,
What unborn years shall bring;
What ship the Arctic pole shall reach,
What lessons Science waits to teach,
What sermons there are left to preach,
What poems yet to sing.

What next? we ask; and is it true
The sunshine falls on nothing new,
As Israel's king declared?
Was ocean ploughed with harnessed fire?
Were nations coupled with a wire?
Did Tarshish telegraph to Tyre?
How Hiram would have stared!

And what if Sheba's curious queen,
Who came to see, — and to be seen, —
Or something new to seek,
And swooned, as ladies sometimes do,
At sights that thrilled her through and through,
Had heard, as she was coming to,
A locomotive's shriek,

And seen a rushing railway train
As she looked out along the plain
From David's lofty tower, —
A mile of smoke that blots the sky

And blinds the eagles as they fly
Behind the cars that thunder by
A score of leagues an hour!

See to my *fiat lux* respond
This little slumbering-fire-tipped wand, —
One touch, — it bursts in flame!
Steal me a portrait from the sun, —
One look, — and lo! the picture done!
Are these old tricks, King Solomon,
We lying moderns claim?

Could you have spectroscoped a star?
If both those mothers at your bar,
The cruel and the mild,
The young and tender, old and tough,
Had said, "Divide, — you're right, though rough," —
Did old Judea know enough
To etherize the child?

These births of time our eyes have seen,
With but a few brief years between;
What wonder if the text,
For other ages doubtless true,
For coming years will never do, —
Whereof we all should like a few
If but to see what next.

If such things have been, such may be;
Who would not like to live and see, —
If Heaven may so ordain, —
What waifs undreamed of, yet in store,
The waves that roll forevermore
On life's long beach may cast ashore
From out the mist-clad main?

Will earth to pagan dreams return
To find from misery's painted urn
That all save Hope has flown, —
Of Book and Church and Priest bereft,
The Rock of Ages vainly cleft,
Life's compass gone, its anchor left,
Left, — lost, — in depths unknown?

Shall Faith the trodden path pursue
The *cruz ansata* wearers knew
Who sleep with folded hands,
Where, like a naked, lidless eye,
The staring Nile rolls wondering by
Those mountain slopes that climb the sky
Above the drifting sands?

Or shall a nobler Faith return,
 Its fanes a purer gospel learn,
 With holier anthems ring,
 And teach us that our transient creeds
 Were but the perishable seeds
 Of harvests sown for larger needs
 That ripening years shall bring?

Well, let the present do its best,
 We trust our Maker for the rest,
 As on our way we plod;
 Our souls, full dressed in fleshly suits,
 Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,
 The daisies better than their roots
 Beneath the grassy sod.

Not bed-time yet! the full blown flower
 Of all the year — this evening hour —
 With friendship's flame is bright;
 Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,
 Though fields are brown and woods are bare,
 And many a joy is left to share
 Before we say Good-night!

And when, our cheerful evening past,
 The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,
 Ere on her lap we lie
 In wearied nature's sweet repose,
 At peace with all her waking foes,
 Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,
 Good-night! and not Good-by!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A DIFFICULTY IN HAMLET.

I HAVE looked in vain through the voluminous commentaries upon Hamlet for any satisfactory explanation of a superficial difficulty in the closing scene of the first act. How are we to interpret the sneering flippancy with which Hamlet treats the spirit of his father under circumstances of the deepest solemnity? Several theories respecting the meaning of the play and the sanity of its hero would have little basis, were it not for a misinterpretation of the epi-

thets "boy," "true-penny," "old mole," and others, which Hamlet lavishes upon the ghost. Mr. R. G. White declares it to be a great offense in an actor to omit a line of Shakespeare which portrays character, merely because he considers it inconsistent. Now, these opprobrious utterances certainly portray character in a very decided manner; but, as they have been thought inconsistent with the true conception of the part, they have been, until very recent-

ly, omitted upon the stage. Macready, the most intelligent student of Shakespeare living men have seen, invariably left them out. The elder Booth, Forrest, Anderson, Charlotte Cushman, and other distinguished players, apparently not knowing what to do with them, always cut them from the part. Old attendants upon the Shakespearean drama heard them for the first time in the later representations of Mr. Edwin Booth. But while this admirable actor introduces these expressions of unfilial contempt with considerable effect, he sacrifices his conception of Hamlet in giving them utterance. For, according to the published opinion of Mr. Booth, Hamlet is not mad at all, yet these speeches are given as if coming from a mind totally unhinged, or, as recent psychologists might write it, as representing a convulsion of nerve centres in the last extremity of disorder. Now, even if we admit that the central figure of the drama at last passes the boundary line of responsibility, a plunge into a shocking and offensive perversion of madness at the beginning of his career is equally an offense to art and to nature. For art would never introduce a jar so discordant with the reverence the situation excites, and nature makes no such leaps as this, but passes from health to delusion by very gentle gradations. I desire to suggest what has always seemed to me the explanation of these troublesome speeches. It is an explanation consistent with the sanity and moral responsibility of Hamlet, and one which a good actor would have no difficulty in making obvious to his audience.

It is impossible to understand the drama to which this paper relates unless we dismiss from our minds the ideas of the nineteenth century in relation to the supernatural, and place ourselves in the position from which the Englishman of the Elizabethan era regarded it. To him visitations from other realms of be-

ing were simply facts, — facts as unquestionable as the law of gravitation or the Copernican system seems to us. But concerning the interpretation of these admitted facts, there was a wide difference of opinion. The belief in ghosts was fading out, and the theory of devils who personated the departed was taking its place. This may be called the better opinion of the time. It was held by the reformers, whose active intelligence chafed against the old limits of credence, while evolving ideas which were to be fruitful in wider circles. Now, unless this condition of thought is remembered, the character of Hamlet's perplexities will be misunderstood. For, in spite of evidence which was at first convincing, the doubt whether the spirit he had seen might not have been a devil is continually suggesting itself; at moments it becomes so predominant as to permit the assertion that no traveler has ever returned from the undiscovered country whither mortals tend.

Upon turning to the scene where, after the departure of the ghost, Hamlet is joined by his companions, we find that he has pledged himself to action under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, — circumstances which require on his part the greatest circumspection. Horatio and Marcellus are full of curiosity; but what satisfaction does their curiosity seek? Not, as has been hastily assumed, to partake of any startling revelation that may have been made to Hamlet, — for of the fact of a revelation they know nothing. There was no suspicion of any murder in the case, and (supposing the apparition to be genuine, and to have found the use of voice) there was no reason why they should share any secrets of statecraft which the king might have confided to the prince, or learn the whereabouts of treasure extorted from the womb of earth, with which the father naturally wished to endow his heir. The ghost's *identity* is the important matter upon

which Horatio and Marcellus are eagerly curious. Did this appearance turn out to be a spirit of health, or was it a goblin damned? This was the interesting inquiry to the skeptical Horatio. Let us not forget that this man admitted to the son no more than that he had seen "a figure like your father;" that when the figure was before him he had regarded it first as an "illusion," and, even at its final disappearance, as some materialized demon which might be struck at with the partisan of the guard. It had seemed to him a *usurper* of the fair and warlike form, whose appearance was borrowed, and he was quick to note how it had started "like a guilty thing," upon the crowing of the cock. So far was this cautious man from identifying the ghost with the "goodly king" of his remembrance that he had used force to restrain Hamlet from following this "image" of his father, lest it should presently assume "some other horrible shape," that would unseat reason. Had such a transformation actually occurred? Or could it be possible that Hamlet was convinced that the late king himself had stalked by their watch? These were the questions which his inferiors had, under the circumstances, a right to ask the prince, and upon which their curiosity was naturally intense.

Looking at the text, we find that Hamlet's first impulse is to reveal all that can be told, and gain the support of human sympathy in bearing the burden thrust upon him. But the peril of such a course flashes upon him, and the confession that rises to his lips is changed into a platitude.

Hamlet. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Horatio. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

Or, to expand the meaning, "If this is the amount of your interview, your visitor was a deluding fiend, as I have

more than suspected, and by no means the spirit of your royal father."

Hamlet. Why, right; you are i' the right.

Or, to convey the thought more fully, "My ruse has been successful; you have drawn just the inference from my words which I intended them to convey."

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

The underlying thought here being, "I must break off this interview; for if it is prolonged I may at any moment betray my secret. The circumstances of my position preclude human sympathy; I can lay my burden only at the feet of my Maker."

Horatio. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

So, indeed, they appear to one whom they were designed to mystify, — to one who does not perceive the consistent thought of which they are the partial expression.

Hamlet. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
yes,
Faith, heartily.

Horatio. There's no offence, my lord.

Catching at the word, and stung with the imputation of trifling under circumstances of such solemnity, Hamlet suddenly gives way to an overwhelming impulse, and confesses that the phantom was no illusion of the devil.

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.

But no sooner is the avowal made than its imprudence is realized, and the abrupt declaration follows that no further confidence is to be expected.

For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may.

These lines are sometimes given as if addressed to Marcellus; the confession of the ghost's identity being made to Horatio alone. But they more naturally imply a spasmodic effort to close the bag after the cat has been let out of it. For Hamlet instantly sees how com-

pletely he has placed himself in the power of others. *If the spirit's identity has been acknowledged, what secret remains to be concealed?* King Claudius, upon learning that the ghost of his predecessor has appeared to the prince, will not have the slightest difficulty in divining the errand upon which it came. The strongest measures for self-protection, including the death of Hamlet, must inevitably follow. There is but one course to pursue. Hamlet must exact a solemn oath of secrecy, and then, admitting the truth of the confession into which he had been drawn, trust himself and his cause to the honor of his companions. But before this important oath can be administered the voice of the dead king (heard for the first time by Horatio and Marcellus) rises from beneath. The attention of the watchers is diverted from the ceremony of juratation, now more than ever important. Unhappily, the interruption is in itself a confirmation of the confession which Hamlet had so rashly let fall. There is no time for reflection. Hamlet must act at once. And he adopts that course of action which is perfectly natural when one is mastered by an intense emotion, which must on no account be shown. Serious agitation is often best concealed by feigning a state of feeling directly opposed to it. The agonized mother who discovered her child on the brink of a precipice compelled herself to dance and sing, to allure it from danger. In precisely the same spirit, Hamlet now forces himself to meet the inquiring faces about him.

Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage, —

Consent to swear.

The thought is this: "Infer from my treatment of this matter that this is by no means the august spirit of my father, but only some deluding imp of darkness, with whose tricks I am well acquainted. Do not let this absurd trifle

delay the business we have in hand. He is not worth a thought. Give your attention to me. Consent to swear."

Now, if this explanation of these words of contumely be correct, it follows that their utterance upon the stage should suggest something very different from hysteria or madness. Hamlet had evidently great gifts as an actor. Later in the play we find him declaiming tragical speeches, and giving excellent counsel to professional players. In the desperate urgency of his present position, he essays the art of the light comedian. Gesture, attitude, and stage business, as well as voice and manner, must now contribute to the part of easy nonchalance he has suddenly determined to play. The effort which this determination has cost Hamlet a good actor would indeed make apparent to his audience; but to Horatio and Marcellus the art should be so perfect as to be mistaken for nature. With easy, laughing banter, — such as Charles Surface might use in his dealings with little Premium, — Hamlet now receives the admonitions of the ghost: —

Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

What produced this cry of wonder? Not the fact of a supernatural visitation, for this was an old story, but the astonishing way in which Hamlet took it. Horatio was completely puzzled. Could any mortal be on such free and easy terms with the powers of the air as this man represented himself? The voice then came from no royal ghost, but from some trickish imp, which Hamlet knew all about, and which might be treated with this extraordinary levity!

Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome;

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

The last two lines are usually delivered

in tones of subdued reverence, such as Professor Tyndall might use in airing his rhetoric about the vastness of the Unknowable. But, considered with the context, quite another expression should be given to them. For the clear-headed Horatio never could have held any philosophy which disputed the unfathomableness of the unseen universe; his marvel was that Hamlet should have possessed himself of such concrete particulars concerning it as his words seemed to imply. It is as if Hamlet had said, "You are surprised at my jesting with these shadows? Why, they are worth no better treatment. You would laugh at them as I do, if you knew as much about them. There are more things — more trivial and contemptible things — in heaven and earth than your grave philosophy suspects!" The remark belongs to the part of careless unconcern which Hamlet is attempting to act. It should be given very much as Prince Hal might rally Falstaff for his cowardice.

Hamlet's manœuvre is successful. He has diverted the attention of his companions from the ghost, and has fixed it upon himself. He has gained time to specify, minutely and in detail, just what this important oath must cover: —

But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, —
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on, —
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know," or, "We could, an
if we would,"
Or, "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if
they might,"
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

The oath is now administered with all proper solemnity. After it has been duly taken, the voice of the ghost is again audible: —

Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!
It is the custom of the stage to put

into these words whatever of reverence and tenderness the actor can express. This is well, but something more is wanted. For the actor should make it plain that Hamlet's words are indirectly addressed to the living, and carry a full confession to friends who have now entitled themselves to his confidence. It is as if he had said, "I now throw off these attempts at concealment which prudence nerved me to make while you were unsworn to secrecy. The voice you hear is indeed that of my father. Join with me in praying for his repose." All this may be suggested by suitable stage business before the aspiration for the spirit's rest is spoken.

With exquisite courtesy, Hamlet now pledges himself to reciprocate the good will of his confidants, giving them assurance that no expression of his love shall be wanting. He may now hint at the terrible disorder in the state and family with which the ghost has acquainted him. At length he may find relief in utterance, as he sinks under the burden which has been thrust upon him: —

The time is out of joint; — O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

I shall never forget the pathos and despair which Macready used to put into this confession. It was a cry of incompetence, which struck the key-note of the tragedy. The tension of assuming a part to deceive others is over, and Hamlet collapses before the awful responsibility that confronts him. When, after a time, he recovers his self-possession, Horatio is about to speak. But words are useless, for there is now only question of a deed. Hamlet signifies this by a gesture, and adds a monosyllable which imposes silence. Then, slowly and with effort, he gives the signal for departure, as one who goes forward to meet a future from which his whole nature is repelled: —

Nay! Come, let's go together.

The view above given is consonant

with that stage tradition of Hamlet — faintly traceable to the time of Shakespeare — which makes him a responsible human being, instead of the candidate for Bedlam which certain medical gentlemen have professed to discover. For if Dr. Conolly was right in supposing that the revolting epithets lavished upon the ghost show “a madman’s perversity,” or if Dr. Ray reasoned well in finding that they exhibited “the wanderings of a mind reeling under the first strokes of disease,” then undoubtedly the interesting character which the sane world has found full of instruction and warning becomes little more than a sort of clinical demonstration for a handful of specialists. That the wavering will of Hamlet implies a substratum of morbid emotion, no one will deny. In the fifth act of the play we are shown how perilously near the verge of mania — if, indeed, it be not passed — a man may come who persistently avoids action, and lets feeling loose to carry him where it

will. We may agree with Coleridge that Hamlet’s wildness is but half false, and that he is sometimes very near being the character he would act. But this is very different from supposing that Shakespeare could mar the majestic and tender opening of his noblest tragedy with the repulsive exhibition of irresponsible lunacy.

The Elizabethan drama was, first of all, written for the stage, and the interpretation of the theatre is necessary to educe its full significance. In the case just considered, the actor must supply the links to connect the condensed speeches of the dramatist in order to exhibit his meaning in logical coherence. The text gives scope to the most delicate powers of the performer, and provides a strong situation capable of the most effective theatrical handling, — a situation worthy of that matchless playwright of the Globe Theatre, who does not forget his bread-winning business to become the poet of humanity.

J. P. Quincy.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Most people would shake their heads dubiously over a statement that the country appears to be on the eve of a dissolution and recrystallization of parties. He who should make it would be told that ever since 1872 there had been prophets by the score foretelling just such a change, and that nothing had come of their predictions. Nevertheless, there now exist stronger reasons than ever for believing that the change is fast approaching. Perhaps these reasons are not conclusive, but there surely can be no harm in giving them a fair consideration.

A reorganization of parties does not necessarily imply the adoption of new names. Names are often more persist-

ent than ideas. In the domain of political action, especially, they survive the principles and purposes they typify in their origin, and are easily adapted to new conditions of party strife. The names “democratic” and “republican” have each done service for a multitude of varied and sometimes conflicting issues, and as they are good general terms, of no particular meaning that any believer in a representative form of government can object to, they may last for generations longer. But the signs of the times plainly indicate that if they are not abandoned they will soon cease to represent the old questions and elements which they have designated in recent years.

Let us see what these signs are. One of the most conspicuous is the fact that an annual message of a president goes to Congress, for the first time in a quarter of a century, in which there is no reference to the South as a political entity, or even as a geographical section. This is of great significance. The South, its institutions, behavior, and designs, has been the pivot of national politics ever since the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. Even as late as the presidential campaign of 1880 one of the great parties made its most effectual appeal to the patriotism of the voters on the ground that the South was solid in support of the opposing party. Now the official chief of the very party which obtained another four years' lease of power on that argument finds nothing in the attitude of the people of that section to call for even a passing remark. But this is not all. The omission of President Arthur to discuss Southern politics might be said to be accidental or a deep stroke of policy. But Congress has been in session for many weeks, and neither in the debates nor in the measures introduced can we find any trace of a Southern question. Apparently, the South does not need legislation, even in the opinion of the most radical of the republican members, nor is any occasion found for discussing her affairs. Thus the central question which has divided parties since the war closed appears to have faded out of sight.

Yet the progressive changes in Southern opinion were never more marked than now. These changes, however, are all in the direction of obliterating old party lines. The strong argument of the republicans in the North has been that by a system of intolerance, fraud, and violence the Southern States were kept in the political control of the democrats. Only one party was permitted to have any potency in the election of public officers and the settlement of public questions. Now the result of the

spirited canvass in Virginia last autumn shows that the one-party epoch is passing away. Ardent and healthful opposition to democratic ascendancy is developing in the whole region between the Potomac and the Rio Grande, seizing upon one local issue in one State and another in another, but always fighting the old order of things. In Virginia the new movement seeks to scale down the interest on the state debt; in Tennessee it advocates full payment; in South Carolina it makes a grievance out of a law prohibiting cattle from running at large; in North Carolina it wants a tax on liquor-selling; in Texas it talks of greenbacks. All these issues are temporary and to some extent subterfuges, thinly covering the impulse to new organizations which many men are reluctant to avow at the outset. Below the local questions, apparently paramount, is everywhere the desire for freedom of political action, for broader views, for better educational systems, and for more liberal and progressive legislation.

All this is very encouraging. The republicans will say it is just what they have long been seeking to bring about. They have the right to rejoice over it, but they may well pause and ask themselves, "What is it going to do to our party as a national organization?" What grip will they have on the masses of the voters who have so long followed their standards, when they shall be forced to say that matters are going on well at the South? What will be the unifying idea to hold the party together when equal citizenship and fair suffrage are secured by the action of the Southern people themselves? So far as the dignity and perpetuity of the Union are concerned, the South is now as patriotic as the North. A foreign war would, beyond a doubt, rally under the national banner as many volunteers from the South, in proportion to the arms-bearing white population, as from the North.

Respect for the cardinal principles of the new Union — equal rights for all citizens, and the supremacy of national over state authority — is now asserting itself in the once rebellious States, as all far-sighted men long ago predicted, in the local political conflicts and in the growth of sound opinion, after pressure from the North had failed to develop it.

If the republicans are losing their cohesive force as a party by the progress of the South, the democrats are no better off. They have kept their Northern contingent together, of late, by their power to throw the electoral vote of all the old slave States into their side of the balance in national contests. "Here are so many votes, sure," they were able to say, sweeping a hand over the map from Virginia to Texas. "Now we have only to gain a few more in the North to win the fight." This they cannot say in future contests. The development of what is called Mahoneism in the South makes it almost certain that if the present party lines are preserved in the North in the next presidential campaign, two or three of the Southern States, if not more, will be lost to the democracy. They may not become republican, but they will chose electors who will coöperate with the republicans in the choice of a president. With this probability before them, the democrats cannot make another canvass on their chances of success as an opposition party alone. They cannot get votes on the showing that they have the best chance to win. They must take up fresh issues, and demonstrate a patriotic purpose, or their party will fall to pieces. But they are as loath to identify their organization with any of the live questions fermenting in the public mind as are the republicans. They have no policy but to drift.

The absence of party questions in the debates and divisions in Congress has already been referred to. Neither party

has introduced a single bill which can be taken as the expression of its wish as a political organization, or as a rallying-ground for its members. When we remember how many such measures the last Congress produced — the long and acrimonious debates, the strict party divisions, the presidential vetoes, and all the heat and fury of partisan strife — the present calm becomes doubly significant.

Where are the questions which were fought over with such earnestness in the winter and spring of 1879-80? Not one of them has been revived. Where are the new questions which for years have been waiting for the wreck and rubbish of the war to drift away with the past, in order to appear upon the surface of politics? They are plainly enough in sight; they challenge attention; the press writes about them, the people talk about them, but the politicians avoid them. Neither party is willing to take them up, declare plainly its purposes concerning them, and make from them a new platform to submit to the people.

Here, for example, is the question of tariff reform. Now no intelligent man, whether he be in theory a protectionist or a free-trader, denies that our present tariff is a thing of ill-adjusted shreds and patches, demanding thorough renovation and refitting to the present condition of our industries and the present diminished needs of the treasury. It abounds in inequalities and favoritism. One industry gets protection to the extent of one hundred per cent.; another, only ten per cent. Some manufacturers pay forty per cent. duty on raw materials used in their product, while the product itself is protected by less than half that amount of duty. Then there are insignificant industries, employing in all only a few hundred hands, which supply but a petty fraction of the total consumption of the article they make, but which are allowed to put a heavy

tax on the whole amount for the benefit of a few individuals. The theory of protection is not going to be abandoned in this generation, but its real friends, who are such from principle, and not from self-interest, are as desirous of a revision of the tariff as are its opponents. They want to put a scientific system in place of a hap-hazard one, partly made up of vestiges of war legislation, and partly the result of bargains and trades between the representatives of local and special interests. But how are the two great political parties treating this question? Instead of making its solution the chief work of the session in Washington, they are actually vying with each other in eagerness to shove it off upon a tariff commission, in order to get rid of it for two years longer. Neither has the courage to raise the standard of tariff reform. Advocates there are of such reform in both parties, and a basketful of bills have been introduced on the subject, but neither organization shows a disposition to make it a party measure. So it is with the less important matter of simplifying the internal revenue system, which is producing more money than the treasury requires, and which the common sense of the people demands shall be cut down, both as to the rates of taxation and the number of articles taxed. Probably nine tenths of those who have given the subject attention will agree that all excise duties, save those on spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco, should be abolished, and that the rates on those articles might wisely be reduced. Perhaps the session will result in some practical work in these directions, but obviously it is not going to be party work.

Then there is the question of what shall be done with the national banks, whose charters are fast expiring. The question may fairly be raised whether the present system should be reestablished and perpetuated, or whether it

should be allowed to die out, and the paper circulation be wholly furnished by the government. Here is a plain opportunity for party strife. The democratic party, by its traditions and by the convictions of a large majority of its members, is an anti-bank party; the republican party, as the author of the national bank system, is committed to its support. Individual democratic effort has been made in Congress to abolish bank-notes, but many of the party leaders are bankers themselves, while its Eastern membership, as a rule, stands with the republicans on the question. So there seems to be no possibility of the bank issue being made the new dividing line between parties to replace the old sectional line, now, happily, almost obliterated.

A party division line might perhaps be drawn upon the railroad question, involving the highly important point of the expediency of the general government assuming control over the trunk lines, were it not for the fact that the democrats, who in several of the States have recently shown a disposition to favor such control, are committed against it as a national body, by their historic hostility to centralization, which dates back to the anti-federalist movement in the early days of the republic.

At one time the republicans had an excellent opportunity to make a destructive issue of the civil service reform question; I am afraid that time has gone by. It must be said to their credit that they first saw the importance of the question; that in their ranks arose the first reformers; that from their side in Congress came the first bills to provide for appointments and promotions on the score of merit; that in their national platforms they have indorsed this principle; that presidents and cabinet ministers of their party have established commissions and examining boards; and that the general tendency of their administration of the government has been

towards increased stability in the tenure of office. It must also be said that, until recently, the democrats took no sort of interest in the question, and seemed determined, if they got control of the administration, to turn out all the office-holders, and parcel out the places among themselves, on the old principle of their party that to the victors belong the spoils. Nevertheless, the republicans have failed to adopt any thorough measure of legislation for establishing a permanent civil service, freed from the influences and limitations of politics, and we now have the remarkable spectacle of a democratic senator stepping into the vacant position in Congress of leader of the reform movement. The most conspicuous figure in either house among the advocates of reform is unquestionably Senator Pendleton, of Ohio. No republican congressman has taken hold of the work with such zeal as he. The republican president, although his views have probably undergone some modification since he entered the White House, comes from an element in his party which has steadily opposed civil service ideas. We cannot be out of the way, then, in concluding that the civil service question now lies across party lines, and does not afford an issue for the old party organizations to join battle on in future campaigns.

A strong evidence of the decline of party feeling and the relaxation of party discipline was afforded by a recent contest in the House over a proposition to enlarge the committees. This proposition was supported by members on the republican side whose position entitled them to assume the functions of leadership, and by democratic members heretofore accepted without question as chiefs of their side of the House. The attack upon it was an open revolt against these leaders. It was in fact a parliamentary *émeute*, engaged in by over two thirds of the members with a relish and recklessness which showed an utter disre-

gard for the old restraints of party expediency. The speaker, who, as the chosen chief of the majority, should exercise a large influence with his political associates, and does in ordinary times, was powerless to quell or even moderate an assault upon a proposition originated by him as a measure to strengthen his party. The spirit of independence was abroad, and got the better of all habits of discipline. The fact that the measure in question was unpopular does not of itself explain the vigor with which it was assailed. The truth is, the bonds of party fealty rest lightly on members of both parties, and they welcome an opportunity to show that they no longer feel bound to obey their old party drill-masters.

If these bonds rest lightly on members of Congress, who have a direct personal interest in keeping up the party organizations which have given them their places, how can they be expected to bind the private citizen, who is stimulated to obedience by no honors or salary? Last autumn nearly fifty thousand voters broke away from the old parties in Pennsylvania, and formed a new independent organization. Most of them were republicans, who believed that the masses of voters were deprived of their rightful influence in shaping party action and making nominations by the machinations of a small skillful and powerful clique. The magnitude of their vote, obtained without the usual appliances of political organization, was a significant sign of the times. This independent movement promises to be stronger this year than last. It has already arranged for a state convention. Who can say that it will not spread to other States, adopt in addition to its one principle of hostility to machine rule some of the other important issues of the day, and become a potent disintegrating force, acting upon both the old party organizations?

While party feeling has thus plainly declined, factional feeling within parties

is intensified. The quarrel in the South between the Bourbons and the Liberals, both claiming to be democrats, has a parallel in the North in the strife between the two wings of the republican party which contended at Chicago for the control of the last nominating convention. The tragedy at Washington last July, followed by the solemn death scene at Elberon, does not seem to have healed this strife. The recent publication of a confidential dispatch, intended solely for the information of the late president, brought out a discussion in the republican press which showed that the division of opinion is just as pronounced as it was during the long contest at Albany over the senatorship.

Perhaps a prudent course on the part of President Arthur will cause this breach to narrow in the two years yet to intervene before the next national campaign opens; but, looking at the matter now impartially and in the light of the history of previous political parties, we must class it with the old-time contests between the Silver Greys and Woolly Heads in the whig party in New York, and between the Hards and Softs in the democratic party, as a sign of weakness and approaching change. When parties are more occupied with internal quarrels than with differences of principle or policy, the people begin to question their usefulness.

We have seen that the democratic party is already hopelessly shattered in its former chief stronghold, the former slave States. In the State of New York, once its great battle-field in the North, and its only hope for national success, it is crippled by the Tammany revolt, which time seems to have no in-

fluence in subduing. We have seen also that the republican party is divided into two elements, which, if not always aggressively antagonistic, are not at all sympathetic: the one relying upon tact, management, the self-interest of politicians, the power of official patronage, and the machinery of organization; the other demanding popular measures and the full participation of the masses in party action. We have seen, further, that neither party shows a disposition to deal earnestly with the new issues of the day, that the old issues are worn out, and that party spirit is at a low ebb. What is to follow? It would be rash to jump to the conclusion that the old parties are speedily to give place to new ones. All we can reasonably say is that the signs of the times point to new groupings of political forces upon new questions, chiefly economic in their character. Several years may elapse, however, before the change comes. Another presidential campaign may be fought, with the old names on the banners and the old leaders in command, and with no particular cohesive force to keep the armies together save the memories of past contests and the habit of antagonism. Such contests were fought between the whig and democratic parties before the last great change in American politics, and they were as acrimonious as any ever waged over important principles. On the other hand, a change may come suddenly and unexpectedly, like a spring freshet. Dreading a general thaw and break-up, shrewd politicians are exceedingly cautious nowadays. They moor their boats in sheltered coves, and rarely venture far from shore.

ON A GREAT MAN WHOSE MIND IS CLOUDING.

THAT sovereign thought obscured? That vision clear
 Dimmed in the shadow of the sable wing,
 And fainter grown the fine interpreting
 Which as an oracle was ours to hear?
 Nay, but the gods reclaim not from the seer
 Their gift, — although he ceases here to sing,
 And, like the antique sage, a covering
 Draws round his head, knowing what change is near.

Edmund C. Stedman.

CAPTAIN FARQUHAR.

On the evening of the 22d of September, 1879, Mr. William Farren stepped upon the boards of the Imperial Theatre, as Archer in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, which, since his assumption of the same part in 1856, had not been seen in London. That perennial youth which is the secret of the English light comedian had not forsaken him, and he cocked his laced hat with all the easy effrontery of Wilks or Garrick. A brand-new prologue, obviously written by a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vice, had been prepared for the occasion, and the play itself was brought out with all the conscientious realism of the contemporary stage. In the very first scene an authentic stage-coach was driven into the inn court-yard, and the horses were rubbed down by unmistakable grooms. Captivated from the beginning by these managerial subtleties, the audience dispersed as well pleased with Farquhar's masterpiece as the old play-house mob which beheld its first performance at the Theatre Royal, nearly two centuries ago.

This comparatively recent revival of *The Beaux' Stratagem*, after a death-like trance of twenty-three years, calls for some remark upon the life and work

of its author, whom periodical literature has never honored with an article all to himself. Excluded for want of space from Macaulay's famous essay on *The Comic Dramatists*, and denied mention in Thackeray's *Lectures on the Humorists*, he becomes fairly the prey of humbler pens. This neglect of Farquhar by the writers best fitted to deal with his period is by no means due to the inferiority of his place in dramatic literature. Dr. Johnson, whose critical faculties, however they may be regarded, were fearlessly exercised, thought his writings had considerable merit. In Goldsmith's opinion he was more lively, and perhaps more entertaining, than either Wycherley, Congreve, or Vanbrugh. That he improved in each play we have the testimony of Oldisworth, whose obscurity lends an air of mystery to his approval. Macaulay pronounced him a man not to be hastily dismissed. All his critics have not been equally kind. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, esteemed him a mean poet, placed by some in a higher rank than he deserved. Pope called him a farce writer, and somewhere exclaims, "What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ!" Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt date the decline of

English comedy from the death of Farquhar. Fielding's birth in the same year would have been a better date. Nothing was more fatal to English comedy than the rise of English fiction. Moreover, comedy did not die until Goldsmith and Sheridan had written their last. They were both greater men than our author, though each was in some sort an imitator,—the former of Farquhar, the latter of Congreve and Vanbrugh. Wycherley had no follower. It has been found quite as easy to copy directly from Molière. Such is the varying testimony concerning our author, whose talents certainly were sufficiently commanding to make some slight acquaintance with him a necessary part of one's impolite education.

George Farquhar was born at Londonderry in 1678, and is said—upon information imparted by an unknown person to an untrustworthy biographer—to have been the son of a dean of Armagh. So trivial, however, is the evidence on two of these points that one might almost venture to call him a foundling, and, on the strength of his phonetization of the Milesian accent in *The Twin Rivals*, to deny that he was an Irishman. There is, indeed, about all the recorded incidents of his early life, an air of unreality. That he passed a year at Trinity College, Dublin, is probable; but the two irreconcilable accounts of his career there cast doubt even upon this fact. It is incredible that he should have gained a reputation for scholarship, and at the same time have been "reckoned one of the dullest young men at the university;" that he should have been at once "volatile and giddy," and "as a companion heavy and disagreeable;" or that his parents, desiring for him "a genteel education," should have consented to his performance of the menial duties of a sizar.

Not until the beginning of Farquhar's friendship with Wilks, which doubtless originated in a natural propensity for

the stage, are we on firm ground. The first result of this intimacy was his début as Othello at the Dublin Theatre. It was not a triumph. Good looks and a graceful bearing could not compensate for a thin voice and an unconquerable tendency to stage-fright. To the latter infirmity, it may be assumed, was due the serious accident attending his last public appearance, on which occasion he played Guyomar, in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, and was awkward enough to pass his sword through the luckless performer of Vasquez, inflicting a wound little short of mortal. This put an end to his acting forever. He renounced his profession, and presently left Dublin in company with Wilks, now summoned to Drury Lane Theatre.

How Farquhar came to know the Earl of Orrery does not appear, but soon after his arrival in London he was made a lieutenant in that nobleman's regiment, with which he saw service in Ireland and in Holland. In both of these countries he is reported to have given proofs of "courage and conduct," under what would seem considerable disadvantages, as there was no war in Ireland, and, while he was there, no fighting in Holland. A passage from *Love and a Bottle*, however, throws a side-light upon this apparent contradiction. "Surely your sword and skill did the king great service abroad?" says Squire Mockmode to his fencing-master. "Yes, sir," replies Nimblewrist. "I killed above fifteen of our own officers by private duels in the camp, sir."

Never in active campaign, Farquhar must have found a soldier's life, with its dull round of duties, enlivened only by cards, pipes, and bottles, monotonous enough. A man of sprightly genius, what more natural than that, urged by Wilks, he should turn to play-writing as an employment for his abundant leisure? From a literary point of view, the chief value of his military experience was the use he made of it in his come-

dies, to every one of which it imparts a martial coloring. Fortunately, too, for Farquhar, the time had come for the soldier to show his face upon the stage, from which he had been excluded, as Professor Ward points out, by "the uneasy remembrance of the military era of the Civil War and the Commonwealth." Indeed, the plays of Thomas Killigrew and of Davenant plainly show a dislike of soldiers. The Dutch wars of Charles II., appealing for support only to the base sentiment of commercial rivalry, did not remove this prejudice. Not until the victories of Marlborough had aroused an enthusiasm in which the whole nation could share did dramatic sympathy with the military life begin to revive. And it first shows itself in the comedies of Farquhar.

The opening scene of our author's first comedy, *Love and a Bottle*, introduces Roebuck, who is out of money and resolved to turn soldier. In this state of mind he meets a crippled veteran, who asks for a farthing. "Ha!" he exclaims. "A glimpse of damnation just as a man is entering into sin is no great policy of the devil." The old soldier has borne arms for five years, and crutches have borne him for fifteen. "Very pretty!" continues Roebuck. "Five years a soldier and fifteen a beggar! This is hell, right! an age of damnation for a momentary offense! Thy condition, fellow, is preferable to mine. The merciful bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful country, has given thee a debenture in thy broken leg, from which thou canst draw a more plentiful maintenance than I from all my limbs in perfection." That the begging capital of wounds should be the sole reward of patriotism is an admirable stroke of satire.

Of *Love and a Bottle*, which was played at Drury Lane in 1698, little further need be said. Its coarseness exceeds that of any other of Farquhar's comedies, and this alone would make

an extended account undesirable. It is, however, worth reading, if only for the pretty song of Leanne. Roebuck, its hero, can best be described in her words: "How charming would virtue look in him whose behavior can add a grace to the unseemliness of vice!" The most laughter-provoking scene in the play is that between the poet, Lyric, and Pamphlet, the bookseller. "Poetry is a mere drug, sir," says Pamphlet; "one must write himself into a consumption before he can gain a reputation." "That's the way to lie abed when his name's up," replies Lyric. "Now I lie abed before I gain a reputation." The poor fellow has no clothes. He offers three thousand lines for two guineas, for nothing, hoping something from the dedication, but in vain. Presently a boy whispers him that two bailiffs are below stairs. Handing the bookseller a play to look over, Lyric borrows his hat and wig, claps his own "right poetical cap — baize the outside and the lining vestian" — on Pamphlet's head, and makes his escape. "And furious lightnings brandished in her eye," reads the bookseller, as the catchpolls lay hands upon him for Lyric. "These wits are damnable cunning! I always have double fees for arresting one of you wits," remarks the first bailiff. "Ay, sir, we know what you are by your fool's-cap there," says the second. "Yes, one of you wits would have passed upon us for a corn-cutter yesterday, and was so like one we had almost believed him," adds the first. It is of course impossible, without reproducing the scene entire, to give any idea of the liveliness of the dialogue, which is free from the pinchbeck wit of verbal antithesis so frequently resorted to by Farquhar, such, for example, as "You have wit enough to talk like a fool, and are fool enough to talk like a wit." If this be an epigram, its disguise is complete.

To his military fascinations Farquhar had now added the charm of literary

success. Tavern doors flew open at his approach. Wits lent him their ears, and bar-maids basked in his smile. To him were first revealed the brilliant gifts of Anne Oldfield, and his approval gave them to the stage. She was but sixteen when our author, dining one day at the Mitre, in St. James's Market, chanced to hear her reading Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* behind the bar. That he was delighted, who that has read Cibber's idolatrous account of her can doubt? The original performer of Lady Betty Modish, of Lady Townley, of Mrs. Sullen, and of Marcia in Addison's *Cato*, her theatrical career was one unbroken triumph. She had her faults. As Cibber said of Mrs. Rogers, she could never be reduced to marry. But she was the benefactress of Savage, and it was her boast that she had wronged no wife. There are earls who may not claim descent from her, but who cannot escape it. Of her Pope wrote:—

"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead:
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!"

Noblemen bore her pall, and she lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. Farquhar's kind impulse had sent her from the bar of the Mitre tavern to Westminster Abbey.

Little less coarse in language than his first comedy, *The Constant Couple*, or *a Trip to the Jubilee*, which was produced in 1700, has a plot quite as objectionable. Sir Harry Wildair's mistaken advances to the innocent Angelica, whom a rejected suitor has represented as a light woman, and the deceptions practiced upon her various gallants by Lady Lurewell, in revenge for an early misfortune, are materials susceptible of no great refinement. Lady Lurewell and the lover of her girlhood, Colonel Standard, are the constant couple, who, after years of separation, are unhappily united. Sir Harry, too, makes matrimonial amends. The characters in this play and its sequel of the next year, *Sir Harry Wildair*, are fairly

drawn, but not with the art shown in Farquhar's later comedies. Lady Lurewell, elegantly immoral, fastidious even in her vices, with just enough virtue to reward the fidelity of Standard, and too little to prevent a relapse into her former habits of intrigue, is an interesting study of a rich, empty-minded, luxurious woman, with whom sin has lost its savor, and who can find relief from devouring *ennui* only in dangerous amours or purposeless mischief. Even the sparks of her wit are struck out of the flint of her selfishness. Annoyed by her clumsy English servants, she wishes "the persecution would rage a little harder, that we might have more of these French refugees among us." Standard, without the graces to long commend him to her fickle ladyship, is still a true soldier, and his graphic description of his disbandment is almost pathetic: "This very morning, in Hyde Park, my brave regiment, a thousand men that looked like lions yesterday, were scattered, and looked as poor and simple as the herd of deer that grazed beside 'em." Captain Fireball, of the navy, is also noticeable for his fine scorn of domestic life. He takes his brother Standard to dine at Locket's, expressing as he goes his detestation of family dinners: "Where a man's obliged to, 'O Lard, madam!' 'No apology, dear sir!' Where between the rubbed floor under foot, the china in one corner, and the glasses in another, a man can't make two strides without hazard of his life. Commend me to a boy and a bell: 'Coming, coming, sir!' Much noise, no attendance, and a dirty room, where I may eat like a horse, drink like a fish, and swear like a devil. Hang your family dinners!"

Sir Harry Wildair, the joy of the playhouse and the life of the park, newly come from Paris, is a differentiation of Roebuck. He has the same high spirits, the same careless humor, but not the same poverty. Nothing can ruffle his temper: "A man of eight thousand

pounds per annum to be vexed!" He is, in short, what Farquhar thought he could best draw, and Wilks best perform, a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young gentleman. Our author's heroes are all of this type. They are simply the fops of Etheredge and Ciber transformed by courage. That is to say, they are just as fond of fine clothes and genteel debauchery, but they do not drawl, and will fight. Charles Surface is a lineal descendant of the incorrigible Sir Harry Wildair, whose picture he doubtless put up at auction to Mr. Premium. The only difference between them is that Sir Harry's sale would have been without reserve. Charles saves the portrait of his uncle, while presumably selling that of his mother. This is always a sure card with the unthinking audience, who never reflect that even so reckless a spendthrift, reduced to such necessity, might well consider the return of a relative from whom he had expectations.

Besides being that of the production of *The Constant Couple*, the year 1700 is memorable for the death of Dryden, of whose funeral Farquhar has left us an amusing account. "We had," he says, "an ode in Horace sung instead of David's Psalms, whence you may find that we don't think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter for Hudibras than him, because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque." After praising Dr. Garth's oration, he concludes: "And so much for Mr. Dryden, whose burial was the same with his life: variety and not of a piece; the quality and mob, farce and heroics; the sublime and ridicule mixt in a piece; great Cleopatra in a hackney-coach."

Farquhar's fourth comedy, *The Inconstant*, or *the Way to Win Him*, a depoeitized adaptation of Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*, made its appearance in 1703. It is notable only for the character of young Mirabel, perhaps the most

incorrigible of Farquhar's rakes, and the excellence of its fifth act, for which our author was not indebted to Fletcher. The turn of the plot in the last act, he tells us, is an adventure of the Chevalier de Chastillon in Paris, and matter of fact. Young Mirabel, in the play, offers his coach, at the door of the theatre, to a handsome lady, whose own has not arrived. His offer accepted, he accompanies her to her home, sends away his coach to avert scandal, and remains attended only by a page. Deprived of his servants, he is gradually robbed, by the unfair hostess and four bravoës, of his diamond ring, his Tompion watch, his sword, his wig even, — all in the politest manner. They admire, and he, taking the hint, gives. Presently, to make a pretext for killing him, a bravo drinks his health, at the same time pulling his nose. His hostess offers him a glass of wine. Mirabel praises the quality, but pronounces in favor of some burgundy in his own cellar. He begs permission to send for a dozen flasks. The bravoës consult, and conclude to accept his proffer. The page, unconscious of what is passing, is called in, ordered to bring half a dozen flasks of the red burgundy marked a thousand, and departs. The page is of course the heroine of the play, enamored of Mirabel. Everything depends on her intelligence. Love quickens her apprehension. There are a thousand men in a regiment, and their coats are red. She returns with Captain Duretete and a half dozen soldiers. Mirabel is saved. Repeating the same courteous phrases used by Lamorce and her bravoës, he reclaims the articles of which he has been robbed, and avenges the indignity to his nose. The bravoës are led away. Oriana discloses herself, and Mirabel is at last won. For melodramatic effect, few situations more striking than this are to be found in the whole range of the drama.

The year of *The Inconstant* was also the year of Farquhar's marriage. He

thought he had married a fortune. A lady, madly in love with him, and knowing his narrow means, had baited the matrimonial hook with a purely imaginary estate. Farquhar was caught; he made the best of what was after all a desperate sort of compliment; and never, even in the bitter poverty to which he was subsequently reduced, offered a word of reproach to its author.

With the exception of a farce called *The Stage Coach*, the year 1704 saw nothing from Farquhar's pen. The following year is memorable for the production of *The Twin Rivals*, a play in which our author attempted the double task of writing a regular comedy and enforcing a moral. Critics say he succeeded in the first half; whether making his villain a hunchback accomplished the second is doubtful. Be this as it may, the failure of the play demonstrated the justness of Farquhar's remark, in his only considerable essay, that "the rules of English comedy don't lie in the compass of Aristotle, or his followers, but in the pit, box, and galleries."

The Recruiting Officer, second in merit only to our author's last comedy, was first played on the 8th of April, 1706. Apparently, it is almost an actual transcript of his own experience while on recruiting duty in Shropshire. "Farquhar's plays talk the language of a marching regiment in country quarters," says Horace Walpole, probably having in mind this comedy; and though it is said in scorn, he unwittingly pays a high tribute to our author's realism, — a literary quality not as much prized then as now. From the moment we hear Sergeant Kite inviting to serve her majesty all 'prentices with severe masters, all children with undutiful parents, all servants with too little wages, and all husbands with too much wife, down to the roll of the drums in the epilogue itself, we breathe a military atmosphere. It is somewhat thick for modern lungs, to be sure; but it did not clog the respi-

ration of our grandfathers, who knew not moral ventilation, and could be happy in almost any dramatic Black Hole. The story of this play is not remarkable, but its characters are many of them well studied. Officers of the army, who have been afflicted with intelligent sergeants, will appreciate Captain Plume's horror when he learns that Kite has enlisted an attorney. "I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write can draw petitions." Not wholly absent from places of safety during our own late war was Justice Balance, who wants blood and wounds for his taxes, and complains that for a long time we have had "nothing for our millions but newspapers not worth a reading." Soldiers are well enough to be killed, he thinks, but he objects to Captain Plume for a son-in-law. "A captain of foot worth twelve hundred pounds a year! 'T is a prodigy in nature. Besides this, I have five or six thousand pounds in woods upon my estate! Oh, that would make him stark mad! For you must know that all captains have a mighty aversion to timber; they can't endure to see trees standing." Topsy old Quin, in this part, once said to Peg Woffington, who performed Sylvia, "How old were you when your mother was married?" "What, sir?" asked the laughing actress. "Pshaw! I mean when your mother was born!" "I cannot answer you precisely on either of these questions," answered the undismayed Peg, "but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died." It is worth while to give a sample of the conversation held with a raw recruit by Sergeant Kite, who has seen hussars eat ravelins for breakfast, and afterwards pick their teeth with palisadoes. "Ay, you soldiers see strange things," says Bullock; "but pray, sir, what is a ravelin?" "Why, 't is like a modern minced pie, but the crust is confounded hard, and the plums are somewhat hard of diges-

tion." Deceitful scoundrel as he is, Sergeant Kite is not without a touch of poetry in his blackguard composition. "Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honor?" inquires one of his simple victims. "Oh, a mighty large bed, bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another." A good character, also, is the ignorant and vainglorious Captain Brazen, who might have married no end of German princesses and daughters of pachas, and who has had twenty-two horses killed under him, "all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I staked to death upon the enemies' *chevaux-de-frise*."

While Farquhar was a bachelor the profits of his annual play added to his military stipend made an income sufficient for his wants. With a wife and two infant daughters, he soon began to feel the gripe of poverty. Duns knocked at his door, and tipstiffs haunted his dreams. In his distress he applied to the Duke of Ormond, who advised him to sell his commission, promising at the same time to give him a captaincy in his own regiment. The commission being sold, the duke proved faithless, and Farquhar was in despair. Wilks told him that he must now look to his pen alone for support. "Is it possible," cried Farquhar, "that a man can write common sense, who is heart-broken, and without a shilling?" The generous answer was twenty guineas from Wilks's pocket. Encouraged by this gleam of golden sunshine, our author set about writing *The Beaux' Stratagem*, for which Lintot paid him thirty pounds in advance. In this comedy two gentlemen, one acting as servant to the other, start out to mend their broken fortunes by marriage. At Lichfield, with her pretty daughter and her no less lovely daughter-in-law, lives Lady Bountiful, famed for charitable healing. A guest in the servants' hall, Archer, the brilliant footman, makes the acquaintance of

Mrs. Sullen, while, by skillfully fainting in Lady Bountiful's grounds, his master, Aimwell, compasses that of Dorinda. A burglarious attack upon Lady Bountiful's house, of which Aimwell has been warned by the daughter of Boniface, his landlord, who is in league with highwaymen, brings about the *dénouement*. Rescued by their respective admirers, Dorinda and Mrs. Sullen pay their debt of gratitude in the usual legal tender of comedy. This is hardly true, however, of Mrs. Sullen, whom her sottish husband turns over to Archer, fortune and all, without any ceremony whatever. Leigh Hunt finds in this circumstance a powerful argument for divorce reform, but it was considered a defect by Mrs. Oldfield, who said at rehearsal that in some manner the honor of Mrs. Sullen should have been secured. To this objection, repeated to him by Wilks, the easy author replied, "Oh, I will, if she pleases, salve that immediately, by getting a real divorce, marrying her myself, and giving her my bond that she shall be a widow in less than a fortnight." On the stage the most pleasing of Farquhar's comedies, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, after reading, leaves an impression almost as slight as that produced upon Dr. Johnson by his perusal of *High Life Below Stairs*: "Here is a farce which is really very diverting when you see it acted; and yet one may read it, and not know that one has been reading anything at all." This is probably due to the even excellence of the whole performance. Unforced humor is always less striking than laborious wit. It is the difference between Argand lamp and Congreve rocket. That *The Beaux' Stratagem* is the best of our author's comedies, there can be no question. Decenter in language, its plot is comparatively inoffensive, and it has given to literature types of character of which universal acceptance proves the truth. The gracious figure of Lady Bountiful has flitted across many a page,

whose reader knew not whence she came; and Boniface has baptized half the inn-keepers of Christendom with his dishonest name. Scrub's "I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly," and Gibbet's "'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad," are familiar quotations. The latter is perhaps best known in the form lent it later by George Barrington, in his prologue written for the opening of the playhouse at New South Wales, a well-known convict settlement:—

"True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good."

The Beaux' Stratagem was our author's last comedy. When he had finished it he wrote this note to Wilks:—

DEAR BOB,—I have not anything to leave thee, to perpetuate my memory, but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine,
GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Leigh Hunt has wasted a great deal of perverse ingenuity in an attempt to show that Wilks was insensible to his dying friend's request. He was, perhaps, not quixotically generous; but a performance was given at his theatre for the benefit of Mrs. Farquhar, and twelve years later he was trustee for the daughters of an annual pension of twenty pounds, granted them by the king, most probably through Wilks's mediation. With Hunt, however, all this weighs as nothing against the facts that the daughters were apprenticed to mantua-makers; that one married a low tradesman; that the other, in 1764, was an ignorant maid-servant, with no filial pride; and that mother and daughters died in indigence. But this, it must be remembered, is the judgment of a man who himself leaned rather heavily on his friends.

With the moral aspects of the later Stuart drama it is not here proposed to

deal. The work has been done once and forever by Macaulay. In his hands those fascinating sophistries in which Charles Lamb enwrapped the artificial comedy of the last century have turned to rags. But it should not be forgotten that it was he who wrote, "We cannot wish that any work or class of works which has exercised a great influence on the human mind, and which illustrates the character of an important epoch in letters, politics, and morals, should disappear from the world."

Even on the score of morality it may be said for Farquhar that he is a vast improvement on the three authors whose names are invariably linked with his. Far less coarse and with a lighter and airier touch than either Vanbrugh or Wycherley, he has none of the devil's wit of Congreve. With the latter writer, however, he had something in common. He was not an imitator. In an age when the great Dryden, who, in his *All for Love*, sought to rival Shakespeare on his own ground, condescended to borrow from Calprenède and the Scudérys, it was Farquhar's proud distinction to be strictly original. The only charge of plagiarism ever brought against him was exploded forty years ago by Leigh Hunt's discovery that he wrote *The Adventures of Covent Garden*, from which some of the incidents in *The Constant Couple* are taken. Farquhar was not a sublime genius; he was at best a surface realist, a painter of swiftly perishing manners, who found his inspiration in the garish dissipations of the town and the rude jollities of camps; but he was himself. Less picturesque in effect, it is better, after all, that one's Pegasus should be a real donkey than a wooden horse.

It has generally been assumed that in several of his characters Farquhar painted his own portrait, though from his report that melancholy was the "every-day apparel" of his mind, and that his own sex took him for "an easy

natured man," and women for "an ill-natured clown," it would seem that his sparkish gallants, far from being repetitions of himself, were the product of intellectual sympathy with traits which he did not possess. Showy vice had for him an undeniable attraction, but he had neither the constitution to practice it, nor the assurance to set it off. Besides, he had a conscience. Let us not deal harshly with this man, who fell so bravely, fighting the wolf at his door, shielding to the last with his worn body the wife and children behind him. He was

but twenty-nine when they carried him to the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and his final comedy was in the height of its success at the Haymarket. It was Farquhar who called Necessity the mother of Invention. He wrote *The Beaux' Stratagem* in six weeks. Death's heavy hand was upon him, but his own was as light as ever. Into the gay troop who people his last comedy passed the life that was leaving him. Farquhar died in 1707. Archer and Aimwell, Dorinda and Mrs. Sullen, were in London only two years ago.

H. A. Huntington.

CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE object of the general work here undertaken is to "bring together for the first time a full and authoritative military history of the suppression of the rebellion." But the work, at the non-existence of which after the lapse of twenty years surprise is expressed, is elsewhere described as "a strong, vivid, concise, but truly proportioned *story* of the great salient events." Of these two definitions, the latter is the one which we should be inclined to adopt for the valuable and undoubtedly reliable volume with which Mr. Nicolay has opened the series.¹ That the private secretary of the beloved and martyred Lincoln should relate that which he undertakes to tell invariably in the vein of the dispassionate chronicler of events—the historian of the future—is hardly to be expected. But that his work supplies a great want and contributes remarkably to a clear understanding of the situation before and during the first scenes of actual warfare there can be no doubt.

¹ *Campaigns of the Civil War*. Vol. I. The Outbreak of Rebellion. By JOHN G. NICOLAY, Private Secretary to President Lincoln, late Con-

In the first three chapters, the manner in which "the local insurrections of the cotton States became an organized rebellion against the government of the Union" is clearly and concisely set forth, and the opening scene of the war in Charleston Harbor is vividly described. That, as above intimated, the narrator's tone is not that of the dispassionate historian of the future is not matter for captious criticism, as such is by no means the rôle which he assumes, but he should, we think, occasionally bear in mind the familiar distich, —

"Treason is ne'er successful; what's the reason?
If it succeeds no man dare call it treason."

Had the great slave empire established itself, few would now describe the proceedings of the South Carolina commissioners as characterized by "the decorum and mock solemnity with which children play at kings and queens." Even the beginnings of our own successful rebellion against the mother country were undoubtedly stigmatized by as contemptuous an epithet as "a

sul General to France, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

miserable farce of conspiracy" by those who refused to address "Mr. Washington" by the title of General. Moreover, at the present day, few will assert that the slave-holders' rebellion was without "good" in the sense of "sufficient" cause, when considered from the standpoint of those who, in defense of their institution, were forced into the declaration, "Evil, be thou my good." That no cause existed so long as the North opposed only the *extension* of slavery, Lincoln's own forcible words showed to be a fallacy, when he said, "The Union cannot permanently endure half slave and half free." Our author's tone in this regard rather resembles that in which at that time we all indulged, than that of to-day.

In the second chapter the imbecility and helplessness of Buchanan amid the traitors surrounding him are well portrayed, but we confess to a smile at the idea of Jeff Davis as the wily Vivien, and presumably in the petticoats "of the period," practicing the charm "of woven paces and of waving hands" around such a Merlin as the Old Public Functionary.

In so detailed a description of the reduction of Sumter as is here given, it would seem that the only loss of life which occurred—that by the final salute to the flag—should not have been ignored, nor, in describing Lincoln's journey to Washington, the facts, whatever they may have been, which originated the stories of the passage through Baltimore in disguise. In our author's eulogy on the character of his chief, he has our hearty assent; and that even the historian of the future will agree with us in finding in his career "much to praise, little to be forgiven," is also our belief. Whether the accusation of personal ugliness can be regarded as "an utter mistake" is a point upon which the opinions of experts may differ. The passage of our troops through Baltimore and the march of the New

York Seventh to Washington are forcibly described, but in our author's estimate of the significance of the death of Ellsworth we can scarcely agree. "A sensational climax, of deeper import than Sumter and Baltimore," it does not seem to us. Had any doubts been left as to the existence of the elements of a civil war, the shot fired by Jackson would have hardly removed them. Ellsworth, having captured a town in the enemy's country, pulled down their flag with his own hand, where later in the war he would unquestionably have detailed an enlisted man. He was shot by a man in whose eyes, rightly or wrongly, that emblem was sacred. The act was murder; but had the circumstances been reversed, and a rebel officer been sacrificed while pulling down the stars and stripes in captured Washington, the "demon of a hellish purpose" might not have been so evident as prompter of the shot.

In the chapter devoted to Missouri we have a forcible and clear setting forth of Governor Jackson's complicity with rebellion, his endeavors to carry the State into the Confederacy, his discomfiture by Blair and Lyon, the capture of the rebel Camp Jackson by the regulars and Home Guards, the occupation of Jefferson City, and the "battle" of Boonville,—a battle which with its casualty returns, stated at two killed on the one side and fifteen on the other, yet marked the salvation of a State to the Union, and did more to hasten the downfall of rebellion than did the "slaughter-fields" (to use the German expression) of Fredericksburg or the Wilderness.

The successful attempt of the Unionists of Western Virginia to "secede from secession" is the subject of the twelfth chapter. Here McClellan first enters upon the stage, and his own and Rosecrans' Rich Mountain campaign is described in detail, illustrated with a map, and with its consequences well

summed up by the statement that "this petty skirmish with three hundred rebels and this rout of a little rear-guard closed a campaign, dispersed a rebel army, recovered a disputed State, permanently pushed back the military frontier. They enabled McClellan to send a laconic telegram, which gave such a general impression of professional skill and achievement as to make him the hero of the hour, and which started a train of circumstances that, without further victories, made him general-in-chief of all the armies of the United States." This telegram is added in a foot-note, and there are few but would imagine from its *veni, vidi, vici* ring that its author's impetuous ardor might indeed need restraint, but assuredly never that his inaction would provoke even from the patient Lincoln the quaint accusation that he had "got the slows."

Patterson's campaign, with its disastrous failure to detain Johnston from the field of Bull Run, comes next, and is well described. With all the excuses that can be offered, there seems now no avoidance of the conclusion that Patterson failed in that "stomach for a fight," in the stead of which no other qualifications for command can ever serve. That he was dissuaded by his subordinates, knowing well the expectations and indeed the orders of his superior, General Scott, may for a man of sixty-nine be a palliation, but hardly anything more.

Manassas and Bull Run are the closing scenes of so much of the civil war as is regarded as included under the title of *The Outbreak of Rebellion*, — to which the first volume of this series is devoted. Although this, the initial combat of the war, has caused a greater effusion of ink and been the subject of more descriptions than any other, we can safely say that we have seen none wherein its true proportions, significance, and characteristics are made so clearly to appear as in that here presented. Of its accuracy of military detail we do

not undertake to judge, but the impression most forcibly left upon the reader's mind may be stated to be one of admiration that two armies (if they may be so styled), so utterly ignorant of their business, should have stood up to their work so long and manfully before the panic, which is the inevitable termination of such conflicts, seized either party. Although this panic, which, after the engagement had lasted so long as it did, threatened both combatants, first obtained headway and mastery in the Union ranks, yet how little there was to choose between the two armies in point of value as fighting machines Johnston's frank confession abundantly shows. "The Confederate army," he says, "was more disorganized by victory than that of the United States by defeat. Many left the army not to return; some hastened home to exhibit their trophies; others left their regiments without ceremony to attend to wounded friends, accompanying them to hospitals in distant towns. Exaggerated ideas of victory prevailing among our troops cost us more men than the Federal army lost by defeat."

But although we see now its want of significance as indicating any essential difference in the fighting qualities of the soldiers of the two armies, it is not surprising that the fact that the Union forces were routed in their first battle which deserved the name should have been regarded in Europe as a sure precursor of our downfall. Powers with whom the wish was father to the thought were swift to decide that the great republic's career among nations was ended, and the hour even then at hand when "o'er its quenched greatness must the shroud be drawn." Soon, however, as was afterwards generously confessed, their "shallow judgment they had cause to rue," until finally, —

"Circus hunters, who had watched
Famed sword-plays long ago,
And scorned these giants rudely matched,
Felt admiration grow."

In that admiration those who follow the changing fortunes of the arena through the coming volumes of this series will assuredly coincide, and, as Americans, feel an equal pride in the courage, skill, and manhood displayed on both sides.

In the preliminary chapter of the second volume ¹ appear the military *mise en scène* and battles of more or less importance previous to the reduction of Fort Henry. Wilson's Creek, Lexington, Pea Ridge, Belmont, are associated with a roll of names then of about equal significance in our ears, but whose difference of ring at the present day may almost be compared to that between gold, silver, and the baser metals. We find Fremont directing and reprimanding Grant; Sigel bringing his artillery into line and deciding the battle of Pea Ridge, but even then evincing that tardiness in obeying orders to march which distinguished him in Virginian campaigns; Curtis, Ashboth, McClernand, Carr, and a host of names, then famous, now almost forgotten. General Grant's first actual fighting appears to have been against Pillow at Belmont, which is described as "an engagement in the simplest form: two forces, equal in number, encountered in parallel lines." "At length Pillow gave way," and his line once broken was unable to rally."

For his first proposal to attack Fort Henry and break the line from Columbus to Bowling Green, chosen to bar access from the North and as a base for invasion, Grant appears to have been snubbed, as though proposing a military blunder. But on his returning to the charge, backed by Commodore Foote of the gunboat fleet, Halleck gave way, and issued the desired orders. The result amply justified Grant and Foote. Fort Henry was captured with no infantry fighting whatever, falling before the bombardment of the fleet alone.

¹ *Campaigns of the Civil War*. Vol. II. From Fort Henry to Corinth. By M. F. FORCE, late Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General U. S. V.

Fort Donelson, however, proved a very different nut to crack. The lines for infantry defense were what were afterwards called rifle-pits, drawn with great skill around the fort, itself a bastioned earth-work, and defended eventually by some twenty thousand men. Against these behind their intrenchments were brought about fifteen thousand Union troops, some comparatively "seasoned," other regiments so freshly formed "that they had hardly changed their civil garb for soldier's uniform before they were hurried to the front," — into the rough school of bivouac and battle. Without shelter-tents, camp-fires, or supplies (for the fleet had not yet arrived), Grant's fifteen thousand bivouacked in line of battle, and all the next day made fierce and pertinacious though unsuccessful assaults on the enemy's intrenched lines. That no horror of the battle-field might be wanting, the wounded were in many cases burned to death by the ignition of leaves and underbrush, although some were saved by the enemy, who sprang over their parapets, after our repulse, for that purpose.

But within the fort there was divided counsel among the hostile chiefs, which division, it cannot be doubted, contributed greatly to their downfall. A determined sortie was at length made, and the way was cleared for a retreat; but the ground was abandoned, and the enemy retired again within his works. Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner seem then to have passed the command from hand to hand, like a lighted shell which each feared to retain, until finally the last-named officer, deciding to risk the explosion, gave orders for surrender, and the two former escaped. But Buckner's bugler, who went out with a proposal for an armistice and commissioners, returned with Grant's "unconditional surrender" reply and counter-proposal "to move on your works immediately." These "unchivalrous and ungenerous terms," as he styled them, Buckner was

fain to accept, consoling himself with an allusion to "yesterday's brilliant Confederate success" and to Grant's "overwhelming forces." This "success," by the way, which undoubtedly was one at the time, being telegraphed to Nashville as a "glorious victory," but immediately followed by a surrender, caused such a popular excitement that a deputation actually demanded Johnston's removal. They were, however, properly answered by Jeff Davis's declining to make a scapegoat of their best general.

The campaign of New Madrid and Island No. 10, and the victory of fleet and army combined, form the subject of the next chapter.

"The gathering of the forces," Union and Confederate, previous to the battle of Shiloh comes next in order. Corinth was now seen to be a strategic point of greatest value to the Confederacy; and that Grant's Fort Donelson army should move up the Tennessee, and destroy railroad connections here and at Jackson and Humboldt, without bringing on a general engagement, was Halleck's original programme. But before issuing the order, he seems to have been led by some anonymous letter, and, so far as appears, without any sufficient cause, to complain of Grant to McClellan in such terms as to elicit from the latter a dispatch authorizing the former's arrest and the placing of C. F. Smith in command. The latter step only was taken, Smith being given command of the expedition, while Grant was ordered to remain in Fort Henry. He was, however, it is said, soon fully exonerated and reinstated in command; but it nowhere appears, and it would be interesting to know, upon what charges and evidence, beyond those of an anonymous letter, this action against him was taken. In a fleet of eighty steamboats, each with its pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night, the army then commenced its ascent of the winding Tennessee, though to what promised land these cloudy and

fiery columns were guiding them seemed yet uncertain.

As soon as it became evident that the programme must be changed from a hurried dash by a flying column to a struggle between armies, Pittsburg Landing was selected as the point of assembly and base from which the "on to Corinth" march should be made, when Grant should be joined by Buell. Before this happened, however, Johnston had joined Beauregard; the Confederacy were straining every nerve to strengthen his hands for the impending shock of battle, and Lee was urging him to strike before Buell should arrive. And such was his expressed intention, *but* "he determined to continue organizing and waiting for Van Dorn as long as that would be safe." Whether Bragg's counsel of an attack while our troops were beginning to land was not after all that of wisdom may be a question. Beauregard forbade this, preferring, as he wrote, the "defensive-offensive;" from his use of which term it can hardly surprise us that even after the general advance had commenced he was for abandoning the expedition as a failure, and marching the troops back to Corinth. Johnston, however, took no such counsel as this, but ordered the troops to bivouac and to attack at daylight. The advance had been as yet unsuspected in our lines, and the surprise thought impossible by Beauregard took place on Sunday morning. Of a general attack Grant had on Saturday telegraphed that he had not "the faintest idea." Our cavalry was shifting camps, and Sherman had just then none to send out to investigate the report that infantry had been seen by the picket line; where, also, as later at Chancellorsville, a sudden and significant charge of rabbits and squirrels had been sustained. On Sunday morning, then, at daylight, the general advance began. Through the swaying, confused, and desperate fighting which filled the long hours until night-

fall we can make no attempt to follow our author; suffice it to say that, although not routed, our army was driven through its camps, and our lines were drifting back towards the landing when Buell's leading brigade pushed up through a mob of fugitives from the field, and went to the support of the frowning line of artillery which held the enemy in check. But the day's battle was already over. A Confederate success had been gained, but want of discipline prevented its improvement. According to Beauregard, the temptation of rest in the captured camps in their rear was too strong, and the Confederates failed to hold the ground so hardly won. Then they had lost their commander-in-chief, who fell by a shot to which, had his troops been what they afterwards became, he would have had no occasion to expose himself. A Tennessee regiment being reported to him as refusing to fight, Johnston put himself at the head of a brigade, and led in person a successful charge, but only to fall himself by a Parthian shot from our retreating lines. Whether this was one of those rare emergencies in which a commander-in-chief is justified in exposing his own life to arouse enthusiasm or to check a panic may be a question which if decided in the negative leaves room only for the Frenchman's comment upon the Balaclava charge, "*C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" The result of Monday's battle, with Beauregard in command in place of Johnston, and with Buell's reinforcements now in the field, can be easily foreseen. Much stubborn fighting was done, and we are told that Grant in his turn personally led a charge that broke the enemy's line. The battle was over and Beauregard in orderly and well-conducted retreat by three o'clock. There was no pursuit, a fact of sufficient significance. "The battle," says our historian at the close of

the chapter, "sobered both armies. The force at Pittsburg Landing saw rudely dashed aside the expectation of speedy entrance into Corinth. The force at Corinth, that marched out to drive Grant into the river, to scatter Buell's force in detail and return in triumph to Nashville, was back in the old quarters, foiled, disheartened."

They must be, indeed, joined to their idol who, after the perusal of General Webb's succinct, graphic, and impartial presentation of facts which constitute the history of this memorable campaign,¹ still cling to their belief that General McClellan was prevented only by interference, political animosity, and want of support from bringing the war to a triumphant conclusion, and attaining for himself a place among the great captains of the age. None can doubt that General Webb, himself an actor in the scenes which he records, seeing now the falsity of the impressions with which he was then heartily in accord, justly claims to be doing but the work of an honest historian in "recording the sad tale of the want of unity, the want of confidence, the want of coöperation, between the administration and the general commanding the army." There is something almost pathetic in the appeal which personal friendship and loyalty to a once trusted chief seem almost to wring from him, that General McClellan will even now "vindicate his policy," and escape the inexorable verdict which history seems about to record. Of the value of the services which he contributed to the national cause, and of his eminent fitness for command up to the moment when, in the writer's expressive phrase, the armies had "locked horns," none can speak in higher terms than does our author. The first chapter does full justice to the unexampled success with which he, in the words of our greatest leader, "organized, equipped, and trained

¹ *Campaigns of the Civil War.* Vol. III. The Peninsula. McClellan's Campaign of 1862. By

ALEXANDER S. WEBB, LL. D., Assistant Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, etc., etc.

with skill that grand body of troops which for four long years confronted the strongest, best appointed, and most confident army in the South." Out of the collection of enthusiastic citizen soldiers assembling in this "people's cause and people's war," he realized his expectations "in the creation of as noble a body of men as could have been raised the world over," — an army who "only prayed that they might be ably led against the enemy."

The succeeding chapter is devoted to Campaign Plans. The preliminary work of organization being complete, the sword forged, welded, drawn, and in the champion's hand, the nation and the president expected the attack, which came not, until the latter's impatience found utterance in the expressive declaration that "if something was not soon done, the bottom would be out of the whole affair." But at this critical moment the two leaders, Lincoln and McClellan, were at issue: the former favoring the simple plan of a direct advance on the enemy, then in our front; the latter, by the "Urbana movement," proposing to outflank him far on the left, and turn the tables by making the vicinity of Richmond, and not Washington, the theatre of operations. Of these two plans General Webb seems to favor the latter, which, if properly executed, might have been "the stride of the giant." But for such a stride Johnston did not propose to wait, and on the day after the president had given way, by evacuating Centreville and retiring to the Rappahannock he quietly checkmated the Urbana plan, and drove McClellan to his *dernier ressort* — the advance up the Peninsula.

"If blunders were committed in the advance upon Richmond," — and of the amount of virtue in this "if" we leave the reader to judge, — the first, in General Webb's opinion, "was the failure to divine the existence of the Warwick line at Yorktown." Having found that

line, and recovered from his surprise that Magruder should have objected to his proposed envelopment, in place of breaking the line by a heavy blow at its weakest point, the feasibility of which the gallant Vermont troops amply demonstrated in their unsupported dash, McClellan settled down to a scientific siege of the enemy's strongest point, Yorktown itself. But the enemy were too shrewd to wait for the final onslaught, and, having effected their object in delaying our progress for more than a month, they abandoned Yorktown and the Warwick line, retreating up the Peninsula through Williamsburg. The battle of Williamsburg, "fought by piecemeal and ending in disappointment," developed the fighting qualities of Hancock and Hooker, and, had not the commander-in-chief there commenced his unfortunate series of absences from the battle-field, might have proved an important success. As it was, it was not until twelve days had elapsed that the army arrived in front of Richmond. McDowell, so long called for, was at length ordered forward to coöperate in the reduction of the rebel capital, when, as before, the blow about to fall was turned aside by the shrewdness, activity, and military genius of the enemy. Stonewall Jackson, suddenly rushing upon Banks's weakened column in the Shenandoah Valley, sent that general "whirling" down to the Potomac, and caused a panic which effectually stopped McDowell's advance and paralyzed the force which was to have joined McClellan "and fallen like a hammer upon Richmond." The battle of Fair Oaks was a bloody check, indeed, to our advance, but not a reverse to our arms. After this battle ensued a pause, as though for breath, on both sides, and then, just as McClellan was preparing to resume the offensive, came the crisis and turning-point of the campaign: the masterly reinforcement of Lee by Stonewall Jackson, at the latter's suggestion,

after he had successfully achieved the discomfiture and bewilderment of our troops in the Valley. Thus suddenly was the Army of the Potomac, while pressing towards Richmond, thrown on the defensive, and from this moment the author follows its fortunes *in retreat*. While the battle of Mechanicsville was certainly a success to our arms, yet as Jackson's presence was thereby ascertained, though he took no part in the action, McClellan then and there struck his colors, lowered the "On-to-Richmond" oriflamme, thus far followed with enthusiasm by his soldiers, and commenced his "change of base" to the James. In the next day's battle of Gaines's Mill he "fought an army with one corps," whose resistance was nevertheless so stubborn that Lee and Jackson both believed and reported that they had encountered the bulk of McClellan's force. Porter, while desperately resisting overwhelming odds, and calling in vain for assistance, was nerved to his task by the belief, then shared by General Webb, that his brave troops were falling where they stood rather than retreat, "in order that McClellan, with the main army, might break through and take Richmond." That this might have been done the admissions in Magruder's report place beyond a doubt. But McClellan did not think that the entrance of the army into Richmond at that time "was a proper military movement," wherein our General Webb disagrees with him, and so, we think, will the reader. That the closing battle of Malvern Hill should fairly rank as a Union victory, wherein the loss, panic, and demoralization were upon the rebel side, seems now admitted and corroborated, if need were, by their desperate attempts to find some scapegoat

among their own generals. The Union lines were never seriously endangered; few orders were issued by Lee, and the "yell" as a signal for attack proved a signal failure. Thus ended the first advance upon Richmond.

The final chapter is devoted to an able and clear review of the campaign, in which one cannot well avoid reading between the lines General Webb's opinion that for the distrust with which he was regarded at Washington General McClellan had himself to thank, having never properly appreciated his true relations with the president and commander-in-chief. While suggesting political and partisan motives for the "crippling of McClellan," General Webb significantly adds, "The government had the right to suppose that he needed but the opportunity to attack with vigor." General Webb further credits McClellan with making, from Gaines's Mill to Malvern Hill, "*one of the most able flank movements ever made in war.*" The italics are the author's, who adds that that which alone saved the army from further disaster was "the perfection of its organization, which was due to the personal affection entertained for General McClellan by the officers and men of his army." It is charitable to suppose, with our author, that an unwillingness to sacrifice, even for the good of the whole, any portion of the troops by whom he was thus idolized was the cause of many a failure. Postponing action until he could secure his army from every possible chance of failure, the golden moment of opportunity was missed. It was later in the war that we realized to its full extent the terrible truth conveyed in the Frenchman's proverb, "Pour faire une omelette il faut bien casser des œufs."

S. M. Quincy.

COBDEN.

It must be a mortifying reflection to great men that their reputation is practically at the mercy of a biographer. Adam Smith distrustfully burned all his papers in order to avoid such chills as Carlyle's moral nature received from Froude's careless exposure of it. Considering the evident dangers to be feared from biographers, those who have interested themselves in the social progress of the present century, and attempted anything like an analysis of the forces at work, must feel no little satisfaction in finding so skillful a pen as Mr. Morley's telling the story of Cobden's share in the economic and political movements of England since the Reform Act.¹ It is a period full of subtle influences, and calls for a nice feeling of sympathy with the spirit of the time, to say nothing of historical insight and the ability to know what not to say. There is no need of disguising that the physical and material welfare of the national organism influences, as largely as in the case of the human body, its intellectual and moral condition. So it is not strange to find that economic considerations often underlie and, when appreciated, explain some of our most difficult social and moral problems. That which, probably more than anything else, will characterize the history of the last hundred years is economic and mechanical progress. This period witnessed an extraordinary development of manufactures, and all the difficulties arising from an increase and redistribution of population. The progress in labor-saving devices, which began when the Egyptian persuaded the wind to turn his water-wheel, and which was increasing the power of man over nature, resulted in the great inventions of Watt and Arkwright, to be soon fol-

lowed by railways and steamships. In the twenty-one years following 1818 the fifty-seven thousand persons engaged in cotton factories in England increased to four hundred and sixty-nine thousand. The conditions affecting every man's material welfare were rapidly changing, without there being, in many minds, even a dawning sense of the direction the movement was taking. It was not then seen that this vast increase of non-agricultural industries, without an attending change in the power and system of producing food, was a sudden call for a readjustment of the existing means by which the country was being fed. Or, as the economists say, an increased demand for food without a proportional advance in the arts of production must result in lowering the status of the poorer classes. The economic solution of the difficulty is apparent. Labor-saving devices must be introduced into the production of food. But as free international exchange is only a wider division of employments, and as this last has been adopted because it saves labor, free trade was demanded as a means of getting bread at a less exertion by the laborer. That was, briefly, the economic situation in Cobden's time. In its consequences it led still farther. The movement to get cheaper food, as an industrial necessity, implied that any disposal of the land of the country — however sanctioned by ancient usage — which prevented this from coming about was too expensive for the community to maintain. So here we come out upon the expediency of the present system of land-holding in Great Britain by a path which starts from the beginning of the century. Society was losing patience with carrying the exhausting burdens left it by the feudal system and the prohibitory policy of Charles V.

¹ *The Life of Richard Cobden.* By JOHN MORLEY. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

Into this time of change and ferment, with all its possibilities for good, if rightly taken, Cobden was born in 1804, and in his sixty years he played a manly part,—indeed, achieved that kind of success which is vouchsafed to few absolute rulers of empires, to see in his own day twenty-seven millions of people, naturally conservative and prejudiced against change, yield to his way of thinking, and give him an honored old age in exchange for a manhood of bitter struggle and abuse. One's curiosity is naturally awakened to learn what manner of man this was, and to discover what instruments he used. First of all, he typified the manufacturing interests and the middle class; he belonged to the union of forces which wrenched the Reform Act of 1832 from the aristocracy. And it was this very act which, by admitting a wider representation in Parliament, made possible the whole extraordinary movement through which the laboring and middle classes, led by Cobden, gained so large a part of their economic rights. Political ferments were preparing the way for revolution on the Continent, Chartism was rampant in England, and Mill and Arnold in their way were aiming at social improvement. But our respect for what seems the grosser and more unspiritual means of bringing about progress is vastly increased when we see Cobden, whose one idea was a better material condition of the poor, actually succeeding as none of the others succeeded. It is a suggestive fact for reformers. He did not prate of natural justice and social millenniums, but cried loudly and always for cheaper bread. He was in sympathy with all liberal aims, but with that tact and wise caution which distinguished him he confined himself and the Anti Corn-Law League strictly to the one demand for cheap food. It is easy to understand how a man who was more interested in the social and political problems of Greece than in her classic

monuments would view society at home. He flung himself into the work of reform from no emotional sympathy, no fine spiritual sense, but because of a strong positive feeling for good order and just government, quickened by a prodigious vitality and a restless activity. An unshaken confidence in the perfectibility of man, a good estimate of himself, a firm grasp on his own opinions, adroitness in his tactics, patient persistence, a high character, transparent honesty, great enthusiasm and will power, were but a few of the qualities he showed. He grasped wonderfully well the essentials of a great peaceful agitation, and the history of the first successful movement of this kind is the arsenal from which reformers are every day drawing their weapons. The Irish agitation under O'Connell and the Scotch religious rebellion under Chalmers afford suggestive contrasts to the Anti Corn-Law League led by Cobden. The English leader evidently dominated men by his superior moral force as well as by his more extensive and accurate knowledge; but at the same time his fine tact made him tolerant of mental slowness in others. When a stupid clergyman at the hustings insisted that scarcity could not produce dearness, Cobden did not meet him with sarcasm, but replied that he need not fear repeal, then, because, by his own showing, abundance could not produce cheapness. This readiness in reply, an ingenuity in adapting his arguments and illustrations to the needs of persuasion, his logic, his argumentative shrewdness, his apparent sense of honest conviction, and his perfect control of the facts bearing on the question naturally impressed the great numbers whom he addressed by pamphlet, through the newspaper, or in monster meetings; but all these qualities in a man of great energy of character made him bitterly hated by the aristocratic party when he appeared in Parliament. To them he was the mill-

owner, the man who said things hard to answer; in his person he was the disagreeable industrial class actually creeping into the nation's great assembly. Yet he won a respectful hearing from the House by dint of hard blows. An Englishman reverences facts. Cobden did not generalize. He was not afraid, as Mr. Morley says, of the vulgarity of details; and when he spoke of the wretched poor it was in this wise: "He knew of a place where a hundred wedding-rings had been pawned in a single week to provide bread; and of another place where men and women subsisted on boiled nettles, and dug up the decayed carcass of a cow rather than perish of hunger." He was neither Whig nor Tory, but a Repealer, first and always. Of the Whigs, from whom liberal tendencies were to be expected, he said, "The worst danger is of the Whigs coming in again too soon. The hacks would be up on their hind legs, and at their old prancing tricks again, immediately they smelt the treasury crib." Cobden's personal combats in the House were bitter and angry. The League was unfashionable, not respectable to nice eyes and ears, and its leader was the "Manchester money-grubber," before whose blows the "representatives of the blood of the Norman chivalry" were shrinking. But even his enemies respected his courage. It was probably the same vehemence and lack of moderation which he later displayed in the debates on the Crimean war that once gave Peel, when in power, an opportunity for charging him with offering menaces and insinuations of assassination in order to force the ministry to move repeal. It was undoubtedly a brilliant piece of acting on Peel's part, but the sensation produced at the time was tremendous. Peel broke down, trembling with excitement; shouts rose; Cobden tried to explain, but the House brutally roared him down. The courage necessary to face the House of Commons in such moods, and to do his part manfully,

can scarcely be overestimated, especially when we recall, as Mr. Morley has very delicately implied, that, so far as domestic sympathy was concerned, Cobden was fighting the battle alone. Indeed, it is rather pathetic to read Mrs. Cobden's remark in later years to her husband: "I sometimes think that, after all the good work you have done, and in spite of fame and great position, it would have been better for us both if, after you and I married, we had gone to settle in the backwoods of Canada;" and to learn from the biographer that, "after looking for a moment or two with a gaze of mournful preoccupation through the window of the carriage," Cobden replied "that he was not sure that what she said was not too true."

To the world at large his appearance was agreeable, but not striking. A large head, a candid eye, features illuminated by intelligence, sympathy, and earnestness, a winning expression about the mouth, a clear and penetrating voice, and a portly frame made up no extraordinary presence. In his speeches Cobden was direct, vigorous, and persuasive; but one is unwilling to admit Mr. Morley's claim that his style was well-nigh perfect of its kind when he delivers himself as follows: "You speak with a loud voice when you are talking on the floor of the House; and if you have anything to say that hits hard, it is a very long whip, and reaches all over the kingdom." In fact, Mr. Morley's firm touch and finished sentences force many a comparison to be drawn unfavorable to Cobden's English.

Mere persuasiveness in speaking, however, was not the only instrument by which success was finally won for the League in 1846. Indeed, the Anti Corn-Law association did not originate with Cobden, but with the London group made up of Grote, Molesworth, Hume, and Roebuck; but when Cobden brought to the idea his singular faculty for organization it became a new thing. From

the central council at Manchester they sent forth orators and lecturers, — often to meet with personal violence; they organized associations everywhere; held district meetings, tea-parties, bazars; published songs; set up an organ, and issued showers of small pamphlets. Their object was to make votes in the House; hence they classified the boroughs, and bent all their energies on the class called doubtful. In the House their leaders were bold in denouncing the government whenever they fell short of their duty. In short, the League created a powerful public opinion outside of Parliament in favor of the repeal of the sliding scale of duties on corn, and they frightened the aristocracy. Yet simple economic explanation would have gone for nothing, certainly for many years, had the League not been favored by two fortunate circumstances. Peel, the great Tory leader, had a mind fitted for the discussion and understanding of economic questions, and he was vincible by the truth. Still he dallied with the truth until the depression of trade, the serious condition of the laboring classes, and finally the failure of the potato crop in Ireland forced him into the conviction that repeal was absolutely imperative. His dramatic position and the story of his political ostracism are matters of history.

The natural foreign policy of the free trader was one of peace, and during the career of Lord Palmerston no one opposed him more persistently than Cobden. When Tennyson's *Maud* came out, during the Crimean war, "full of beautiful poetry and barbarous politics," and the poet inveighed against

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the
days gone by,
When the poor are hoveled and hustled together,
each sex, like swine,"

Cobden wrote to his close companion in the Corn-Law agitation, John Bright, "It is enthroning the devil in the place of the God of mercy, truth, love, and

justice." The "long, long canker of peace" was Cobden's constant aim in his later parliamentary career. Indeed, it was no small part of the philosophy at the bottom of his successful negotiations with Chevalier for the famous Commercial Treaty with France in 1860.

With the aristocracy, whom he had so vehemently attacked, he could not associate, even when asked to join the cabinet by Lord Palmerston. It was like the man, but it was an experience new to the hungry office-seeking mind of Cambridge House. With manly courtesy Lord Palmerston received Cobden's refusal to take office by the polite remark that "Lady Palmerston receives to-morrow evening at ten." In a letter to his brother-in-law (not to his wife), the modern Fabricius says, "The next evening I was at Cambridge House for the first time, and found myself among a crowd of fashionables and politicians, and was the lion of the party. The women came and stared with their glasses at me, and then brought their friends to stare also. As I came away, Jacob Omnium and I were squeezed into a corner together, and he remarked, 'You are the greatest political monster that ever was seen in this house. There never was before seen such a curiosity as a man who refused a cabinet office from Lord Palmerston, and then came to visit him here.'" Cobden and Mr. Bright once again broke out into open hostilities against their old enemies of the aristocracy in a bold championship of the North during our civil war. In such causes the great agitator was eager unto the end, and he died in harness. Traveling up to London with a desire to share in the discussions of Parliament, he met the shadow of death, and reached the city only to watch the bleak wind blow the smoke past his window for a day or two, and died while the bells of St. Martin's were ringing for morning service, April 2, 1865.

THE LIGHT LITERATURE OF TRAVEL.

THE spy-glass or powerful field-glass is a part of the equipment of every explorer, and as we read by our firesides the larger volumes of adventure and research we know that there has been brought to us the game which was taken thus at long range ; but there is a literature of travel which grows out of the reverse use of the glass, when the traveler has amused himself by minifying the landscape, and making that which is close at hand seem to be leagues away. The most successful book of this class was De Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, and Alphonse Karr's *Voyage autour de mon Jardin* was imitative only in title ; the matter was original. There was, to be sure, in both of these books, and in the many like ones which have followed, a light fancy, which borrowed its humor from the grave dignity of books of travel ; yet, aside from this whimsey, they record exploits in miniature, and the reader, making his tour on snail-back rather than mounted on elephant or dromedary, has a delightful sense of journeying with contracted mind.

We can imagine a traveler now making a trip round the world in the wake of those who have brought back mighty volumes, and displaying his treasures in some dainty book big enough to hold only the airy nothings which have floated idly in the air across his track. The very familiarity which we are acquiring with the countries of the world helps such travelers, for they may take much for granted, and leave unsaid all the cyclopædic matter which a tyrannical literary conscience might demand. It is surprising how a poet or an artist will glean after the harvester of facts, and we shall turn to him as if he were the first discoverer. We suspect that in this field Americans have the best opportu-

nity. The hospitality of their minds, the difficulty of their being insular, the knack which they have of falling in with the mood of the clime where they chance to be, the readiness with which they are pleased, — all these qualities make good light travelers ; and when we add to this their haste to discover something new and their equal enjoyment of whatever is hoary, outside of the conveniences of their own life, we easily find reasons for believing that American literature will show a growing shelf of books of light travel.

We should give an honorable place on the shelf to Mr. House's *Japanese Episodes*.¹ It is not difficult for any one to sit in his library and survey Japan geographically, statistically, politically, and socially ; one of these days the historian of social America will have a page upon the curious incursion of the Japanese into American life, following for a generation after Commodore Perry's naval expedition ; and all this matter-of-fact acquaintance with Japan serves to put the reader almost in the position of Mr. House, who writes as a resident in the country, and not as a visitor. That is to say, he quietly assumes in the reader so much knowledge of Japan as shall make it unnecessary for the writer to offer any mere guide-book information ; and the reader gratefully acknowledges the compliment by refusing to halt before any unfamiliar word or custom, and by accepting the pictures of scenery and life as if they were what he could see any day by going to the window.

Mr. House has collected in his little volume four sketches : the first, a glimpse of rustic society and pastoral love ; the second, a Claude Lorraine picture of the

¹ *Japanese Episodes*. By EDWARD H. HOUSE. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

ascent of Fuziyama; the third, a reminiscence of Japanese hospitality; and the fourth, a *coup d'œil* of Japanese gaiety, as discovered by a day in a Japanese theatre. It is agreeable to be introduced to the charming society of this gentle people by so sympathetic a friend, and one is even tempted, in view of the somewhat disastrous course of Japanese association with foreigners, to take as much satisfaction in having the Japanese know Mr. House as in having Mr. House know the Japanese; for this writer leaves on the reader's mind an impression of courtesy and breeding which makes him feel that it is not literature alone which owes a debt. The book is so nice in its way that we are in danger of being hypercritical in our judgment, and of being too much offended by certain affectations of humorous expression, which are always unnecessary, and never more so than when one has so quiet a manner as Mr. House.

It is the little excess of literature in the work which mars the perfection of Japanese Episodes; it would be strange if the light travels of another American did not show this defect even more, since his book is based avowedly upon a purely literary foundation. Yet Mr. Hassard's *A Pickwickian Pilgrimage*¹ is singularly free from any attempt at fine writing. Here is a traveler who, out of pure delight in Dickens's creations, hunts for their haunts as diligently and affectionately as any antiquarian might for the footprints of the Pilgrims or the wanderings of King Charles. Mr. Hassard's unflinching sense of the reality of the immortal Pickwick and his companions has saved him from a false note in this little book. "I no more doubted," he says, "that I should discover the footprints of Sam in the Borough, and find the very house of Mrs. Gamp in Kingsgate Street, than I questioned that the ghost of Samuel

Pepys made 'mighty merry' at The Cock over against Temple Bar, and Will Waterproof still repeated there his lyrical monologues; or that, when I seated myself on one of the ancient wooden benches of The Cheshire Cheese, in a dark little alley off Fleet Street, I should be half conscious of the presence of Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson in their accustomed corner."

In truth, Mr. Hassard has practically illustrated his Dickens by photographs of the localities which make the stories vivid. Dickens himself was so realistic in his treatment of London — he was the magnus Apollo of reporters — that there was little difficulty in identifying his scenes, and Mr. Hassard has amused himself and his readers by these unpretending and enjoyable sketches. His very subordination to Dickens has had its reward, for it seems to have saved him from anything like an imitation of Dickens. We are struck by the honesty of his enjoyment of the great humorist, when we find that those sketches of his own which have least to do with Dickens are singularly free from any corruption by contact with Dickens's manner. His chapter, for example, entitled *The Jewish Quarter* is graphic and picturesque; he seems to have forgotten Dickens, on whose account he visited Rag Fair, and to be engrossed with the picture which met his eye. His closing sketch, also, of *A Boat Voyage on the Wye*, which is aside from the *Pickwickian Pilgrimage*, is an agreeable piece of light travel, reserved, yet containing touches of quiet playfulness.

Mr. Hassard shows his discreetness by not overworking his conceit. After all, the light traveler is at his best when he is traveling over a real country, and since the mood which gives him his charm is a short one, he is wisest if he sets out for a stroll from his own door the ease of his travel is helped by the lightness of his equipment. It is perhaps a little forced to call Miss Jewett's

¹ *A Pickwickian Pilgrimage*. By JOHN R. G. HASSARD. Boston: James B. Osgood & Co. 1881.

sketches¹ a book of travel, yet the reader will find their value to lie chiefly in the skill with which the writer has applied a traveler's art to scenes which lay within easy reach of her own home. Here are the observation of minor incidents, the catching of effects produced by side lights, the rediscovery of the familiar, the looking at a landscape from under one's arm. One is not sure that the sketch which he is reading may not glide gently into a story, or that the story may not forget itself in a sketch. Miss Jewett herself seems sure only of catching and holding some fitting movement of life, some fragment of experience which has demanded her sympathy. One of the stories, indeed, *Andrew's Fortune*, has a more deliberate intention, and we are led on with some interest to pursue the slight turns of the narrative; yet in this the best work is in the successive pictures of the village groups in the kitchen and at the funeral. It would be difficult to find a formal story which made less draught upon one's curiosity than *Miss Becky's Pilgrimage*, yet one easily acquires a personal regard for Miss Becky herself. Miss Jewett's sketches have all the value and interest of delicately executed water-color landscapes; they are restful, they are truthful, and one is never asked to expend criticism upon them, but to take them with their necessary limitations as household pleasures. •

Nevertheless, though we cannot persuade ourselves to criticise this work, we are impelled to ask for something more. Miss Jewett has now given us three volumes, besides the one for children, and has shown us how well she can do a certain thing. The sketches and stories which make up these volumes vary in value, but they are all marked by grace and fine feeling; they are thoroughly wholesome; they have a gentle frankness and reverence which

are inexpressibly winning, when one thinks of the knowingness and self-consciousness and restlessness which by turns characterize so many of the contributions by women to our literature. It is only when we come to compare Miss Jewett with herself that we become exacting. She has transformed the dull New England landscape into a mossy rural neighborhood; she has brought us into the friendliest acquaintance with people whom we thought we knew and did not know; and now we want her help in knowing other and fuller lives; we are eager to have her interpretation of people who impress us at once as well worth knowing. We are sure that she will bring out what we could not discover by ourselves; but in our impatience we begin to fear that we are to meet the same people and visit the same houses when a new book is offered. Has not Miss Jewett visited all her neighbors, and would not a longer flight of travel give her new types?

That is the way with us. No sooner do we get these charming village scenes, for which we have been asking our writers, than we want something else. Well, our discontent is of Miss Jewett's making. She has opened the eyes of the summer boarder, and when the summer boarder goes back to town it is with a wish to take the friendly Miss Jewett in company. We wish that this light traveler would plume herself for a braver excursion. Possibly we are asking too much, and the skill which executes these short sketches is conditioned upon their very limitations. Yet we heartily wish that this delightful writer would reserve her strength, and essay a larger work. To fail in a long journey may even give one an access of power and dignity when resuming a stroll, and we value the fine moral sense and delicate sympathy of Miss Jewett so highly that we are reluctant to see her gifts possibly diminish in efficacy by too close a confinement and too narrow a range.

¹ *Country By-Ways*. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

MR. WARNER'S BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

THE visitor to Mr. Greenough's statue of Benjamin Franklin in the yard of the Boston City Hall has often been bidden to take his stand now upon one side, now upon the other, that he may see the two faces which make the historic portrait, — one the face of a sage, the other that of a humorist; and very likely he falls into a reflecting mood, and wonders if all faces yield this double portraiture; if, for example, his own has its grave and its funny side. Are there possibilities of humorous aspect in all historic personages, and is it only a question for us which side we shall choose for our point of view? Or may it be that the artist who moulded the statue bestowed the humor, as the writer who sketches the life may inform the character with his own humorous spirit?

Here, not to generalize too widely, is Mr. Warner, who enjoys the reputation of a kindly writer, quick to see the subtle humor of life, shrewd in his observation, and refined in his mirth; he undertakes to sketch the characters of two men, one a man of action, the other a man of letters, and by some chance the portraits appearing almost simultaneously are announced as the initial ones of two series, the former of which is to contain representative men in American history treated jocularly, the latter representative men in American literature. Captain John Smith¹ has not been reckoned among the people who turn their humorous side toward the world, and belongs by virtue of his cloudy surroundings to the race of prehistoric Americans, who are the personal property of students rather than popular heroes and favorites; while Washington

Irving² has a distinguished place as the first American author who made a positive addition to the literature of humor, and his personality at once invites a kindly smile of recognition from all fairly read people. What is the result so far as Mr. Warner is concerned? Captain John Smith is not an amusing or humorous production, while Washington Irving is not a dull and serious treatise.

If we are to trust the publishers' prospectus of the *Lives of American Worthies* and Mr. Warner's own preface to his *Captain John Smith*, it is clear that our author came to scoff; that he remained, if not to pray, yet to treat his theme with gravity and seriousness is a positive tribute to the respect with which he regards his literary work. He remembered the glimpses which he had obtained of Captain Smith among the figures of our early history, and he thought of him as a braggart and adventurous swell, who manufactured romance out of the dusky royal family of Virginia, and paraded himself as a swashbuckler hero along the coast of New England. It was to strengthen the lines of his picture that he set about a conscientious study of the historical authorities, and before long he made two important discoveries: that the actual facts of Smith's career had never been fairly reduced to their truthful proportions, and that the Smith who emerged was far more worthy of respect than had been supposed. He has done, therefore, a real service in refusing to torture his work into a facetious shape, and in giving a firm outline of an interesting and conspicuous figure. If it

American Worthies.] New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881.

² *Washington Irving*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. [Vol. I. of *American Men of Letters*.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

¹ *Captain John Smith* (1579-1631), sometime Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England. A Study of his Life and Writings. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. [Vol. I. of *Lives of*

were worth while to consider at all the fitness of historic characters to a humorous treatment, it would quickly be seen that a familiarity with the main facts of a life is essential to both reader and writer before those facts can be made to serve in travesty or comedy, and the Captain Smith of popular fame offers too few points for elaboration, while the character which appears after historic investigation is not sufficiently familiar to the reader.

It is better worth our while to congratulate ourselves upon Mr. Warner's literary conscience, since it has given us a valuable monograph, which presents in good form the results of special study by several antiquaries. Mr. Warner, with an artist's eye, has arranged his material in such a way as to make the reader a partner with him in his possessions, and not in his toils. He has sketched the background of the Jamestown colony, with its incongruous elements, and has projected the figure of Smith so sharply from this background that we may be said to have for the first time a really clear and truthful conception of a man who has always had an individuality in our history, but a confused and uncertain one. Mr. Warner's own nice sense of humor has been of excellent service in this study, as it is of value in any historical work, for it protects one against the danger of being taken in by what may have deceived duller contemporaries. If now and then he lightens his task by a gibe or a lazy jest, the reader will have two reasons for exercising charity, namely, his own enjoyment and his recollection that Mr. Warner had intended to be much funnier.

In his companion volume, there was no occasion for any exercise of literary virtue. Washington Irving is so enjoyable a man that Mr. Warner needed but to consult his own sense of comradeship to produce an agreeable book. He had not to collect his material from

recondite sources. Irving's gentle life has been recorded at length, and his works offer no problems. Taken as a single figure in our literature, there was nothing new to be discovered about him, and it is to Mr. Warner's credit that he has made no strained attempt to disclose some special Irving of his imagination, but as a brother artist has been content to draw again the familiar features; so that the charm of this book is in its quiet tribute of one American to another, both having much in common, and the younger possessed of this advantage, that he sees the other in good perspective. The survey of Irving's writings is indeed rather Irving's than Warner's; we should have been willing to sacrifice some of the quoted passages, well chosen as these are, if room could thus have been made for more of Mr. Warner's comments, and we wish that he had given us more distinct views of the New York of Irving's early manhood, and of the society in which Irving moved. His preliminary chapter contains some capital observations upon certain aspects of American literature, and since Irving was preëminently a man of letters it would have been a fitting accessory to the picture if Mr. Warner had enabled us to see a little more of the rather faint literary America of Irving's day. There used to be a preposterous engraving of Irving and his friends; a really truthful presentation of the same subject would have been an addition to our literary history.

We have scarcely answered the questions with which we started, yet Mr. Warner has thrown some light upon them. He has shown, at any rate, that a literary conscience is better worth having than a pliant mood, since it enables its possessor to discover some higher uses in life than a jest-book suggests. There is a fitness in things which it is the first business of a humorist to perceive; the perception of the incongruous comes after. In his two modes of

treatment Mr. Warner has met the demands of literary students : he has used acumen and patient order in his Captain John Smith, refusing to be drawn

aside into the farcical, and he has been light and graceful in his sketch of Irving, refusing to be learned or wearily philosophic.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN the methods of science have been applied to literature we may look for a natural history of prefaces, and I have sometimes proposed to myself to be a pioneer in the field, by making a collection, and pinning the several specimens in readiness for the classifier and generalizer who is to come after me. I will leave to him the work of ordering under the heads, for instance, of the Apologetic Preface, the Last Confession Preface, the Swaggering Preface, the Breathless Preface, the Hat on the Side of the Head Preface, the Insinuating Preface, the Abject Preface, the Ill at Ease Preface, — all under the general head of the Unnecessary Preface.

As somebody has said, — I believe in poetry, but I quote as prose, — “A little preface is a dangerous thing.” There are few who can swing one and not hurt themselves. That is the reason why I do not mean to write a preface to my forthcoming Dissertation on Prefaces. The work will speak for itself, and will contain chiefly extracts from celebrated prefaces, and specimens of obscure but typical prefaces. Almost the last book which I took up, a book of stories, had a preface of several pages, in which the author betrayed all his weaknesses. Anybody else would have supposed he was telling stories for the entertainment of the public, but he insisted upon it, with tears in his eyes, that he was making a book on a new plan, and that a fine philosophical purpose ran through his scheme. “The following stories,” he begins, “are fic-

tions, having for their object the isolation and idealization of Southwestern Pennsylvania.” If this author had intended isolating his readers, he could not have set about the task more effectively. Then see how he proceeds to wind himself up, spinning a sentence like a shroud about himself : “While the writer, as if he were the sum of his surroundings, and nothing more by inheritance or otherwise from another sphere, has endeavored to give expression to his environment in such a manner that the reader, in turning to the pages, may be moved and moulded approximately as much as if he were a traveler encompassed with the thousand and one objects in the relationships of reality which here are involved in an entanglement of ideas in fiction.” That is what I call a specimen of the breathless in art. A little further on is an example of the High Cockalorum Preface : “Albeit in saying this, and leaving the reader to infer that from the diversity of objects in the writer's environment there may be found reasonably a corresponding variety of ideas in his book, the writer is fully aware that the factors of fiction may be found anywhere except in an empty skull. Where the heart thrills and the brain thinks, the art of the story-teller will find in the little world of himself enough of the unshapen, the invisible, and the intangible to be moulded into being, that it may be seen and felt by others, which to accomplish is the fulfilment of his function as an artist, a poet, or what you will.” Since

by this last gracious admission we are not shut up to looking upon the writer either as an artist or as a poet, we are prepared for his own subtle characterization of himself in the next paragraph: "It may be said, indeed, that it is not the territory of Southwestern Pennsylvania, its fauna and flora, its soil and climate, and the accidental relationships that may be presented from time to time by the shifting parts,—it is not this, in reality, which the reader will expect to get in this book, but the ideal child of the writer's environment, begotten in contemplation, and *born with the ear-marks of its parentage*, so palpable to the senses that it may be recognized as legitimate at birth." The italics, as conscientious reviewers say, are our own. Has he not written himself down, as Dogberry longed to have Conrade write him down?

After hearing what a fellow contributor had to say about the new profession of Vocophy, I turned eagerly to that book to see what light it could throw. There was no section devoted to preface-writers, but the apostle of Vocophy had ingenuously shown by his own preface how the thing could be done. That is a fine illustration of the Perfectly Sure of Myself Preface. It contains two paragraphs which have a more rock-like character than any we happen to have met with in the literature of prefaces:—

"This work has been undertaken with the view to benefit every inhabitant on the face of our planet: not so much those who have passed the meridian of life as the young and middle-aged, whose success depends upon the choice of the most fitting pursuit.

"Its true worth can only be estimated by the reader or student who carefully reads and studies the work. To every nation on the earth it is of equal value."

With the fine assurance of these words, compare the touching humility of the following, which I regard as the

best specimen of the Ill at Ease Preface in my collection:—

"To those who may favor these pages with perusal, I make this earnest request: that if they commence they will read all. Knowing that the best mode of dealing with doubts is to state and refute, successively, I regret that the plan of the present work forces a separation of the statement and refutation. To read one without the other were to defeat the object in view: hence my request.

"Many of the subjects of thought are worn smooth with the touch of ages, so that hope for originality is as slender as the bridge of Al Sirat; but in the bulrush ark of self-confidence, pitched with Faith, I commit my first-born to the Nile of public opinion; whether to perish by crocodile critics, or bask in the palace of favor, the Future alone must determine. May Pharaoh's daughter find it."

I do not know whether Pharaoh's daughter found it or not. I found it, and set it afloat again now, in pursuit of the author's expressive imagery, upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic.

— Does any one remember that a few years ago it was suggested that nervous invalids should go through a course of treatment called the color cure? It now being the fashion to put little faith in medicine, one naturally counts up the other resources of the profession. The field of therapeutics has widened in some directions in these later days, but it ought to cover a greater space than it does now before unscientific people will resign themselves contentedly to ignoring of old-fashioned dosing. When one is in very bad pain there is a grim satisfaction in swallowing a large and disagreeable quantity of a historic and well-known drug. It seems like a much braver fight against the disease, and all theories vanish at such times from our minds. It interests young doctors more than it does

their patients to let ailments alone, to see what will come of them. Leaving things to nature, when it is ill-nature, seems sometimes most unkind. I have spoken as if I were very fond of dosing, but that is not true, since I am more ready than most persons to accept the agreeable alternatives which are now at the command of the medical profession. I caught eagerly at the idea of the color cure, at any rate. It was proposed to make careful studies of the effect of different colors on the human mind and body, then have little rooms painted with the brilliant and inspiriting or the quiet and depressing tints, and the patients were to be locked into them for a suitable length of time every day; perhaps confined altogether. Scarlet is most invigorating and cheering in its effect upon the human mind. Let us imagine a person in most feeble condition, who has suffered some terrible strain or other, who cannot bear even the most delicate treatment with tonics. The skillful doctor of this new school reads the case at a glance and orders a very few minutes of the red room to be administered with great care. The light is shaded at first, and the duration and brilliancy of the color are increased from day to day, until the recovery is completed. For nervous people, who do not sleep or eat, — or think they do not, which makes them and other people just as unhappy, — for these sufferers, what adroit mingling of the red that cheers, and the blue that soothes and quiets, and the reddish-purple that enrages into a determination to escape from its discomfort into the light of day and sensible activity!

This subject seems to me to have been far less considered than it deserves. It never before occurred to me that some people's characters may have been deeply influenced because the color of their complexions led them to surround themselves with certain shades and tints. A person who from her childhood has con-

stantly been looking at blue things — wearing blue bonnets and blue gowns and blue ribbons, who has had blue paint and paper in her house wherever there was any excuse for it — cannot be what she might have been, with reds and yellows about her. By and by we may learn to dress with a view to the moral influence upon ourselves. Other people have a right to expect that we use all the means in our power for the up-building of our characters, and it may one day seem a low aim to wear this color or that simply because it is becoming. "I am so quick-tempered," one conscientious harassed soul will say, "that I try never to look at anything but blues. I notice the bad effect at once of even sealing my letters with red wax."

— I am sometimes, I may say frequently, inclined to echo Mérimée's opinion of "*cette vie de province*," which he held to be so unutterably wearisome, the ways of which were, as he said, so "entirely foreign" to his own "circle of thought." His view may not take in the whole truth on the subject, but seizes at least its most obvious aspect. If Mérimée's had been a nature more rounded and complete, had he been less a man of the world, and more a man to whom nothing human was of alien interest, he could not have so expressed himself without qualification. Yet, as I say, I am often disposed to pardon the frankness of his disgust when I am forced to realize the barrenness of town and country life, and how little satisfaction it affords for the social instincts, and how little stimulus to intellectual activity. The deficiency in the first respect is of more consequence than in the second; for we can live after a fashion, though certainly not the most enviable one, without sharers in our intellectual tastes or pursuits, but it is not a natural or healthy existence which lacks diversion and the refreshment of mingling with one's kind for purposes other

than of business. The truth seems to be that provincials do not very well understand the art of diverting themselves, and their social gatherings are apt to be the dullest affairs possible. I speak now of towns in which those who constitute society, so called, are above finding their pleasure in the homely recreations which serve to amuse the more rustic population of our villages. These towns are given to alternations of complete stagnation and spasmodic gayety: one winter sunk in a home-keeping lethargy, the next dancing violently every week, crowding the diversions of two seasons into one, and feeling a pleasing sense of dissipation in staying out till one in the morning. It is the kind of amusement they best enjoy. Let some one give an afternoon reception instead of a dancing party, where the only entertainment provided is conversation, and see how small will be the company, how few young men present, how languishing the talk. The affair is not a success. These people belong to the educated class; why, then, this inability to amuse themselves? It is not altogether easy to answer this question why. We do not expect a provincial society to rival that of a metropolis; we do not look to find the wit, the talent for epigram and repartee, the conversational brilliance, struck out from minds constantly strung up to concert pitch. There is not only an absence of this, however, but apparently a lack of any consciousness that every guest in a drawing-room is bound to contribute something toward the common entertainment. There is a strange incapacity in these educated people to talk on general subjects. The most quiet and unpretending person need not be entirely without ideas, or the power to take interest in impersonal matters. We provincials cannot and need not invite each other to houses filled with all the modern devices of elegant luxury; our toilets need not attempt to emulate the costly ones of city dames; but at our

modest gatherings we surely need not bore each other. The trouble at bottom must be that as individuals we fall short of being what we might, and, being separately uninteresting, we are none the less so taken collectively. There is a slouch in the provincial manner; and with the inevitable dropping of mere formalities among those who know each other so well there is sometimes a dropping also of slight but essential courtesies. There is manifest in all this the want of an ideal, without which life must always be more or less of a failure; in the social sphere, as in the spheres of politics, art, and religion, we cannot afford to dispense with an ideal.

—I have at times thought that the heart of primitive man might have been quarried in the stone age, there is so little evidence of his having been actuated by the "sentiment of humanity;" especially does he seem to have been lacking in pitiful consideration for physical deformity or infirmity. Small compassion had he to bestow upon the hunch-backed, the knock-kneed, or the club-footed of his kind. When these did not inspire in his mind a superstitious terror, they appear to have been laid under contribution for his amusement. The troop of grewsome and malevolent semi-deities, such as the satyrs, the gorgons, Triton, and Polyphemus, all represented under a gnarled or distorted humanity, show how the Greek regarded corporal deformity. For instance, in the *Iliad*, the scurrilous dog Thersites has a body as crooked and malformed as his spirit is insolent and malicious. Again, the poor misshapen artisan god, Hephaistos (so cruelly knocked about in his babyhood), is made to serve as a laughing-stock for all the broad humor of Olympus. He is something of a clown, too, and enjoys simply enough the merriment he creates by hobbling about on his wretched legs to dispense the pacific nectar. Now, modern theogony (if we could have such a department)

would have taken pity on the crippled divinity, and invested him with abundantly compensating attributes, perhaps giving him supremacy over poetry, music, and the remaining fine arts. But the Greek had no mind to apotheosize ugliness in this benign fashion. The same may be said of another race of the primitive man, still extant. An acquaintance of mine, who held a clerkship at an Indian agency in the West, related an amusing and significant incident, in this connection. The too "friendly Indians" of the neighborhood were in the habit of dropping in at his office, often to his great annoyance. At last he hit upon a plan whereby to discourage these frequent visits on the part of the red men. Possessing a lithe and supple frame, he contrived, by some gymnastic legerdemain, to throw his right shoulder and arm temporarily out of joint, thus giving himself the appearance of great deformity. This unannounced phenomenon so terrified the Indians that they stayed for no investigation, but got out-of-doors as soon as possible. The stratagem, as often as repeated, never failed to effect a clearance. The explanation of their fright lay in the fact that they supposed the white man to have been suddenly possessed by the devil, — all deformed bodies, according to their belief, offering special attraction, in the way of lodgings, to that ancient roamer. We have no theory to offer regarding this aboriginal notion, but would merely note that the feeling of repugnance towards physical deformity is still the first impulse, — the savage and the natural; while pity is the second thought, — the ingraft, it may be, of ages of civilization and moral evolution. Any departure from normality of form afflicts us beyond reason. One finger too many, or one too few, appears in the light of an intolerable monstrosity. In the case of Pericles, who wore a helmet to disguise the unnatural length of his head, we might suspect that he

possessed an overplus of the quality known as "long-headedness." A dwarfed body, we commonly infer, can hold but a dwarfed mind. Our fine Greek imagination does not readily conceive of a near-sighted poet, and the novelist is yet to come who has the courage to give us a hero with a positive squint, or even a cast, in his eyes. That slightest of all "slight deformities," the facial grimace or *bias*, is not destined to escape observation. Yet why should I be annoyed because, in a certain charming face, a little superciliary wrinkle or plait in the forehead has permanently drawn up the left eyebrow, thereby giving a certain quizzical expression to a face otherwise sweet and dignified? Or why should I find *satyrical* suggestion in a certain pair of refractory ears set at an acute angle with the head, and wish that the owner would take thought and hide them under masses of hair, in the discreet style of Hawthorne's faun? Or why, looking in the glass, should I — But no one should be so foolish as to indicate the bad points of his own physiognomy. If he persist in so doing, let him beware of sensitive over-statement.

— Some years ago it was said of the Ode on Immortality that it is "the high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this age." I do not know precisely the year in which this sentence was written; it may have been truer then than at any time since, but it is certain it could not be said now with any degree of truth. Let us examine the famous Ode a little. What is the central thought of it condensed? It is that the innocence and joyousness of childhood are indications of the divine origin of our being, and consequently intimations of our immortality. We should not presume that a poet was pretending in these stanzas to deal with his theme in the way of conclusive philosophic reasoning, were it not that this particular poet has been so generally valued as a philosophic thinker. He

mourns that, though there was a time when every common sight of earth seemed "appareled in celestial light," this glory has now passed away for him. And his experience, he says, is that of all men,—the "vision splendid" always dies away and "fades into the light of common day." He tells us that "heaven lies about us in our infancy." The thought in this oft-quoted line is only measurably true; or rather it may be called measurably false. Properly speaking, heaven—the divine, spiritual essence of human nature—does not lie about our infancy, but about our maturer years. And this, for the reason that innocence is not righteousness, but a purely negative and passive state of soul; impossible and undesirable as a permanent state, and therefore not intended to be such. The innocence of childhood, then, which is mere ignorance of evil, and its joyousness, which is ignorance of misfortune, cannot be taken as even an intimation of immortality. If these characteristics of childhood were to be prized for their own sake, then the fact that they pass so soon would make them rather indications of lapse, failure, and decay. If they are of no lasting worth, but only lovely as temporary conditions befitting the beginning of conscious life, then, to be sure, they "intimate" nothing; but neither are they things whose loss is to be mourned. It is not worth while to consider if a writer's thought is profound till it is first shown to be true; and if it is not true, there need be no questioning as to its profundity.

The short stanza following the one from which I have quoted is really fine and the best in the Ode: it is the stanza beginning, "Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own." Further on the poet returns to the thought with which he started, about the years that "bring the inevitable yoke," but finds matter for rejoicing in the fact that "nature yet remembers what was so fugitive." But

chiefly he raises his song of thanks and praise for childhood's

"obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
And for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish and destroy."

This stanza illustrates the power of lines and phrases to suggest an impression of a deeper meaning than is really contained in them. All the clauses of the stanza refer back to the former line, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and are the evidences or manifestations of that fact. When a child puts its hand into the flame to convince itself that fire really burns, it may be said to be questioning obstinately of outward things, but in any less literal sense than this children do not question of outward objects or their own sensations; nothing is more noticeable in young children than their easy, undoubting acceptance of things which are all equally new, all equally strange, and therefore not at all strange to their unfledged intellects. It is a common saying that children can ask questions which it puzzles a wise man to answer; this is not, however, because he is unprovided with an answer intelligible to wisdom like his own, but only that such answer no childish intelligence can take in. To children, the world is, indeed, not realized, yet they have no misgivings about their place in it. Further on in the same stanza, the vagueness of the lines throws some doubt upon the poet's meaning. Does he intend to say that a child's "shadowy recollec-

tions" (of the heaven it came from?) are really the "master light of all our seeing;" that they "uphold and cherish" us, and are "truths that wake to perish never"? This last line in its context has no meaning; taken by itself, it is a fine one, and the same may be said of others which have helped to make the reputation of the famous Ode. A poem, however, must be judged as a whole, not by detached lines or stanzas. The Ode

in truth owes more to sound than sense. It is more uniformly poetic, more harmonious and fine in rhythm, than almost any of Wordsworth's poems. Only a captious critic would be disposed to pick flaws in it, considered as a simple meditation on childhood; looked on as a great intellectual achievement, a characteristic work of a great "philosophic" poet, we may be allowed to take exceptions to it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. Renaissance in Italy, by John Addington Symonds, is a work which has been carried through three parts in England: The Age of the Despots, The Revival of Learning, and The Fine Arts. The first two of these have been reissued here (Holt), and ought to find many readers, for the American mind seizes with especial avidity upon those epochs in history which are marked by fresh impulse in life. Mr. Symonds enlists at once the sympathy of his readers by his comprehensive interpretation of the movement named as the Renaissance, recognizing in it the historic awakening which is still in process of development in society and politics. — The fifth volume of the admirable series of Campaigns of the Civil War is F. W. Palfrey's The Antietam and Fredericksburg Campaign (Scribners), which will be read with interest, not only because of the importance of the subject, but because General Palfrey is a clear writer, and makes no concealment of his judgments. — Historical Outline of the English Constitution for Beginners, by David Watson Rannie (Scribners), is a brief sketch of the evolution of the political life of England, and will be of excellent service in directing young students along a line which is fast being accepted as the trunk-line, so to speak, of historical work. — H. E. Scudder's Noah Webster (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the second in the series of American Men of Letters, and from the range of Webster's work might almost have found a place in the parallel series of American Statesmen. The historical treatment of the subject was necessary from the scantiness of the material for a strictly biographical account, but it seems a pity that the personality of Webster should fade out in the book from behind the growing bulk of the Dictionary, which looms up in the last half of the work and casts a shadow over the subject. — The fifth volume of the Memoirs of Prince Metternich (Scribners) covers the period 1830-1835, and has for its general subject the July Revolution and its immediate consequences. In

arranging this portion the editor had an important treasury to draw from in the Princess Melanie's Diary; the passages from it frequently give a lightness to the work. — America, a History, by Robert Mackenzie, includes the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and South America, etc., the *etc.* taking in Mexico and Central America. It is miscalled a history; it is rather an oration, and is published in Harper's Franklin Square Series. — The second and third volumes of the Military History of Ulysses S. Grant, by Adam Badeau (Appletons), have appeared, completing the work, and we may now expect an interesting fight of words.

Criticism. An Analytical Index to the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, with a sketch of his life (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may fairly be called a piece of criticism, since its pages offer an excellent opportunity for any one familiar with Hawthorne to discover the range of Hawthorne's sympathy and speculation. Its usefulness as a book of ready reference will make it an acceptable accompaniment to any edition of the works. — We have already referred to the English edition of Shairp's Aspects of Poetry, and welcome now the neat American reprint. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Those who have felt their indebtedness to Principal Shairp's former works will be glad to have this in the same style. The personal interest which the author takes in poetry and his acquaintance with poets give a warmth to his essays. — The long-expected Introduction and Appendix to the New Testament in the Original Greek, by B. F. Westcott and F. J. A. Hort (Harpers), has appeared too soon, it is to be feared, to contain an explicit rejoinder to the Quarterly Review article, which also appeared too late to get the benefit of this criticism.

Fiction. The latest issue of the Leisure Hour Series (Holt) is Dick Netherby, by Mrs. L. B. Walford, whose agreeable novels of Mr. Smith, Troublesome Daughter, and others predispose

one to like this. — Miss Alcott's story of *Moods*, which was published several years ago, has been republished in a new edition (Roberts), which becomes almost a new book, since the author, with a praiseworthy literary conscience, has rewritten portions and made the novel over. — Esau Runswick, by Katherine S. Macquoid, has been included in Putnam's series of Trans-Atlantic novels, and Eunice Lathrop, Spinster, by Annette Lucille Noble, in the same publisher's series of Knickerbocker novels, these last being Cis-Atlantic. Miss Noble will be remembered as the author of an amusing if somewhat crude story called *Uncle Jack's Executors*; she has been less successful in this book, since she has lost some of her gayety without securing any more firmness of plot. — *A Child of Israel*, from the French of Edouard Cadol (Petersons), turns upon the marriage of a French woman to a Jew. The final difficulties are removed by a marriage in America, from which blessed country they send back cards drawn up in the style which the author invented, and then palmed off as American. — Bob Dean, or Our Other Boarder, is the title of a novel by Mrs. Emma Nelson Hood, of Austin, Texas (Claxton, Philadelphia), where the scene is laid. The author evidently has taken a dislike to the villain of her story, yet does not like to say how villainous he really was. — The latest volume of the Round Robin Series (Osgood) is *Madame Lucas*, a light and airy novel of half Bohemian life, with faint regrets and disenchantments, but no naughtiness. — *The Fatal Marriage*, or Orville Deville, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth (Petersons), is one of forty-three novels by this writer, every one of which is a separate astonishment. — The latest issues in fiction of The Franklin Square Library are *The Captain's Room*, by Walter Besant and James Rice; *The Senior Partner*, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, who once wrote a clever story in *George Geith of Fen Court*; *A Heart's Problem*, by Charles Gibbon; *God and the Man*, a romance, by Robert Buchanan, of the time of John Wesley. — The delightful arrogance of the title *An American Story Book* tempts the reader to look further into a volume whose sub-title informs him that it contains *Short Stories from Studies of Life in Southwestern Pennsylvania*, pathetic, tragic, humorous, and grotesque. It is published by the author, Frank Cowen, at Greensburg, Penn., and belongs to a class and age of literature of which *Georgia Scenes* was a mild example; but this has not equal claims upon the attention of the reader. — The *Dickens Reader*, in Harper's Franklin Square Series, is a selection of character readings from the stories of Charles Dickens, made by Nathan Sheppard. It is hoped that nobody will be misled by the title into supposing it suitable for schools.

Religion, Theology, and Morals. The lectures given before the Lowell Institute by James Freeman Clarke in 1880 have been collected into a stout duodecimo volume, bearing the title *Events and Epochs in Religious History*. (Osgood.) The chapters cover such conspicuous subjects as the Catacombs, the Buddhist monks of Central Asia, Augustine, Anselm, Jeanne d'Arc, Savonarola, Luther, the Mystics, George Fox, the Huguenots,

and John Wesley, and Dr. Clarke's sympathetic treatment and agreeable style are well adapted to the purpose. — *Paul the Missionary*, by the Rev. Wm. M. Taylor (Harpers), is less a narrative or critical biography than a practical illustration of Christian living drawn from the Apostle's life, which is, however, fully described. — *The Infidel Pulpit* is the title of a collection of lectures by George Chainey, who also publishes the work. The author, who was formerly a minister, first in the Methodist and next in the Unitarian church, conceives himself now to have found a freer field and clearer air outside of all religious organizations. He writes sometimes with keenness in his criticism of existing faiths, but his own outlook beyond the horizon is somewhat indefinite. He grazes an important truth when he seeks to substitute the state for the church, but a state without God would not satisfy Mr. Chainey long, — of that we are sure. — A further volume in the re-issue of Dr. Holland's works is his *Concerning the Jones Family* (Scribners), in which he imagined the mediocrity so open to advice, and so likely to profit by it. — A new edition of Thomas à Kempis's *On the Imitation of Christ* (Osgood) is embellished with a number of head-pieces, initial letters, and tail-pieces, which have a somewhat ungainly look, being in most cases too large for the page, and having a blurred and heavy appearance. — A second edition has appeared of *Monumental Christianity, or the Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church as Witnesses and Teachers of the one Catholic Faith and Practice*, by Rev. John P. Lundy (Bouton), a work which originally was published six years ago, and now has the benefit of the author's further research and criticism. — A new edition has been published of *Prayers*, by Theodore Parker (Roberts), which is preceded by a preface by Louisa M. Alcott, and a biographical sketch by F. B. Sanborn. The prayers represent Mr. Parker's thoughts on high subjects, cast in a somewhat rhetorical form, and will be read at a disadvantage, since a colder criticism attends the reading than was present at the hearing. — The Hibbert Lectures for 1881 have been re-issued by the Putnams, and consist of *Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by some points in the history of Indian Buddhism*, by T. W. Rhys Davids. The lecturer's method is to present within the narrow limits of six discourses a survey of Buddhism, with occasional suggestive references to a comparative study of religious beliefs. The book becomes thus rather a sketch of a theme than a thorough statement. — *Studies in the Life of Christ*, by the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn (Appletons), is a reverent, sympathetic, unhackneyed examination of the salient points in that life, with a view to extracting its greatest worth.

Books for Young People. The series known as *Zigzag Journeys*, by Hezekiah Butterworth, has been increased by the volume *Zigzag Journeys in the Orient, descriptive of travels from Vienna to Constantinople, the Euxine, Moscow, and St. Petersburg*. It was a capital idea to line the covers with clew maps. — Of the same general order of books is T. W. Knox's *Adventures of Two Youths in a journey to Ceylon and India*, with

descriptions of Borneo, the Philippine Islands, and Burmah. (Harpers.) The book is in the series entitled *The Boy Travelers in the Far East*, of which it is Part Third. Both of these writers make profuse use of illustrations, and employ the customary machinery of a party of boys under the guidance of older persons. The design and the quantity of information can be praised; the literary execution is sometimes lost sight of in the presence of these more important considerations. We wish it were not. — *Recollections of Auton House* is an anonymous and delightful account of a happy childhood by a writer who has the advantage of using his pencil as well as his pen. He has followed the direction of the Greek proverb, *gnōthi seauton*, and demurely writes himself down C. Auton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — *Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's Boys at Chequasset* has been added to the uniform edition of her writings published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. — *The Cruise of the Ghost* is a capital book for boys, by W. L. Alden, author of *The Moral Pirates*, which we were glad to recommend last year. (Harpers.) — *Sketches and Scraps*, by Laura E. Richards, with pictures by Henry Richards (Estes & Lauriat), is not a very satisfactory book. The rhymes are sometimes pretty, sometimes silly, sometimes commonplace; the pictures are sometimes clever, sometimes tasteless, sometimes careless. — *The Giant Raft, Part I., Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon* (Scribners), is perhaps the latest of Jules Verne's extraordinary combinations of nature and melodrama. — *The Unseen Hand*, by Elijah Kellogg (Lee & Shepard), is a story of homely life in Western Pennsylvania at the close of the last century. Mr. Kellogg's dry style seems to suit the place and times; we always have respected the sincerity of his purpose and the realistic efficacy of his work; if he had only seen all that he saw from the outside, instead of being in the life itself, he would have been likely to write better books. There is too little art in them, and yet they have good stuff. — The simple rhymes of *At Home* (Marcus Ward & Co.) are not marred by any slips from good taste, and if they are not very poetical they are unaffected and domestic; the pictures, by J. G. Sowerby and Thomas Crane, show only moderate skill, and are ineffective in the delineation of children's faces, but they are pleasing in subject, and will be better for children than some that are more artistic.

Domestic Economy. Appletons' Home Books series contains *Home Decoration*, by Janet E. Runtz-Rees, which is devoted to art needlework and embroidery, painting on silk, satin, and velvet, panel-painting, and wood-carving. — *Home Amusements* in the same series, by M. E. W. S., is devoted to hints and suggestions, which range from flower stands to private theatricals and lawn tennis. The author has a catholic taste, and manages to cover a number of occupations with the name of amusements which those engaged upon them regard in a more serious light. — A new edition of J. Pickering Putnam's *The Open Fire-*

Place in all Ages (Osgood) contains additional illustrations, which still further kindle the reader's jealousy, and make him, as he reads the book before his register, repent of his sins and ask for estimates immediately. The book is at once the record of a most wholesome reform and a tract for the unconverted. — *The Mother's Guide in the Management and Feeding of Infants*, by John M. Keating, M. D. (Leas), is a sensible and careful little volume, by a physician of experience.

Philosophy. A recent volume in the English and Foreign Philosophical Library is *The Mind of Mencius*, a translation by the Rev. Arthur B. Hutchinson from the German of E. Faber. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The work is a systematic digest of the doctrines of the Chinese philosopher, and intended as an interpretation of the mysteries of Confucianism. The book is apprehended by the translator in a most practical spirit. He wished for something which should be of use to the missionary, and he found in Faber's work a valuable introduction to the study of Chinese philosophy. The English reader will be glad to have so substantial and orderly a setting forth of a subject which appears hopelessly obscure when taken in the direct form of a translation from the Chinese.

Literature. The Harpers have issued a dignified edition of Peter Cunningham's *The Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, in four volumes, which will be worth the pains taken with it, if it calls back readers to a literature which has been preserved by its form, as the best literature is preserved. What a singular contrast between the reputations now and then of Johnson and Goldsmith! Who wants Johnson's complete works? Who does not want Goldsmith's? And who, having examined the present edition, would care to have Prior's or Bishop Percy's? Neither work approaches the fullness and accuracy of Mr. Cunningham's Goldsmith, which is not likely to be superseded. We have here for the first time a carefully edited, well-printed, and complete collection of Goldsmith's writings.

Business. The number of the United States Official Postal Guide (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) for January is in striking contrast to the first of the series, issued, we think, eight years ago; a solid, business-like, blue-book, of over eight hundred pages, filled with well-arranged matter pertaining to the post-office, it shows admirably the soundness of the principle which asserts that government may prepare, but a publishing house can best manufacture and distribute, a work of this character. The Guide has grown steadily in thoroughness of appointment and usefulness to the public. — No more Free Rides on this Jackass, or Protection Forever and Everywhere, by Frank Rosewater (Frank Rosewater, Cleveland), is a brochure which undertakes, by means of much fooling and occasional glimmers of sense, to settle the question of protection and free trade. We fear that most would get neither fun nor instruction from it.